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April 19, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

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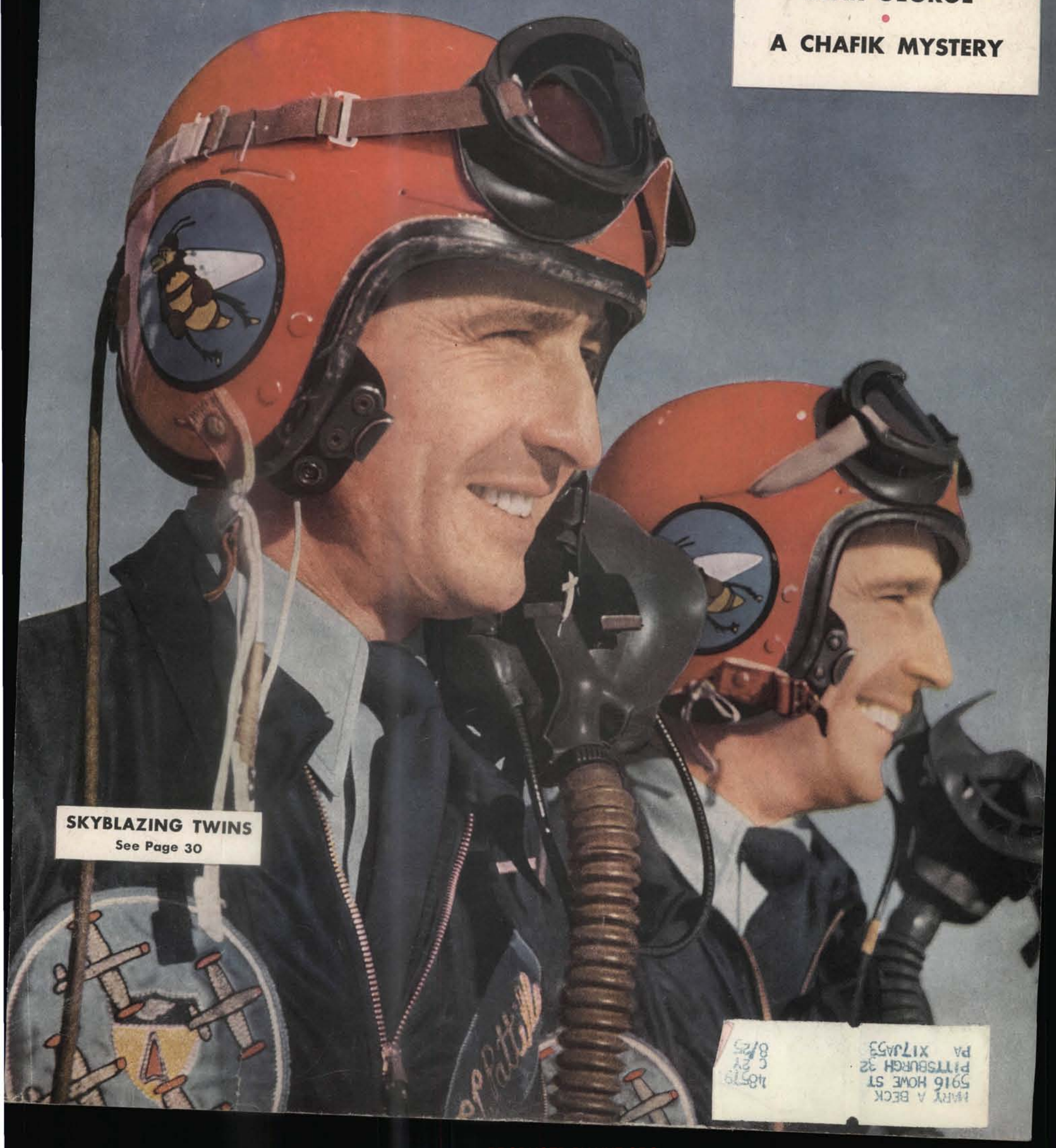
Favorite Fiction
"DEAR GEORGE"
•
A CHAFIK MYSTERY



SKYBLAZING TWINS
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MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32
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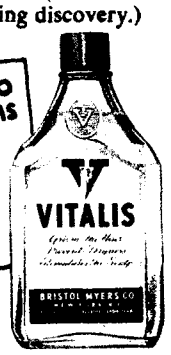

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April 19, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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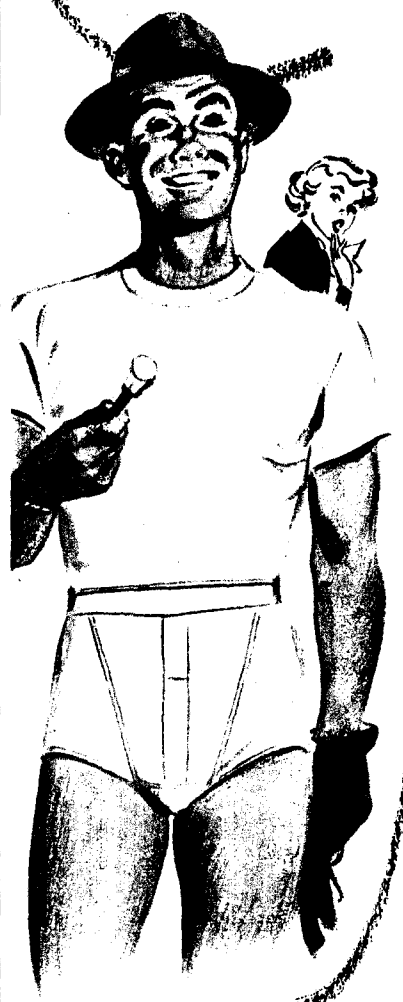

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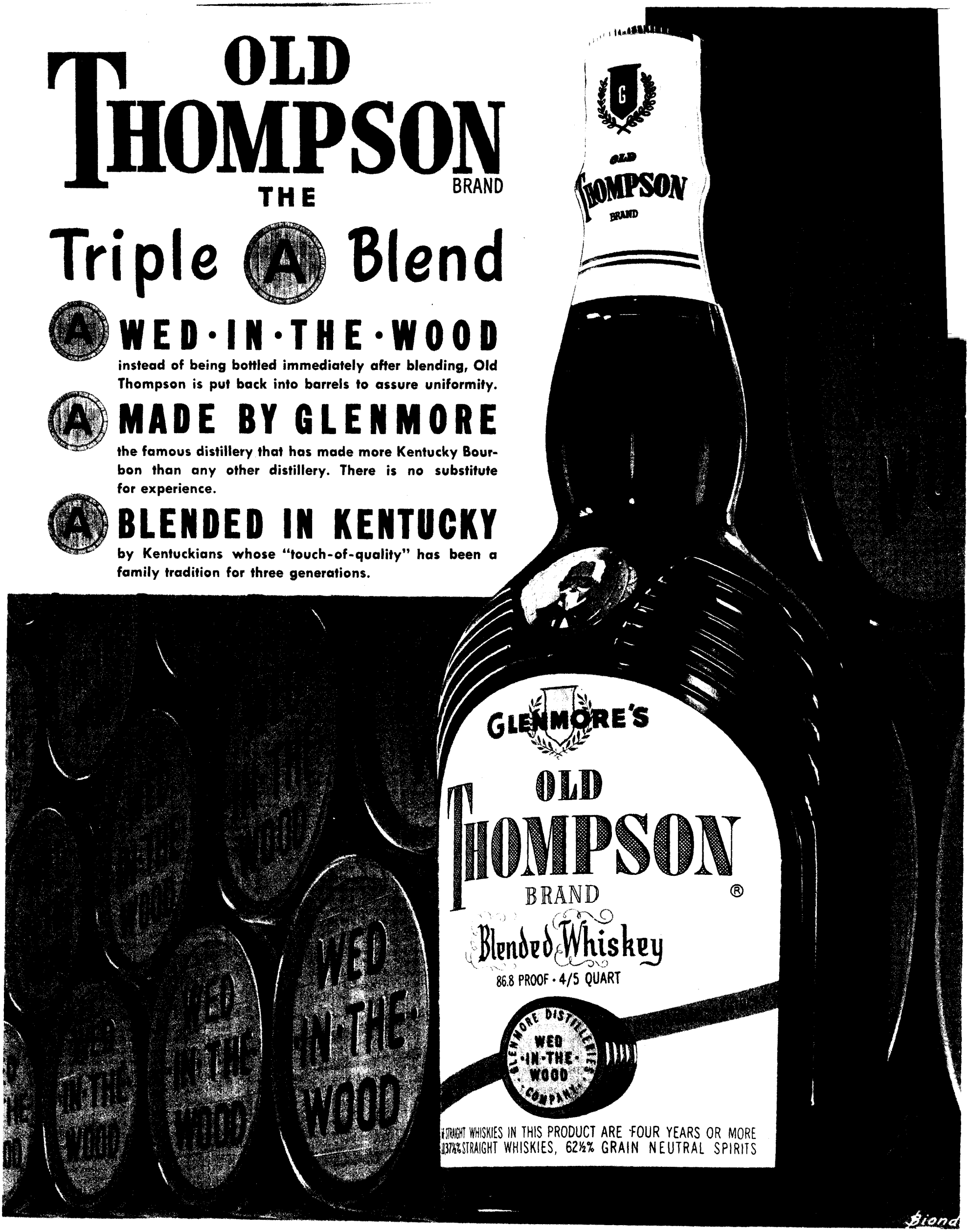
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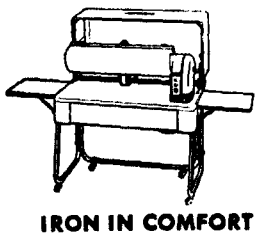


IRON IN COMFORT
ROTARY IRONERS

WASHERS, DRYERS, IRONERS to save you washday work

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Cover

These handsome, keen-eyed pilots are the twenty-seven-year-old twin brothers Captains Charles C. (Buck) and Cuthbert A. (Bill) Pattillo, of Atlanta, two of the five members of the hottest flying team in the world—the Skyblazers of the U.S. Air Force. The Skyblazers are stationed in Europe; what they do there can be judged by the insignia on the Pattillos' flight jackets. They fly formation—but such formation as few men have ever before thrilled to see. Their planes clenched fist-tight, they perform loops, rolls and all manner of other aerial acrobatics in speedy F-84 jets, thus demonstrating to Europeans the safety and superb performance of U.S. planes (and pilots). The full, exciting story of the Skyblazers starts on page 30.

Week's Mail

The Drift

EDITOR: I want to compliment you on your excellent editorial The Campaign Issues: Which Direction? (March 1st). It was a good summary for a course in economic history of the United States, which several teachers just completed as extension work from Stevens Point Teachers College.

You call this drift toward big government a drift toward Socialism. Our instructor labeled it paternalism—and that was that! DOROTHY GUILDAY, Rhinelander, Wis.

. . . Your March 1st editorial was up to your high standards for common sense and discernment, but—frankly—the opening sentence was for me a shocker. "The greatest single hope for peace and freedom in the world today lies in the strength of the American economy. It is the key to the whole situation."

Are we so badly materialized that we actually believe economics is the chief determinant of history? Americans were not always materialists. They used to believe that human happiness depended largely upon Almighty God. Today we have dethroned God in favor of Almighty Economics. The irony is that we capitalists *hate Communism so much when all the* time we are unconsciously Marxians.
E. J. ANDERSON, Golden, Colo.

. . . I enjoy your magazine a lot but I sometimes feel that your editorials are terribly unfair to our present administration. Can't you ever find anything *favorable* to say for it? MRS. ALVIN E. AYER, Gorin, Mo.

. . . Your editorial on Which Direction? is the most concise, clear, forceful and honest statement regarding the "New and Fair Deals" that I have ever read.
CHARLES S. HINTON, Sun Valley, Cal.

. . . The closing sentence of your editorial should be painted on the front wall of every schoolhouse and on every public building in the United States, as you have presented a tragic fact that should be obvious to every thinking citizen.

Only a dictator will ever be able to untangle the conglomerate mess we are in, unless our government shop has an immediate cleaning out.
JOHN A. GELLATLY, Wenatchee, Wash.

Misplaced Minot

EDITOR: Since Longest, Toughest Truck Haul (March 1st) is so very interesting and will undoubtedly be read by millions, I am taking exception to the story because you refer to the city of Minot, South Dakota. Please let me put you and your correspondent straight that Minot is in North Dakota.
H. C. KIEHN, Mayor, Minot, N.D.

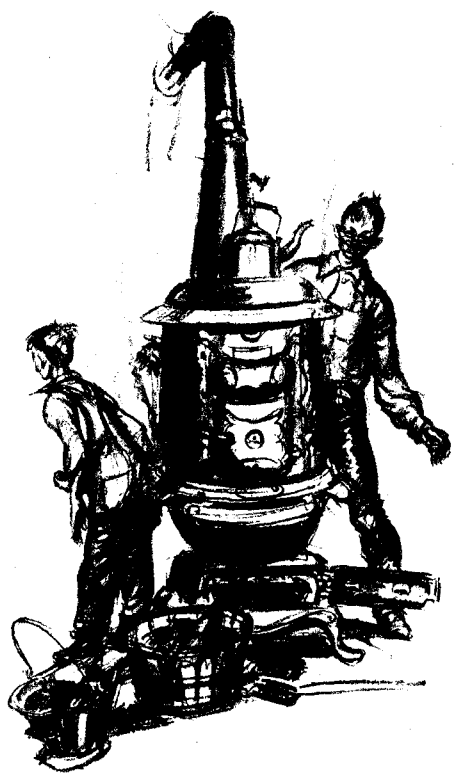
Through a slip of the linotype Minot got transplanted in South Dakota. The original copy, we might add, had the city where it belongs.

. . . Being the wife of a truck driver, I found Longest, Toughest Truck Haul most absorbing and interesting.

Mrs. Herda has my sympathies. I feel lost when my husband is only home one or two nights a week.

Imagine being gone three weeks at a time over such a dangerous route! Only the wife of a truck driver can really understand the hazards connected with this occupation.
MRS. LEROY DRURY, Arlington, Fla.

Country Schoolhouse



EDITOR: It was with great interest that I read Howard Brodie's American Sketch Book story, One-Room School (March 1st).

It took me back some 60-odd years when I was a very small girl and went to this same one-room school with two older sisters and three neighbor children.

I cannot recall the name of the school at that time, but I am very sure it is the same one, as we were located in Frontier County just that distance south from Curtis.

I do not remember the precinct of Frontier County in which I lived, but I do know that I was the first white child born in the precinct, and my brother Robert who was bitten by a rattlesnake and died was the first death there.

My parents, Isaiah and Addie Record, were among the pioneers who went there to take a homestead. Our house was built of sod and our only transportation was by oxen and lumber wagon.
MRS. E. E. HOWE, Sioux City, Ia.

. . . Howard Brodie's excellent sketch of a Western country school brings memories to some of us of the long, long ago. Zion Hill School might well be one on the cold, windswept prairies of Illinois, atop a lonely hill, where as a very young girl my face burned before a red-hot potbellied stove while my feet numbed in wintry blasts; same old

(Continued on page 10)

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The only way to see more of the Rockies is to climb 'em

YOU TRAVEL through the heart of the Canadian Rockies when you ride *The Continental Limited*—crack Canadian National "name train". The snow-capped peaks are hazy on the horizon at first—then suddenly they're towering all around you.

WHEN YOU TAKE A springtime trip in the Rockies on *The Continental Limited* you sight-see 6 of Canada's 10 picturesque provinces. And you can go from Montreal to the Pacific without changing cars, without leaving your front-row seat.

MOUNTAIN AIR BUILDS APPETITES! And roller bearings on the train's axles let you enjoy Canadian National's tasty meals in smooth-rolling comfort. They're one of the big railroad advances that made fast "name train" schedules possible.

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

"Listen, buddy," said the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, traffic cop to the driver just ahead of us who had not quite run down a pedestrian, "you're supposed to drive that car—not aim it."

★ ★ ★

But before plunging into the more serious aspects of life today in this beat-up world, here's a letter from a lady in Nevada. "Just a line," says she, "to say that if you get a letter from me, let me know because I am pretty sure I did not write it"

★ ★ ★

Young man in Bridgeport, Connecticut, reports three reasons why he's in the Army:

first, he wanted to fight; second, figured it would be good for him physically; and third, they came and took him.

★ ★ ★

Irate is Mr. Owen E. Root, of Parker, Kansas. No sooner did he read Irving Hoffman's statement in Collier's for February 16th (It's a Smile World) that "Scotsmen wearing kilts are not permitted on top of double-decker busses in London" than he dashed the magazine to the floor, donned kilts, a couple of sporrans and a Glengarry bonnet and went forth seeking a double-decker bus to climb. There being none such available in Parker, Kansas, Mr. Root had to be content with writing furious letters of protest to old Forty-eight and Winston Churchill. He is also skirling on his bagpipes, which is something all good Scots do when they are irritated.

★ ★ ★

"What I need," writes Mr. Beaufort McCallum from Wichita, Kansas, "is a raise in pay so I can pay for the increase in pay everybody but me is getting."

★ ★ ★

The Department of Labor has just finished a survey to find out why women take gainful employment. More than 8,300 working females answered the questionnaire. To the department's astonishment—and yours, too, no doubt—it was discovered that "most women who take jobs outside their homes do so to make a living." In the event this well-nigh incredible announcement leaves you still skeptical, the department proposes to issue a "detailed report" soon.

★ ★ ★

Telephoned Milwaukee and found there's nothing to the rumor that John the Sieve has been shot again. With the denial comes the advice that it would be a great waste of time to shoot John the Sieve any more, because he is already so full of holes that the chances are a bullet would pass right through John without his knowing it. Estimates of the number of times John has been perforated vary, some running as high as 40. That number includes shotgun blasts, of course, each accounting for several holes at a time. About the only periods John has r been used as a clay pigeon by his enem have been those stretches he has done in ja the longest being 13 years. John's real nar is Sullivan—John Sullivan. Mr. Sulliva a notorious character with a penchant f making unreliable friends, has not or been repeatedly ventilated but has occasio ally escaped death by fast running and hi ing in schoolyards. When successful in su evasions, Mr. Sullivan has broken his le fractured his skull, shattered ribs and/ severely lacerated his arms. But John t Sieve is out of jail again and says he believ he'll take it easy from now on. After all, h not as young as he used to be—about fift one. John the Sieve says he recalls vivid the days when, it seemed, guys who could think of anything else to do filled in t *dull hours by shooting him.*

★ ★ ★

Somewhere, Mr. Jack Free, of Dulut Minnesota, has read that a young girl's ide is easily shattered. "I don't know abo shattered," says Mr. Free, "but with pric what they are, this certain young girl's ide is awfully easily busted."

★ ★ ★

Among those who are having a bit of t trouble is a Cuban athlete signed by t Brooklyn Dodgers. Incidentally, he's pitcher whose control of the ball is said be a little better than his command of En lish. He was signed for a bonus of $1,0 and received a check for $785, the gover ment having sliced off the withholding ta Wrote he to Fresco Thompson, Dodger vic president: "I sign for the thousand. T missing $215 where is she?" Said M Thompson to Collier's Tom Meany: "If send him the $215, the government's goi to cut in again. Then he's going to ask: 'T missing $40.30 where is she?' This could on for months and I got other things to d

★ ★ ★

Miss Lenore Slaughter, executive rector of the Atlantic City Miss Amer

IRWIN CAPL

Pageant, announces that it takes brai win a beauty contest. But she's negl to say whose brains.

★ ★ ★

Prompted, doubtless, by our occas references to eats and eating, a lady shall remain nameless here has sent recipe for chocolate-rum-banana-cu gelatin pie. We have sent it back we hope she eats one.

★ ★ ★

Nice day like this, we can't help w ing what the boys down in Joe S Sassafras Bar in Hollister, Missouri, ing. Bet they're feeling their sassafra got word from Mr. Jewell Ross Me Kansas City, that Joe's serving sassaf piping hot or ice cold, in shots, m

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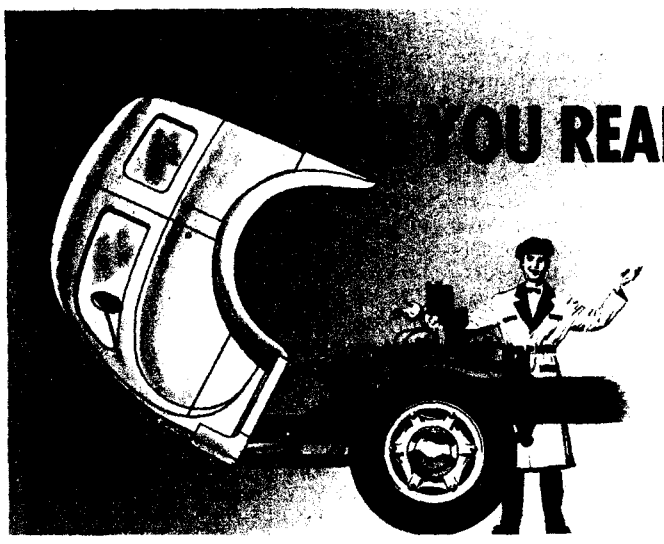

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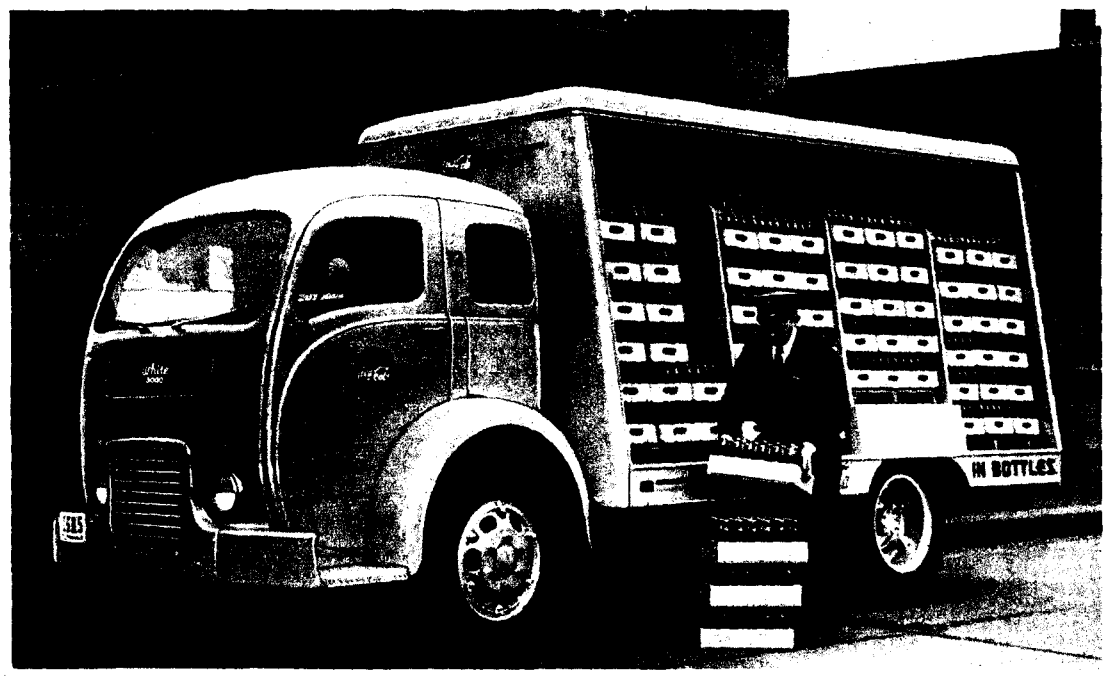

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For "all day" protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's has such complete *proof* that it stops bad breath.* There's a big difference!

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COLGATE DENTAL CREAM IS BEST FOR FLAVOR!

Colgate's wonderful wake-up flavor is the favorite of men, women and children from coast to coast. Nationwide tests of leading toothpastes *prove* Colgate Dental Cream preferred for flavor over all other brands tested!

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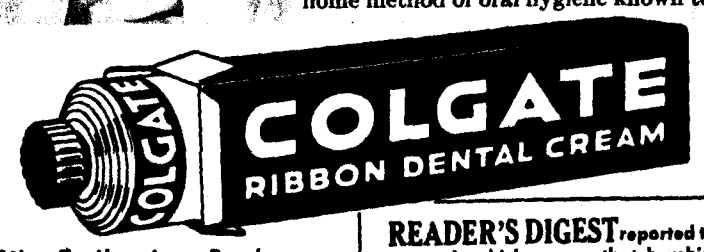
THE COLGATE WAY STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Yes, science has proved that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay *best!* The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!



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OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER
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READER'S DIGEST reported the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay best! And, while not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the *only* toothpaste used in this scientific research.

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seidels depending on how much sassafras your system needs. He also sells it in take-home jugs. Seems like we can hear the boys at Joe's now singing: "Come Mammy and Pappy, git sassafras happy." Wish we were able to be there.

★ ★ ★

Six new traffic cops have been added to the police force in Amarillo, Texas. Wes Izzard says it's rumored their assignment is to open up a few narrow trails for pedestrians through the cars that have been parked on the sidewalks.

★ ★ ★

Latest town meeting in Falmouth, Massachusetts, was so tepid, reports Mrs. L. W. Peat, that with only one dissenting vote the citizens recessed to watch a heavyweight fight via TV. After the show, the meeting reconvened. Its first activity was to adopt a resolution congratulating the one dissenter who had voted against the recess as a great waste of time.

★ ★ ★

And the Honorable Marvin Akins announced his intention of seeking re-election as coroner in Union County, Georgia. So he advertised his ambition thus: "I thank you for past favors and will again appreciate your support and promise you that if elected I will not kill anyone just to get to hold an inquest."

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Josie McKibben, on her way home to Grand Rapids, Michigan, from Florida, spent a day in Washington—most of it in the House of Representatives gallery. "Only one thing puzzles me," boasts Mrs. McKibben. "What does the honorable member mean when he rises to say, 'Mr. Speaker, I had not intended to address myself to this matter,' and then talks for an hour?" That means, dear Mrs. McKibben, that the gentleman knows nothing whatever about the subject but is not going to let that interfere with his oratorical urge.

★ ★ ★

If we send a Miami lady one dollar she will, she says, mail us a booklet which will tell us how to make our house look like us. We don't quite understand this, but Mrs. Joan Fern Kautchman says that's the way a guy's house should look—like him. If the booklet also contained instructions on how to avoid looking like one's house, maybe we'd send Mrs. Kautchman a dollar—if we weren't still broke from March 15th.

★ ★ ★

If any of you can think of a more cynical, sacrilegious and blasphemous scene than the Ku Klux Klan singing hymns while torturing a cringing captive, please let us know.

★ ★ ★

Just been looking over the Whitefish Bay (Wisconsin) High School newspaper, the *Tower Times*. It says here: "Miss Harriet Smith of the Chicago Museum of Natural History spoke to an assembly of freshmen and sophomores last Thursday. Her talk was built around the movie she showed, entitled Treasure House, which . . . Due to unforeseen difficulties, Miss Smith did not arrive."

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

seats and desks, coal scuttle, distant windmill, rickety outbuildings and tumbleweeds blowing. However, we had no electric lights and there was no squealing of brakes when cars arrived at close of school. Instead there was the crunch of wagon wheels on the frozen earth and the snorts and whinnying of horsepower in the flesh.

LENA DILLAVOU HEDIN,
Coatepec, Mexico

Mr. Jordan—No Kamaaina He

EDITOR: I would like to make a little contribution to the Hawaiian language fracas in your Week's Mail column (March 1st).

I am at present attending the University of Oklahoma, but Hawaii has been my home for the last 13 years, so I consider myself to have some knowledge of the language and its usage.

As you pointed out in your note to friend Jordan's letter, Mr. Stapleton's usage was correct by present-day standards. And further, Mr. Jordan is no "Kamaaina" (old-timer) or he would be aware of the fact that the word "Tutu" has meant grandmother to the Hawaiians for many years.

ROBERT NOBLE, Norman, Okla.

Garbo Revisited

EDITOR: Many thanks for your article This Is Garbo (March 1st): a lady who was recently voted the half century's greatest screen actress—a fact which you neglected to mention.

Don't blame Garbo for not making a film for the past 11 years. Blame stupidity within the industry.

WILLIAM W. KENDALL, Memphis, Tenn.

. . . It is incredible that Hollywood, with all its many resources, remains unable to film a Garbo comeback. Surely, with someone as rare as Greta Garbo, any film studio, any movie producer could outdo himself to meet Miss Garbo's demands on a picture.

The world is in dire need of glamor, romance and beauty. Why doesn't Hollywood go further on their "better movies" challenge and bring back to us, for genuine film artistry, the lovely, magical Greta Garbo?

PHILIP DOMENICO, La Junta, Colo.

. . . Now we have "the truth behind the strange legend," the "inside report" on "one of the world's most beautiful" and "mysterious" women—a miscellany of feeble opinions by a miscellany of not-too-bright opinioners. So what? So we unfortunate readers have to pay good money for this ga-ga type of tripe. For gosh sakes, act your age. HARRY C. MCKOWN, Gilson, Ill.

Ike's Beliefs

EDITOR: MANAGERS OF GEN. EISENHOWER'S CAMPAIGN AND OTHERS WHO WISH THE GENERAL TO DROP ALL PRETENSE OF HONESTY AND RUSH HOME TO ENGAGE IN A CHEAP POLITICAL CAMPAIGN SHOULD CEASE THEIR EFFORTS . . . A GREAT MAJORITY LOVE AND RESPECT HIM FOR WHAT HE HAS ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED AND WHAT HE HAS STOOD FOR AT ALL TIMES WHILE IN SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY AND WHICH IS SO APTLY PORTRAYED IN MARCH FIRST COLLIER'S. WHAT IKE BELIEVES IS THE FULL ANSWER TO THE POLITICIANS. I SHALL VOTE FOR IKE NO MATTER WHO MAY OPPOSE HIM IF HE STANDS HIS GROUND AND LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE IF THIS GREAT TALENTED PATRIOTIC AMERICAN SHALL AGAIN BE CALLED TO SERVE THE NATION.

LEO LEE, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . We notice that in one of our late issues, you set out to give us a "more complete" account of the political beliefs of General Ike.

Why keep us waiting? Let's have the "most complete" account and get it over with. H. E. BULLOCK, Richland, Kans

. . . In your excellent article What Ike Believes, we cannot find a single statemen which, in essence, has not at one time o another been expressed by Senator Taf with about equal clarity and conviction.

NEWTON F. TOLMAN, Chesham, N.H

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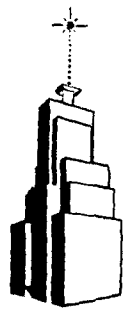
Orange . . . . . Cloudy
Orange flashing . . . . Rain
White flashing . . . . Snow



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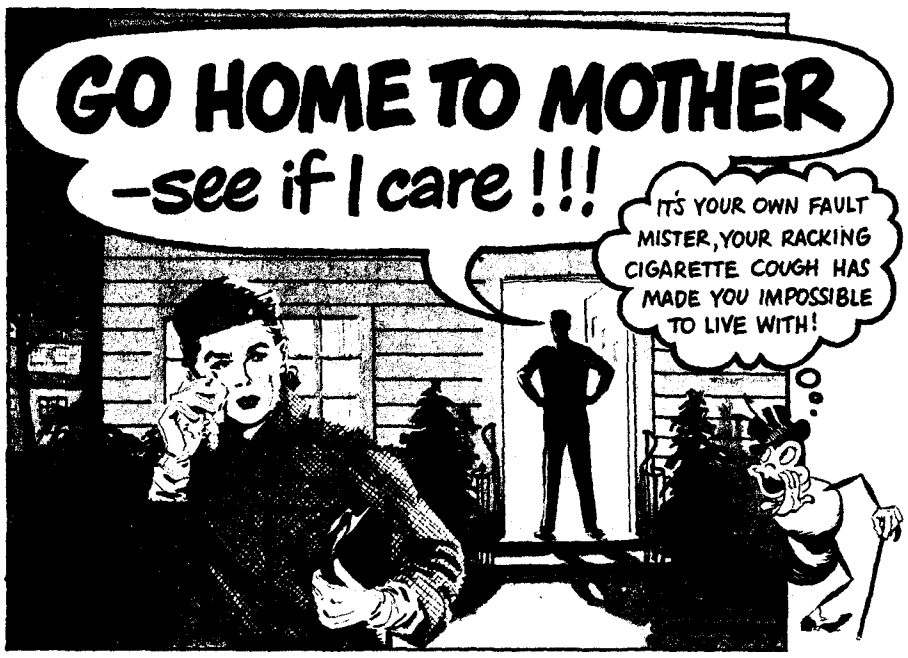
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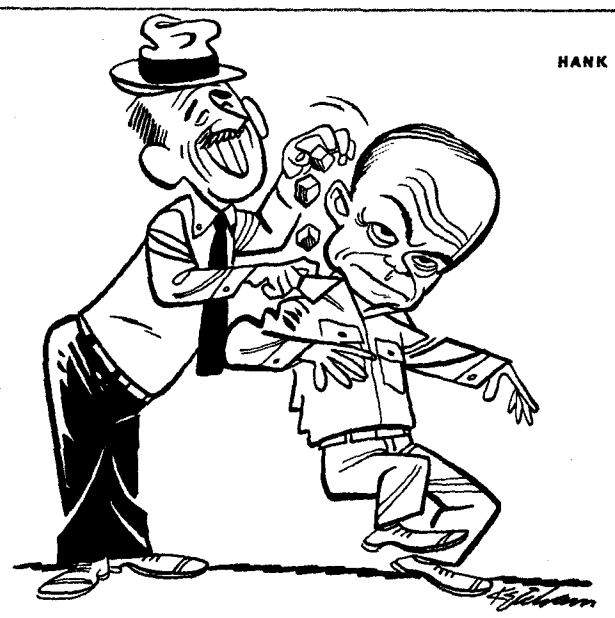
WIDE VARIETY OF SHAPES...$1.00 to $2.50...IMPORTED BRIAR



HANK KETCHAM

Eisenhower doesn't like ice cubes down his back

I Get Around

By PARKE CUMMINGS

WITH an election in the offing it goes without saying that we voters should be familiar with the political views and records of the various men who have been mentioned as Presidential possibilities. But more than that is necessary. We should also know their Human Side—those little intimate behind-the-scenes details that shed light on their true personalities.

Here is where I can help you—although I do not feel at liberty to reveal my sources. True, only two candidates will actually receive the nominations at the major party conventions, but the others are apt to figure prominently in one way or another, and some may well be elected or appointed to other offices. So let's peer behind the curtains now and give each a searching look. This—in order to prove that there isn't an ounce of partisan blood in my make-up—will be done in alphabetical order:

Eisenhower, Dwight D. Sleeps under blankets on cold nights, brushes teeth regularly. Does not play *jai alai*, and has not been on snowshoes in recent years. Is not noted for pronounced phobias but dislikes having chairs pulled out from under him and having ice cubes put down his back. Likes oranges, but will not eat the pits. Never studied Sanskrit.

Kefauver, Estes. When hatless, his hair tends to blow in a high wind. Holds fork in left hand, knife in right when carving meat. Prefers matching socks, which he invariably puts on before his shoes. Dislikes rats, and prefers not to have people read his newspaper over his shoulder. Has a tendency to look longer at pretty girls than homely ones. Sleeps more at night than in daytime.

MacArthur, Douglas. Likes comfortable furniture and modern plumbing. Will not play badminton in the rain. Learned to walk at an early age. Dislikes having people borrow things from him without returning them. Sore throats make him uncomfortable.

Stassen, Harold E. Has a driver's license, and owns a car which has a spare tire but is not equipped with television. A coffee drinker, he likes to start at the top of the cup and work down. Has a pronounced aversion to being scratched by cats and to having people jump up in front of him when he attends football games. Sometimes gets thirsty in hot weather.

Stevenson, Adlai E. Prefers to walk on sidewalks, and is cautious to avoid puddles. Does not like slow service in restaurants. Considers New York to be America's largest city, and regards Shakespeare as a great writer. Will not look directly at the sun on bright days. As a boy he used to like to throw snowballs. Believes it is unlucky to fall out of a window on Friday the thirteenth.

Taft, Robert A. Enjoys swimming. Has been photographed. Dislikes drafty rooms. Never has soup for breakfast. Wears overcoats which have buttons on the right side. Prefers having barber cutting his hair to doing it himself.

Truman, Harry S. Initials are H.S.T. Reads the newspapers regularly. Has piano with 88 keys on it. Does not like to have cold hands, and has never flown over the South Pole. Attended school during formative years. Leery of poisonous snakes. Familiar with Washington. Does not agree with everything everybody says. Hates to be held up in heavy traffic. Married, one child.

Warren, Earl. Good speller, does not chew tobacco, owns no racing stable. Favors low shoes, jots down memoranda on paper. Has ridden in trains. Married his fiancée, presented her with an engagement ring, believes flowers brighten up a house. His eyes tend to water when things get in them. Always deals cards clockwise. Has a conspicuous distaste for getting tangled up in flypaper.

Appendix

Darkhorse. Having completed my list, I am chagrined to discover that I've been guilty of a grave omission. It may well be that some hitherto obscure personage will cop one of the nominations, so I herewith give you the low-down on the darkhorse—so dark that I cannot even give you his name:

A relatively conservative dresser, he dislikes being jostled in public places or having his feet stepped on. He never attended Melrose (Massachusetts) High School and has never had a tryout with the St. Louis Browns. He has eaten chicken, peas and mashed potatoes, but too much whisky tends to make him dizzy. He speaks English fluently and, although not considered a mechanical genius, he can hammer nails with a fair degree of accuracy.

Well, I guess that about wraps it up, and if any of those fellows should happen to wander into your domicile, I'll bet you'd be able to recognize him instantly, thanks to helpful old me. ▲▲▲

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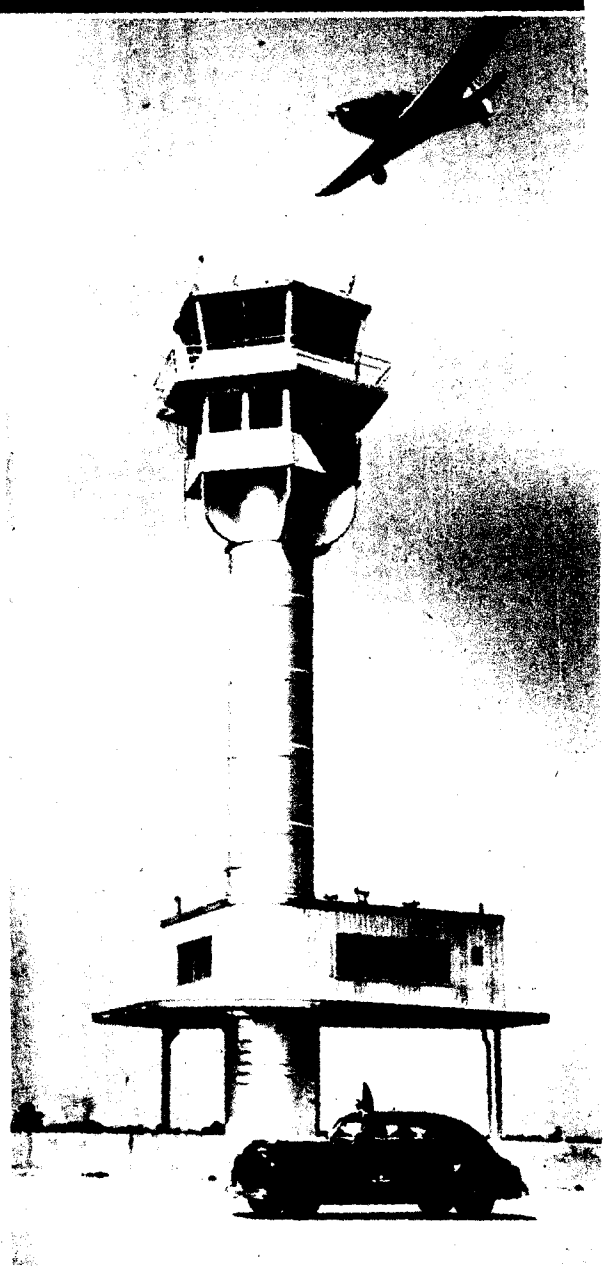

TOWER ON A TUBE. The new Sky Harbor Airport in Phoenix, Arizona, has a unique control tower that rises 100 feet into the air. Perched atop a steel tube 9 feet in diameter, it will permit efficient control of landing and take-off activity on all runways of the vast airport. The tower was built by U. S. Steel.

COW COMFORT. That's what a farm building like this provides. Cows can wander in and out at leisure, take shelter from rain and snow. In winter, bedding is added to provide still more comfort. It's a steel building, of course . . . fabricated of U·S·S Steel and erected in jig time. A structure of this kind reduces labor costs and requires little or no maintenance.

TO INSURE PRODUCTION of the enormous quantity of steel needed for security, the American steel industry is bending every effort. United States Steel alone has already spent more than a billion dollars in the past five years to expand and modernize its steel making facilities . . . and is now engaged on a still greater program of expansion.

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Of the 48 states, 31 have iron and steel facilities. Among these, 27 states produce ingots, 28 make hot-rolled iron and steel products, 18 have blast furnaces, and 4, which have no steel making facilities, make pipe or wire from semi-finished products.

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Bright 'n dandy as peppermint candy

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Will You Be At Home In Heaven?

Purt' Nigh, But Not Plumb

My Beloved

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SONGS

A dozen-and-one of 'em... all new and ALL terrific... by award-winning Livingston and Evans!

Why Should I Believe in Love?

Step Right Up

Soda Shop

Life Is A Beautiful Thing

IN A Perlberg-Seaton PRODUCTION

DAZZLING PRODUCTION NUMBERS TO MAKE YOUR HEART THUMP!
GALS WHO'LL MAKE IT THUMP FASTER!

AARON SLICK FROM PUNKIN CRICK

with ADELE JERGENS · MINERVA URECAL · MARTHA STEWART Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG and GEORGE SEATON

Direction and Screenplay by CLAUDE BINYON Based on the play by Walter Benjamin Hare

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H. H.

HERBERT HOOVER: My White House Years

Our only living former President begins an exciting story of his stormy and controversial administration

Collier's is privileged to present herewith its third series of the memoirs of former President Hoover. The current series, to be published in eight consecutive installments, covers Mr. Hoover's White House years, including the depression, and ends with his appraisal of the New Deal. An expanded version of these memoirs will be brought out by Macmillan in two volumes. The first, dealing with the nondepression aspects of his administration, will appear at the end of this month, entitled The Cabinet and the Presidency: 1920-1933. The second volume, which will be devoted entirely to the years of the Great Depression, will be published in the fall

I AM well aware that uninformed persons recall my Presidency solely as the period of the Great Depression. That was, indeed, the nightmare of my White House years. The defense of our social and economic life against this terrible, overwhelming hurricane compelled me to turn in part from a broad development-and-reform program for which I had held high hopes.

Only in part was the depression a product of our own misdeeds. In the main it was the penalty paid for a world war and that war's impact upon Europe. It forms so vital an experience that I shall set forth a separate analysis of it in later chapters.

I deal first with actions on other fronts during my Presidency, for despite the depression we made substantial strides—in foreign relations, in the development and conservation of our resources, and in reforms achieved or started under way.

A number of important policies and reforms were defeated for purely political reasons. Midway through my term the Democrats won a House majority and effective Senate control. At times this opposition was surreptitiously encouraged by older Republican elements in Congress who never forgave my elevation to the Presidency. I also had to deal with those perennial members of my party who wished to demonstrate—by grasshopper bites—that they had greater liberal minds than the President and that they did not wear his collar.

I am making no complaint, offering no justification. I accepted the job of my own free will.

I am so immodest as to believe that had we been continued in office, we would have quickly overcome the depression and approached economic and social problems from the viewpoint of correcting marginal abuses, not of inflicting a collectivist economy on the country. We would have better preserved the personal liberty to which the nation was dedicated.

During the months between my election and inauguration, one primary task was to select major policy-making officials sympathetic with my ideas. With the background of the Harding regime scandals, it was vital—as it had been for Mr. Coolidge—that we have an administration which would reflect rigid integrity and avoid the slightest color of yielding to special influence.

We had no scandals, no misfeasance whatever. There has never been substantiated challenge to the integrity of any of my appointees.

Three of my Cabinet choices had been my colleagues in the Coolidge Cabinet: Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg, who wanted to retire but agreed to remain until June, 1929, when he was succeeded by Henry L. Stimson of New York; Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon, who, wishing to be relieved of the Treasury burden—he had served in the post longer than anyone else—was succeeded in 1932 by Ogden L. Mills of New York (Mr. Mellon became our ambassador to Great Britain); and Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, who, on becoming senator from Pennsylvania, was succeeded in 1930 by William Doak of Virginia.

I came under strong pressure to appoint John L. Lewis to the Labor post. A complex character, Lewis was the ablest man in the labor world and of very superior intelligence. His word was always good, his loyalty to his men beyond question.

But there had been an incident some years earlier at Herrin, Illinois, in which some of his United Mine Workers had

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"Only in part was the depression a product of our own misdeeds. In the main it wa

UNITED PRESS

Hoover and Coolidge on way to former's inauguration in 1929. In front (l.) Senator George Moses (N.H.), Representative Bertrand Snell (N.Y.)

been implicated in the killing of non-UMW miners —an incident since wrongfully used against Lewis. And in any event Senate confirmation of his Cabinet appointment was impossible. If his great abilities could have been turned to the government they would have produced a great public servant. Lewis maintained a friendly attitude toward me. He later said. "I at times disagreed with the President but he always told me what he would or would not do."

My other Cabinet selections were: Attorney General, William D. Mitchell of Minnesota; Postmaster General, Walter F. Brown of Ohio; Secretary of War, James W. Good of Iowa, who died in 1929 and was succeeded by Patrick J. Hurley of Oklahoma; Navy, Charles F. Adams of Massachusetts; Agriculture, Arthur M. Hyde of Missouri; Commerce, Robert P. Lamont of Illinois, who, resigning to resume his private business, was succeeded in 1932 by Roy D. Chapin; and Interior, Ray Lyman Wilbur of California.

A second major task prior to my inauguration was a six-week journey to Honduras, El Salvador, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Ecuador, Peru, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil.

As Secretary of Commerce I had grown increasingly dissatisfied with our policies toward Latin America, such as our "dollar diplomacy" of intimidation on behalf of our speculative citizens when their investments went wrong, and our interpreting the Monroe Doctrine to mean we had to keep order in those states by military force so as not to give excuse for European intervention.

At this time we had troops in Haiti and Nicaragua. To put it mildly, the United States was not popular in that part of the hemisphere. Convinced that unless we displayed an entirely different attitude we would never dispel fears of the "Colossus of the North," I decided to do what I could to lay the foundations of greater good will.

I asked Mr. Coolidge for a battleship for the journey. He suggested I take a cruiser—"it would not cost so much." Since battleships as well as cruisers must always keep steam up and crews aboard, that did not worry me overly, and I also wanted to take along a large group of American correspondents, hoping that they would thus be better able to interpret Latin America to our own country (which they did).

Finally Mr. Coolidge put the battleship Maryland at my disposal going south, and the battleship Utah met us at Montevideo and brought us home.

We had a real welcome. Our Latin neighbors are exquisitely polite and hospitable. In all I made 14 short speeches aimed at establishing what I referred to as "Good Neighbor" policies (a phrase the New Deal later took up). I suggested immediate measures to promote our relations; one was better organization of intellectual exchanges. Another, more materialistic, theme was the development of inter-American aviation; in each country visited I discussed the question with the chief of state and his officials. From this initiative came Pan American Airways.

Another result of my journey was settlement of the bitter, long-standing Tacna-Arica border dispute between Peru and Chile. The United States had some time since been asked to arbitrate, but attempts hitherto had failed. By cautious inquiry I learned from each government the approximate limit of concessions each could make. On my return home we were able to work out a compromise.

A third result was the withdrawal of all American troops from Latin-American countries, abandoning the military intervention practiced in the Wilson, Harding and Coolidge days. I recall an interesting side light on this score during my visit to Nicaragua, where Mr. Coolidge had indirectly imposed a presidential election to stop a civil war, and had it conducted by our occupying Marines.

The Marines required each registering voter to dip a finger in a chemical solution which stained it yellow. On Election Day only the yellow fingers were permitted to vote. As they left the polls voters were required to dip another finger in a red solution. Thus repeaters were eliminated.

I asked the Marine officer in charge where he got the idea. He replied, "I once lived in New York and proposed it as a cure for one of Tammany's bad habits—but everybody said it would be insulting."

On March 4, 1929, I became the 30th President of the United States. In my inaugural address, I was somewhat hampered by the fact that I was succeeding a President of my own party, who was also a man for whom I had the warmest personal feeling. I could not, in good taste, say anything indicating differences in policies. I therefore confined myself mostly to American ideals and aspirations.

Inauguration Day was, as usual, cold and rainy. Tradition insisted on an outdoor ceremonial at

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the Capitol, and by the time we arrived at the White House both Mrs. Hoover and I were soaked through.

At the time of my inauguration the whole world was at peace—at least no consequential wars were going on. Mussolini rattled his tin saber periodically but without worrying anybody much. In Japan, the military party was not to seize control until three years later; Hitler was not to come to power until after my defeat in 1932.

When I took office, American attitudes were so isolationist that we were neglecting our proper responsibilities in world affairs. Wilson's idealism—which America had felt deeply—had been mostly rejected at Versailles. In the American mind, the League of Nations had become an instrument for enforcing a bad treaty instead of—as Wilson had hoped—an instrument for amending and revising it. Even to suggest that we collaborate with the League in its many nonpolitical activities raised howls.

I had no desire to see the United States involved in European power politics. From the beginning I believed that the hope of peace lay in friendly support for representative governments the world over. I also felt that there was some security in the world-wide recoil of horror from the war. But I believed that there were more solid bases for peace, and I fervently wanted the United States to contribute to them, to work with every sincere movement whose aim was to reinforce peaceful processes.

This meant taking larger responsibilities in world affairs, and so my broad foreign policy was one of co-operation with other nations—in the moral field as distinguished from the field of force.

Moves to Achieve World-Wide Peace

During my Presidency I made many specific proposals in line with this general policy: to limit naval arms even more than had been done by the Hughes naval-limitation treaty of 1922; to reduce land armies; to eliminate points of friction we had with Britain and with Latin America; to co-operate with other nations on pacific means for restraining Japanese aggression in China; and to advance pacific methods of settling all international disputes, such as joining the World Court, working with the League of Nations in its nonforce activities, increasing the number of arbitration and conciliation treaties we had directly with other nations, and putting moral teeth in the Kellogg Pact against war.

I also offered measures for international economic co-operation when the depression struck; these I take up in later chapters.

My proposals met with varying fates.

In Latin America we established an era of good will not known for many years. To prove my determination to end American military interventions, I asked authority from Congress, on December 7, 1929, for an official commission to examine the Haiti situation and advise as to when and how we ought to withdraw. Immediately on receiving the commission's report, I began the removal of our forces from Haiti. I also directed the withdrawal of our Marines from Nicaragua, which began on June 3, 1931.

Through our minister in Switzerland we actively joined with the League of Nations in a wide range of international nonforce activities. As a result we became parties to a score of treaties covering commerce, aviation, merchant marine, protection of intellectual property, control of international traffic in narcotics, black and white slavery, and disease.

During my White House years we signed treaties of arbitration with 25 nations, treaties of conciliation with 17. We were jointly obligated with practically every country in the world to refer to these processes any differences which we could not settle by negotiation.

Secretary of State Stimson and I had greater success in getting the Senate to confirm these treaties than with my proposal that the United States join the World Court.

A study of the Senate gave promise that we might get that body to accept membership in the court if we could eliminate certain criticisms of its protocol. At least the necessary *(Continued on page 52)*

INTERNATIONAL

Chief Justice William Howard Taft administers the oath of office at Mr. Hoover's inauguration. Before taking the helm, the President-elect had occupied himself mainly with picking a Cabinet

HARRIS & EWING

Hoover and first Cabinet: (l. to r.), W. F. Brown, Post Office; J. W. Good, War; Frank B. Kellogg, State; Hoover; Andrew Mellon, Treasury; W. D. Mitchell, Justice; rear, J. J. Davis, Labor; R. P. Lamont, Commerce; A. M. Hyde, Agriculture; Vice-Pres. Curtis; R. L. Wilbur, Interior; C. F. Adams, Navy

Watching a parade in Washington in 1932. Left to right: General Douglas MacArthur, Mrs. Patrick Hurley; Hurley, by now War Secretary; Hoover; Mrs. Hoover; Admiral William S. Sims and Mrs. Sims

UNITED PRESS

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The Girl Who Hated Brooklyn

By PATRICIA GILMORE

She'd lose everything she'd fought for unless she could straighten this mess out fast. And her lawyer seemed to be interested only in taking her to dinner

IT WAS spring in Brooklyn and eight o'clock on a Monday morning. In the Murphy kitchen—a pleasant enough room, if a little grimy—bits of cereal hardened in the bowls on the drainboard, and the curtains that fluttered softly at the window could have used a washing.

As usual, Mrs. Murphy was starting the day with an absorbed reading of Winchell's column and the society pages, when her daughter Jan rushed in, clutching her purse and gloves, too sleekly groomed for her mother to notice the bleak misery in her eyes. In her dark blue Gabrielle suit—except for the arresting platinum streak she had bleached in her smooth, dark hair—Jan was a study in Quiet Worth.

"'By, toots." She planted a kiss on her mother's plump cheek.

Smiling self-consciously, Mrs. Murphy looked away. "Jan," she said, fingering the tassel on her robe, "I'm a little short again." Then she fell gratefully upon Danny, who had wandered in with a dragging diaper and a Botticellian grin on his face. "Come here, precious. Let Grandma wipe your nose."

Opening her purse, Jan winked at Danny. The Dannys weren't for her, but she had to admit he was cute. He, with Jan's sister Mabel, Mabel's husband Sylvester, and the new baby, lived on the second floor of the Murphys' two-family house. Sylvester made sixty dollars a week.

Jan took two twenties from her wallet. "Don't let it worry you, beautiful." That left five. "Is Pop up? Do you think he'll try the Army Base again?"

Mrs. Murphy sighed resignedly. "I wouldn't bet on it. Why don't you go in and ask him?"

Jan looked at the clock and winced. "I've got to fly," she said. "Don't expect me home for dinner." Blowing a kiss at her mother and Danny, she ran out of the room.

In the hall, she stumbled over the baby carriage, which, as usual, Mabel had forgotten to put away, and muttered an unemphatic "damn." She ran down the stoop, and most of the three blocks to the station.

Today, she was more sharply aware than ever of the dreary rows of houses, houses reflecting the pigeonholed dreams of the people who lived in them. *Lived in them,* Jan thought bitterly.

At the turnstile, she held her ground when a man clutching a tabloid tried to shove her aside. Then she clattered down more steps, narrowed her eyes, breathed deep, and plunged into the crowd. Little waves of people closed in relentlessly around the marked points on the platform where the doors of the express would presumably open.

The express rumbled to a stop and the crowd surged inside. "Live dangerously, kids!" the guard shouted. Planting his hands on the shoulders of a passenger who was still half out on the platform, he pushed.

The doors closed with a groan. Immobile, Jan became one with the crowd. A stout man just her height breathed garlic in her face and smiled an apology. Behind her, an elbow dug into her side. She tried to edge away, toward a pretty girl who was wearing what was obviously last winter's "best"—a tawdry dress with sequins on the collar.

Jan looked at the girl with pity. Why did they do it? Every magazine they picked up told them what to wear, how to buy the right clothes on any salary. Gabrielle, of course, would have looked at the girl with contempt.

At the thought of Gabrielle, who would be back from Paris tomorrow, the lump of anguish hardened in Jan's breast. How, oh, how could she have made such a fatal mistake? It was a mistake that would not only cost her her job, but might easily end in the headlines and cost Gabrielle the salon.

Still, there was a chance, there was hope. It was a slim hope, but it was there. Desperately, she clung to the thought of the lawyer. Lawyers had clever ways of solving other people's troubles.

Forty minutes later, she came up out of the subway, blinked at the sunlight, and headed for the address she had picked from a directory in the library, since she obviously couldn't go to Gabrielle's lawyer. This firm, Weathersby, Dashiell, Jones & Wilkes, was listed at a likely-sounding address deep in the Wall Street canyons.

She was surprised to see that the firm occupied most of a building that made an impressive wedge in the sky line. After a very short wait, she was ushered into a small office. *(Continued on page 71)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

Today, she was more sharply aware than ever of the dreary rows of houses, houses reflecting the pigeonholed dreams of the people who lived in them

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JOHN FLOREA

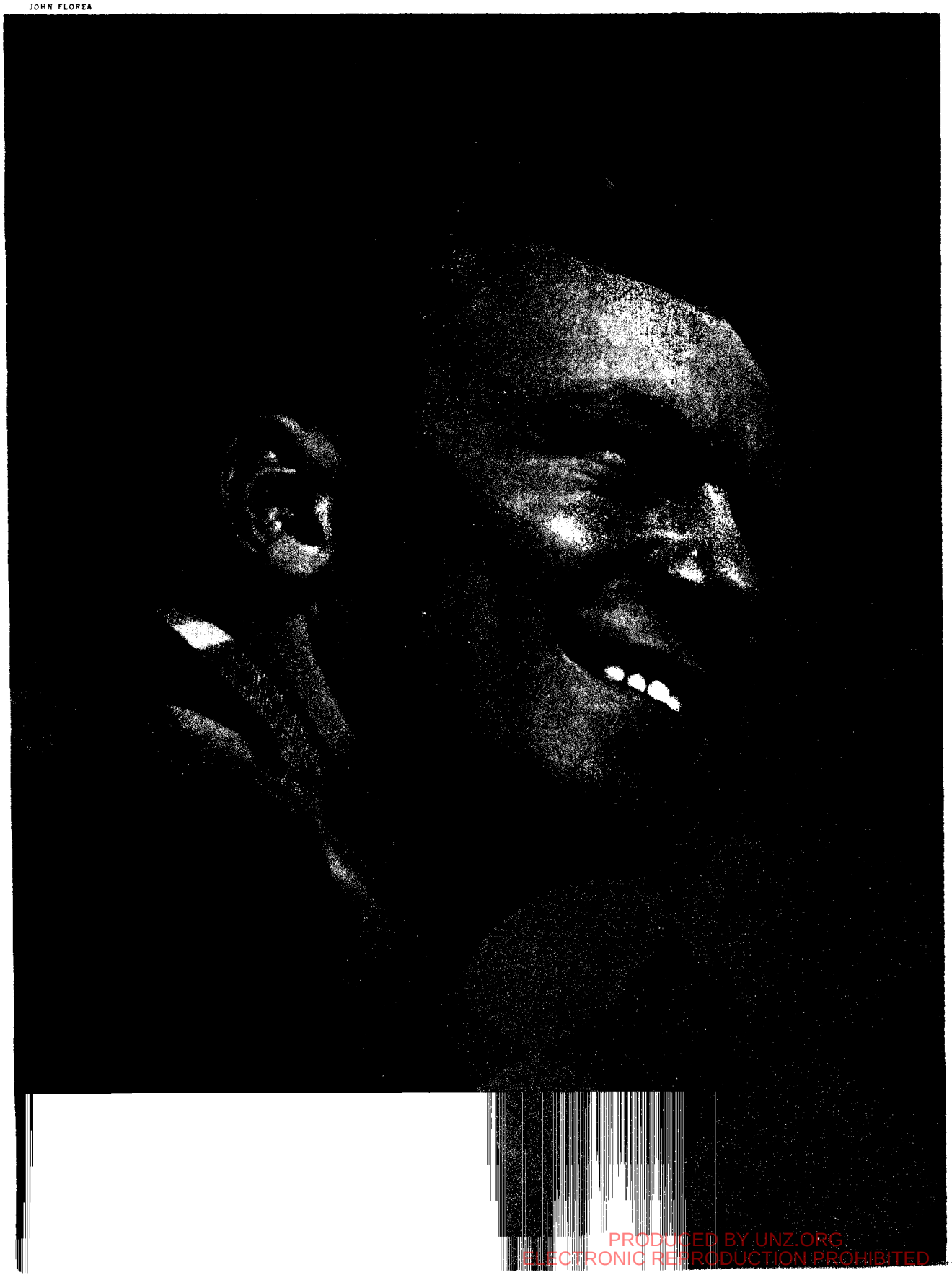
Versatile actor-athlete Aldo Ray braves gibes, swims in fancy trunks near Crockett, Cal., home

RUGGED ROMEO

By ROBERT CAHN

Showing an independence usually reserved for top stars, husky-voiced Aldo Ray has made Hollywood come to him and like it. He can always go back to his old constable job

JOHN FLOREA



FROM their vantage point on the catwalks above the stage where The Marrying Kind was being filmed, the electricians looked down skeptically as blond, broad-shouldered Aldo Ray approached Judy Holliday for his first screen kiss. As the cameras started rolling, the husky, six-foot actor took Judy in his arms. Then, abruptly, he broke the clinch and crossed the stage to where the startled director, George Cukor, awaited his next move.

"What should one of these phony kisses look like, Mr. Cukor?" rasped Aldo Ray in a voice best described as a cross between a distant foghorn and a gravel mixer.

"A phony kiss looks like a phony kiss," the director replied patiently. "Now go on back, Aldo, and give us a real one. Kiss her like you did the girls in Crockett."

For a moment, Ray, a cocky, rough-cut twenty-five-year-old, whose most recent occupation had been as constable of his home town of Crockett, California, paused reflectively. Suddenly he broke into a wide grin, and as the cameras ground, gathered up Miss Holliday and kissed her with all the fervor of a Saturday-night, front-step farewell.

This may help explain why many movie-goers who have flocked to see Judy Holliday in her newest picture, The Marrying Kind, have come away feeling they've discovered a new star in Aldo Ray. For at no time in this story of the marital troubles of a New York postal worker and his young bride does he play second fiddle to his Academy Award-winning partner. "You'd think they'd played together as long as the Lunts," was one movie critic's comment.

Actually, Aldo's only other movie role of any consequence was his first one, released last fall, as a happy-go-lucky football bum in Saturday's Hero —a minor part which, although it brought him some attention, was one for which he seemed so perfectly in character that it required no special acting talent. So it came as a complete surprise to Hollywood, a town teeming with eligible leading men, when he was given the male lead in one of Columbia's major films of the current year.

Admittedly not a polished actor, Ray nevertheless manages to blend so well into his roles that audiences overlook the roughness of his acting or credit him with a great "natural quality."

"Aldo's performance," says Garson Kanin, who, with his wife Ruth Gordon, wrote the original screen play for The Marrying Kind, "has all the quality of a pure primitive painting."

Some Hollywood critics think credit for Aldo's fine acting job is due entirely to George Cukor's amazing ability to develop untried material.

Cukor says, however, "I think Aldo will go a long way because there's something about him that makes people take notice. He really carries the center of the stage around with him."

Ray, whose abounding energy is matched only by his self-assurance, would be inclined to agree—though in different terms. Once, after a particularly

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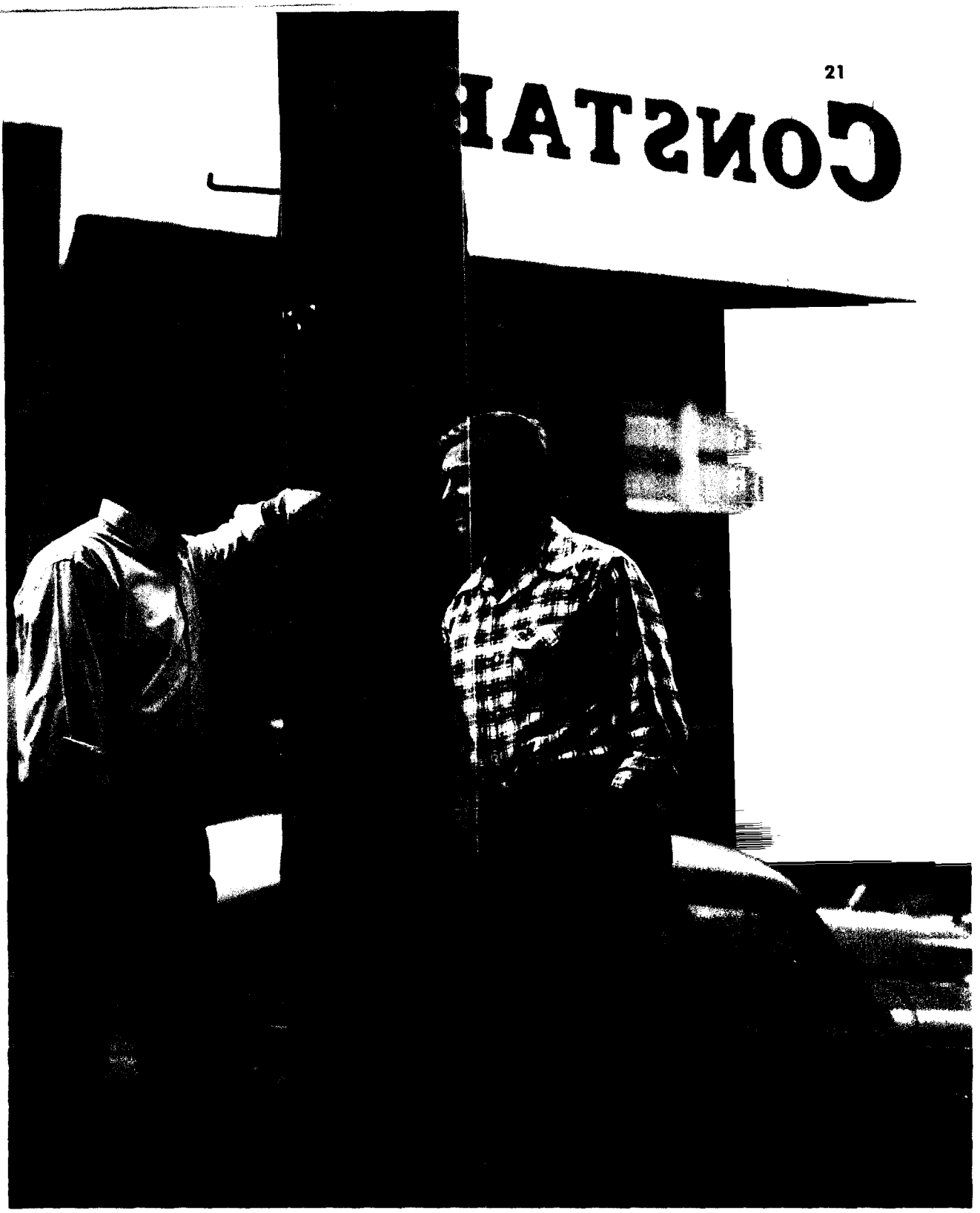
CHRISTIE

Ray has won high praise as Judy Holliday's spouse in Columbia film, The Marrying Kind

In M-G-M film Pat and Mike, Spencer Tracy manages boxer Aldo and lady golfer Hepburn



JOHN FLOREA

In downtown Crockett, Aldo outlines duties to Joseph Angelo, his successor as town constable. Ray once told talent scouts he had a great future in politics, not the movies

difficult scene, Cukor walked up to him and said, "You were very good." To which Aldo replied simply, "Yeah, I know."

Such unabashed statements and a penchant for tooting his own horn have, understandably, caused a few Hollywood people to look upon Aldo as a conceited upstart. Others, however, accept these as the characteristics of an eager, friendly young man who says what he thinks—a quality that becomes a greater virtue in a community notorious for its yes men.

Probably Aldo's greatest achievement, at least in the eyes of Columbia employees, is the way he stands up to studio president Harry Cohn—and gets away with it. Before the shooting started on The Marrying Kind, the Columbia president called Aldo into his office to discuss changing his name. "Aldo DaRe—Aldo DAH REY!" expostulated Cohn. "What kind of a name is that? We've got to change it."

"I like my name and I'm going to keep it," Aldo countered. There matters stood until a few days later, when by presidential decree, it was changed to John Harrison, a combination of the first names of Cohn's two sons, John and Harrison. But despite announcements to the press, Aldo refused to accept his new name and started a counteroffensive. When addressed as John Harrison, he wouldn't answer. By hook and crook, he waged his campaign until, four weeks later, Cohn grudgingly admitted to a compromise: Aldo Ray.

Such a forthright attitude fits in with Aldo's decision early in life, to become "a wheel." Born in Pen Argyl, Pennsylvania, of Italian-American parents Aldo was brought to California in 1929 when his father went to work at the California & Hawaiian Sugar Refining Corporation in Crockett, a small township across the bay from San Francisco.

He Resented His Family's Poverty

The oldest of seven children, Aldo says, "I was always ashamed of being one of such a large family and I always resented not having the best clothes and my family not having a car. It was selfishness on my part, but it took me a long time to find that out."

Perhaps for this reason, Aldo as a grammar-school student latched onto the philosophy that "power" was necessary to a happy existence. Politics appealed to him as a logical means to that end.

Primary school may not strike the average citizen as a fertile proving ground for the budding politician. But Aldo discovered it was a good place to test his authority. He grabbed up every schoolboy post of any consequence.

In high school, he really began to hit his stride. "I used to run for all kinds of offices," Ray grates happily. "And I tried all sort of methods. Sometimes people didn't like me for it, of course, but we used to get an awful lot done. I was always on top because I was interested."

The DaRe family spoke Italian at home, and Aldo still converses that way with his parents, although his brothers—Guido, twenty-four ("He's the lazy one; he's trying to marry a rich girl"); Dante, twenty-two, doing destroyer duty in the Navy, and Mario, eighteen, now at the University of Southern California on a football scholarship—have let the language slip. Aldo also has a sister, Regina, who has been "married off," and two other brothers, Dino, sixteen, and Louis, two

The four older boys are pretty much all-round athletes. "We used to play football together a lot, on the same team," says Aldo. "One time three of us were in a game and we all came home bruised, limping and covered with mud. My poor parents just stood there and cried."

After graduation, Aldo served two years in the Navy. An accomplished swimmer, he volunteered for duty as a "frogman" and swam into Okinawa Beach on D day minus three.

When he was discharged from the service in 1946, Aldo, taking advantage of the GI bill, enrolled at Vallejo Junior College where he became first-string fullback. In 1948 he transferred to the University of California at *(Continued on page 40)*

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Up Front in Korea—

You'd never believe what they've done on Heartbreak Ridge. Our guys have a road there now, and tanks and huge cannon—and hot food twice a day. It's great, but take it from a GI, "these static wars will fool you sometimes . . ."

The sergeant inspected the soldier's feet, looking real careful between the toes. "It'd never do for them to find out at home that I spend my time at this kind of job," he said

Dear Willie:

The first day I spent with this I Company of the 31st Regiment, it was so quiet for a while that I got to thinking about how it took me three months to pass my loyalty tests so I could come to Korea and be a war correspondent, and I figured maybe the Communists had got word of this and were holding their fire off thinking I was a brother subversive type. If that was it, I sure did appreciate it.

This rifle company was strung out along the top of what last year they called Heartbreak Ridge. It sticks out ahead of our main line in such a way that it is plain why the enemy was so stubborn about giving it up and why they hold such hard feelings against our guys on it now, which is not exactly fair since I Company did not ask for the job. Most of the trees and bushes on this ridge are shot off two feet above the ground and there isn't a rock the size of your fist that hasn't been marked up by flying metal.

It is very high and rugged country around here but the mountains are not nice to look at even in a scenery way, they are ugly things made of frozen red dirt which kicks up a kind of dust like you never saw before. Rain or snow does not settle this dust, it only stirs it up. I swear even the mud is dusty. Of course the Army knows how to make mud anyplace. They must mix antifreeze in it here because it stays nice and sloppy soft even on the coldest days.

In this steep country you get to thinking in right angles to the way you are used to. Distance means up and down. If a patrol is going to pay a visit at a hostile ridge four hundred yards away by rifle shot, it has to go maybe sixteen hundred yards to get there. And since I Company faces enemy north and east this traveling has to be done on

The guy was swinging a can of charcoal to get it burning. He was real professional about it

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CHOGIES AND CHOW

By BILL MAULDIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

These POWs were what they call chogies and the cans they carried were full of hot chow

slopes that never get much sun, and the snow and ice is waist deep.

When they say this is a young man's war they are not kidding, Willie.

You can dress two ways, for traveling or for sitting around in a cold foxhole. If you are dressed light for climbing you can't make any rest stops because there's this wind that feels like it is right out of Siberia and it will freeze the sweat stiff in your clothes. You keep moving until you are so hard up for breath that your nose can't get enough and you start panting like a dog and get icicles in your gullet. The enemy keeps sending out these propaganda leaflets saying we ought to quit trying to grab this Korea place for ourselves, and if they really believe that's what we're doing they must figure we have got mighty poor taste.

* * *

I came across this 2d Platoon bunker up near the top of the ridge, dug in so that three walls are dirt and the front wall, with a little door in it, is made of two layers of sandbags. The roof is logs with a lot more sandbags and dirt on top. Inside was a little Yukon stove perking away on some kind of gas and oil mixture, and guys were sitting around on half a dozen or so bunks made of logs crosshatched with old telephone wires, and covered with cardboard from ration boxes for mattresses.

Willie, you remember we used to talk about how all the old politicians and businessmen think this new crop of kids growing up is too security-minded, always looking for something safe. I always thought this was silly talk, but they sure set me straight in that bunker. They were the most security-minded bunch of young generation I ever saw.

"It is quiet out there, boys," I said. "It is a static war. There is nothing to fear but fear itself."

"Let me clue you, these static wars will fool you sometimes," a corporal that looked about nineteen said. "Wait till old Donald Gatling in his Sherman down at the end of the ridge cuts loose with his daily tank barrage."

I looked out the door at the slope you have to scrabble your way up to get to the top of this ridge. There was a big tent at the foot of the slope so far down it looked as big as a penny matchbox, yet you could flip a pebble out and it would land on the tent.

"If there is a tank that got up here without flying I will eat it," I said. "Tanks do not climb walls."

There came this walloping whang from up the ridge and Willie, it sure did sound like a tank firing.

"If you don't believe it step around the bend in the trail and take a look," said a rifleman, a big colored guy that was cooking his socks on the stove and rubbing his feet.

I went out and looked, and down at the end of the ridge was not one but two old Shermans, one facing east and one north, firing 76-mm. guns at targets they must have picked out beforehand, because they were whanging as fast as they could reload. I had heard the enemy was pretty good with mortars and was wondering why nobody sassed the tanks back, them sitting up there in plain sight and making pests of themselves like that.

Then the one firing east decided to back up a few feet for some reason and he had just made it when a hostile round, that must have been well on its way when he started moving, landed with an awful thump right where his turret had been. They're good with mortars, sure enough. The tank moved again and another mortar round missed hitting it by about two seconds.

"All right, they were tanks, all right," I said back in the bunker. "Did they fly them up piece by piece in those helicopter things?"

"Didn't you stay long enough to see the road?" asked this rifleman by the stove.

"I got security-conscious," I said.

"The engineers," said the corporal on the bunk, "cut a road all the way up here just to get those tanks on the ridge. I wouldn't of believed it myself if I hadn't seen some of the other things they have done in Korea. You look at the roads and the bridges they have made, working with their hands in places where they couldn't get machinery, and you tip your hat. The engineers are sort of like the medics, in a way. They work like hell building things up that us characters tear down."

"I will quote you on that," I said. "I will work up a serious editorial on the idea. What is your name?"

"Don't be writing my name," he said. "My folks think I am in the quartermaster at Pusan. They have got enough trouble with the pepper crop without worrying about me."

So help me, Willie, he was serious. And I bet the quartermasters in Pusan are sending home battle souvenirs. That's the way it goes.

"If *you're* surprised at those tanks," said the rifleman, "think about those North Koreans. The tanks have driven them out of a lot of nice positions they used to have on the sunny side of the slopes. Now they sit around all day on the cold side, hating us."

"There's a gun sitting on top of a mountain not very far from here," said a soldier I couldn't see down at the dark end of the bunker, "that surprised 'em even more. Somebody mounted one of those enormous Long Tom guns on an old self-propelled chassis and the engineers used winches and bulldozers and actually got this monster on the peak. You can't believe it even when you see it. It sits up there like the biggest old sniper in the world, looking down everybody's throat, and I bet they are all scratching their heads about it in the war college at Moscow."

Hot food, cold weather. You wear mittens to eat, and skim ice quickly forms on the coffee

"Are they mostly Chinese or North Koreans on your front here?" I asked.

"All North Koreans," said a sergeant that told me his name was Bob Fraher, "and they are a hard lot."

"Sort of like California drivers," said the rifleman, putting his hot socks and boots back on, "the proof of how tough and smart they are being that they are still alive."

"I wouldn't know about that," said Fraher, "being from Odell, Illinois, myself. If you are writing for a magazine, make a note of that. I always swore I would put Odell on the map."

"Sorry," I said, "but I only write about the broad strategy. But I will mention this in a letter to my friend Willie and he will sing Odell's praises wherever he goes."

"Then if you are not taking notes on what I do," said Fraher, looking sort of relieved, "I will go on with what you interrupted when you first came in here. Next pair of feet, please."

* * *

A soldier got up from a bunk, took off his boots and socks, and Fraher started inspecting his feet, looking real careful between the toes.

"Okay," said Fraher, and gave the man a clean pair of socks.

"It would never do," Bob said, "for them to find out in Odell that I spend any time at this kind of a job. You don't have any perfume on you, do you? It is kind of close in here. These new arctic boots are warm, but they sure make your feet sweat."

"Yeh, but it is warm sweat," the soldier said. "It don't turn into ice when you stand in one place for two hours at ten below zero. I don't mind wet socks as long as it is warm wet."

Fraher started looking at another man's feet.

"While we are in this so-called static war stuff these days," he told me, "there is a fair supply of clean socks and a man has a chance to wash his feet once in a while, so somebody high up in the regiment figured there is no excuse for a man getting trench foot or frostbite, even though we haven't all got these new arctic boots. So we have a foot inspection every day."

He looked critical at the foot in his hand.

"Man, these are the worst yet," he said. "Anyway, we do not flub this inspection, because regimental has passed orders that the first man turning in to the medics with cold-weather injuries in his feet, his squad leader and platoon sergeant will be busted to private, his platoon lieutenant and company commander will be relieved, and even the battalion commander, according to this order, will get a new mail address. It sounds pretty strict, but we haven't had any foot trouble lately."

"I didn't know about that order," said the man with the worst feet. "Listen, Fraher, I think I have got a spot of athlete's foot *(Continued on page 32)*

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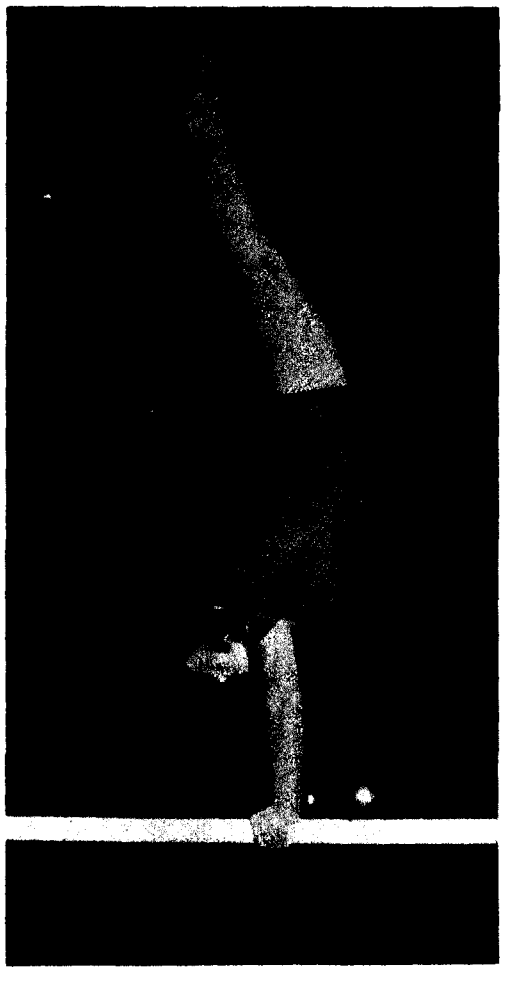


Gymnast Marian Barone of Philadelphia Turners does handstand on parallel bars

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

Belles on Their Toes

GYMNASTICS is from an ancient Greek word which means "exercising in the nude." Today it describes a sport in which athletes, clothed in skintight gym suits, prove that the human body is capable of remarkable feats of muscular co-ordination. In Europe, gymnastics is widely followed and commonly practiced, but in the U.S. it gets about as much publicity as last week's weather. The only time American sports fans pay marked attention to the men and women who play hop, skip and tumble with parallel bars, flying rings and gym horses is when the Olympics come around. This being an Olympic year, meet some of the nation's best gymnasts—the ladies of the Philadelphia Turners, a 102-year-old organization of men and women devoted to "rational exercise."

Coach of Philadelphia's amazingly agile twirling girls is fifty-year-old Mrs. Roberta Bonniwell, one of the greatest women gymnasts in modern history, leader of the 1948 Olympic team and current chairman of the Olympic Women's Gymnastic Committee. Mrs. Bonniwell has for the past few months been getting her 50-odd belles on their toes for the National A.A.U. and Olympic trials at Pennsylvania State College on April 25th and 26th.

Almost sure to win places on the Olympic team are Clara Schroth Lomady and Marian Twining Barone, who dominated the Amateur Athletic Union's 1951 All-America gymnastic line-up. Both women were members of the U.S. team which finished third, behind Czechoslovakia and Hungary, in 1948's Olympiad. And both are experts in such gymnastic maneuvers as the thigh roll on the parallel bars, the straddle vault over the horse, balance sitting on a four-inch beam and sitting splits on the flying rings. Besides this, they are top-notch tumblers, rope climbers and Indian-club swingers.

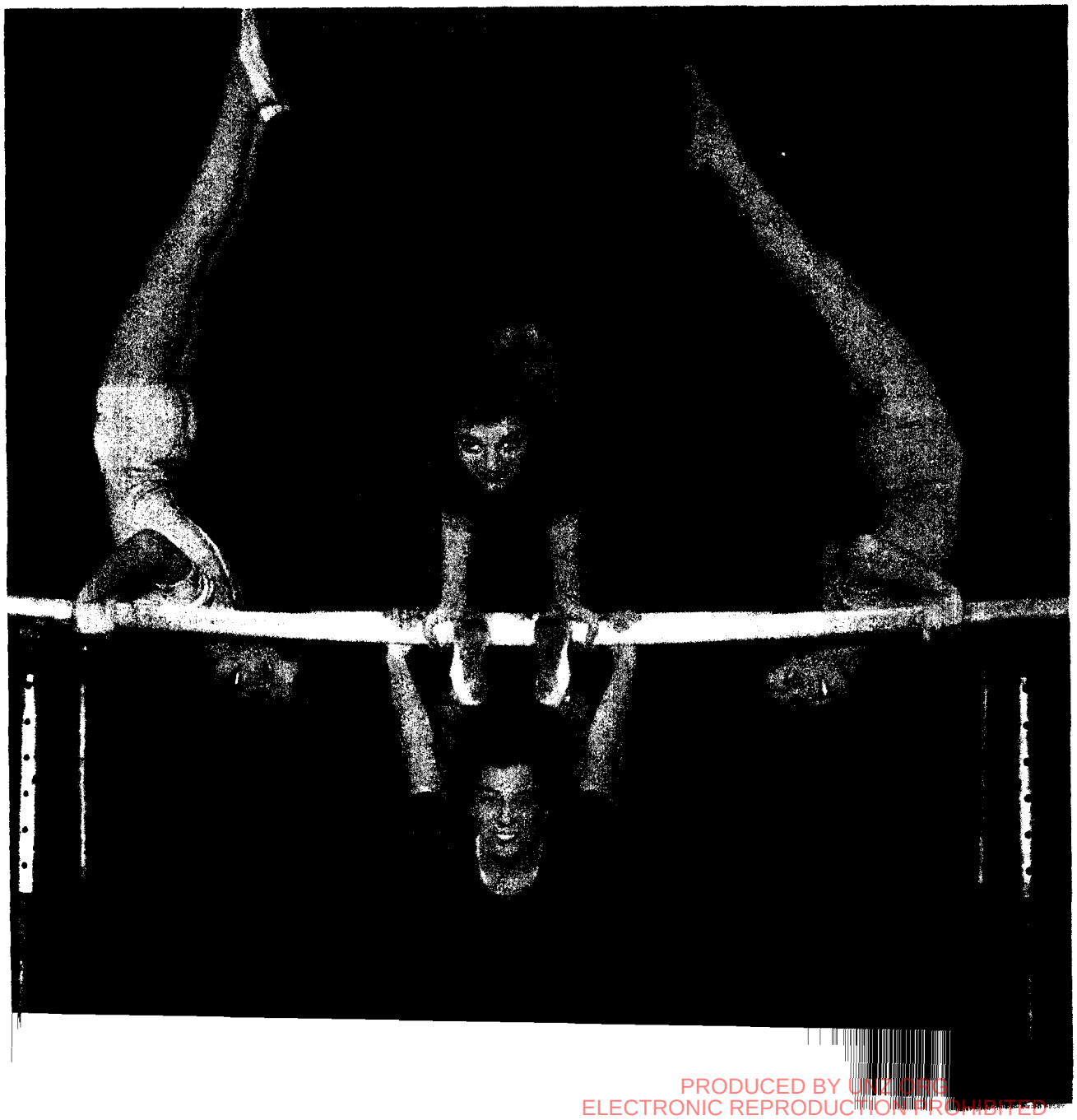
Mrs. Bonniwell keeps a constant lookout for new talent. Her girls start at about twelve or fourteen, and work their way up from push ups, body stretches and tumbling to the involved muscular activity of work on the bars, beams and rings. It takes endless hours of sweat and practice and years of training, but it produces the kind of bodily grace which would make an ancient Greek sit up and applaud.

According to the Turner Societies of the U.S., with which the Philadelphians are associated, physical development is essential to liberty, tolerance and reason. "Even if you can't do a handstand," says one Turner, "those are pretty good things to aim for. And the Greeks had a word for them, too."

SID LATHAM

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SID LATHAM

One of best women's teams in the country, Philadelphians execute a group maneuver. Left to right, Frances Beckershoff, Marian Barone, Betty Orrell; swinging below, Clara Lomady



Her head up and back arched, Louise Wright performs "abdominal balance" on single bar

"Wolf vault" over horse, familiar to most gym students, gets fine showing by Miss Wright

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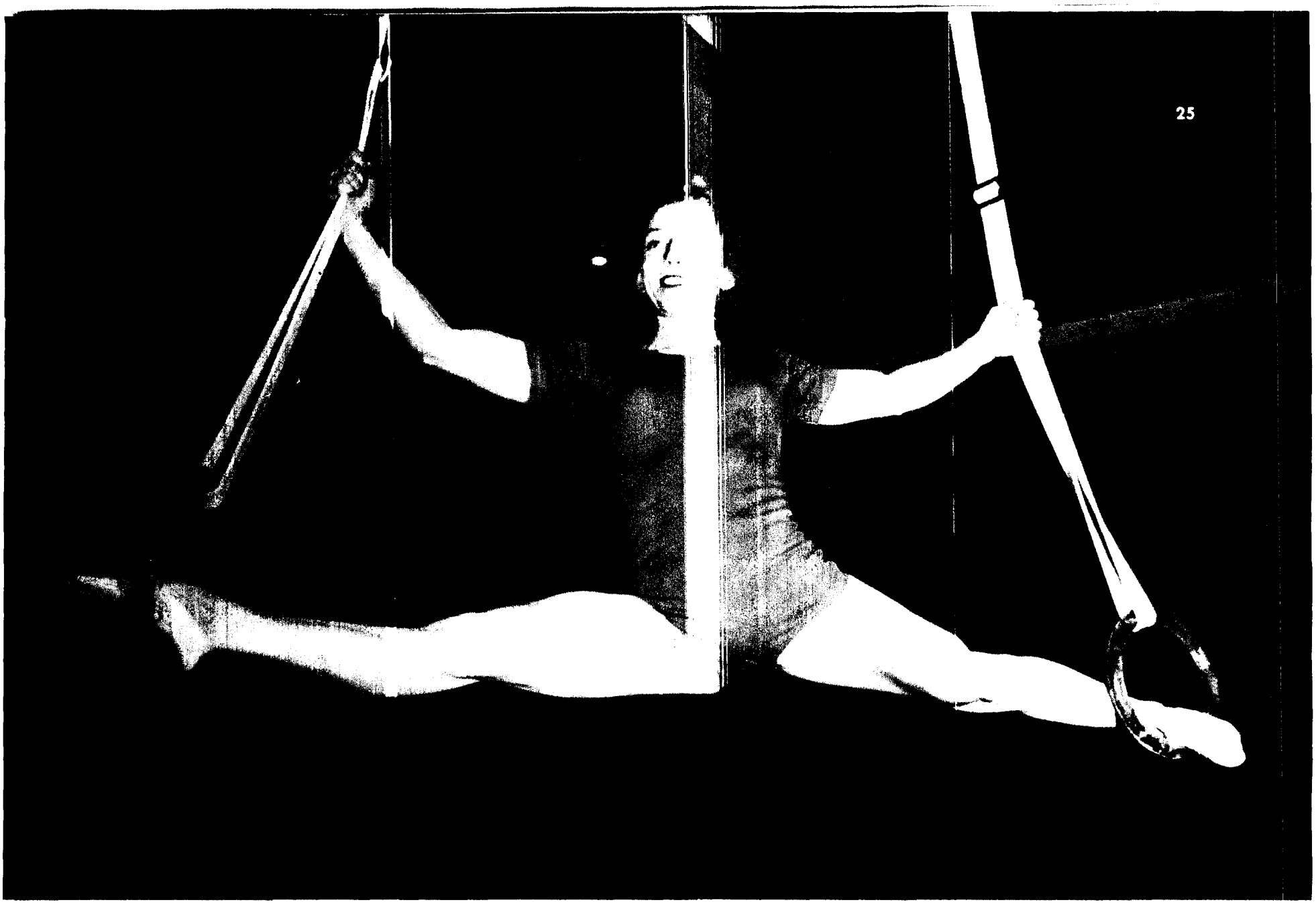
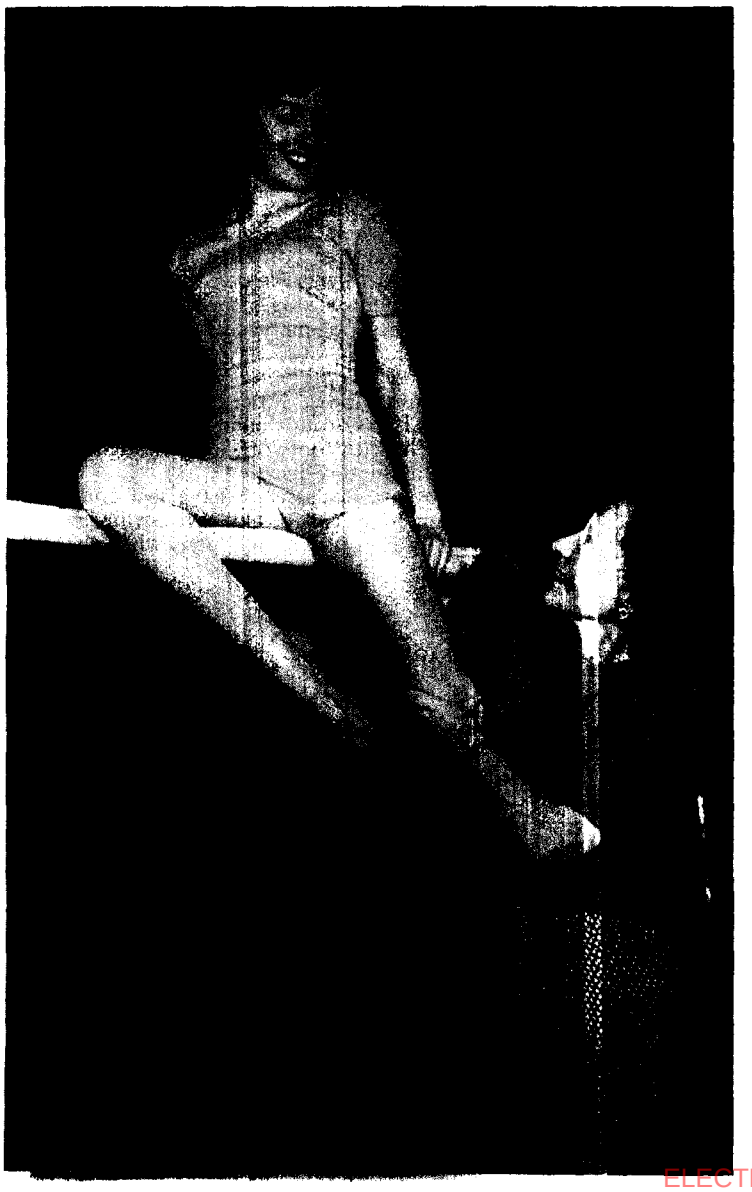


Philadelphia's Clara Schroth Lomady, regarded as the nation's best all-around woman gymnast, makes a split look easy on the flying rings

Coach Roberta Bonniwell, who won U.S. gymnastic title in 1931, corrects Betty Orrell's "riding seat" on the bars



Every muscle in perfect control, Betty holds "front layout" on four-inch-wide beam. Only 17, she's already among best of an estimated 10,000 women gymnasts in the U.S.

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The Extraordinary WAC

By HANNIBAL COONS

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

March 12, 1952
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Robert E. Lee
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Dear George:

Greetings!

George, old boy, how do you look in khaki, Uncle Sam's own glorious hue? Natty, I trust, because it has suddenly become necessary for you to don same. You are about to join the WACs.

Before you rush out and hurl yourself under a passing bus, allow me to explain. As you doubtless know, we are still pedaling desperately along out here on our war cycle. By now, most of our actors have been in so many war pictures that they are beginning to ask for campaign ribbons. Od's bodkins, the clash of the mess kits at the pay window. We have buck privates out here who make three thousand dollars a week.

The only thing that saves us is that we don't have to pay a bonus for combat duty. Our soldiers at least shoot at the regular rates.

Also, in our wars, we are fortunate in being able to borrow various little items. If we are making a Navy picture, for instance, we can borrow several battleships, say, or a fleet of aircraft carriers, as needed. And for our really big battles we save even this slight trouble and expense by just borrowing the actual combat film that the services shot during the last war. All the services now have practically as many cameramen as they have troops, and so for the good stuff all we have to do is hasten to the Pentagon, run off a few miles of the real McCoy, and clip off what we need.

Altogether, it's a fine system, and all we hope is that the services don't run out of film. The only trouble is that the military takes an understandable interest in what *kind* of war pictures we make. After a few sad experiences, they now insist on checking and okaying the original treatment of any war picture, *and* the shooting script, *and* the finished epic itself. Otherwise, no free battleships, no free combat footage. And we don't really mind, because in this way we can work out our various arguments in the preliminary stages, and not take a chance on having to remake the fool picture after we get it done.

The only trouble is that, Hollywood being Hollywood, the land of make-believe and fumadiddle, little things tend to creep back in, and so the real sixty-four-dollar session is the one where we try to blind them with footwork long enough to get the final okay stamp on the picture itself.

Which is where you come in. Because we have just completed a new war picture out here, called The Extraordinary WAC, based on the interesting idea of what happens when the

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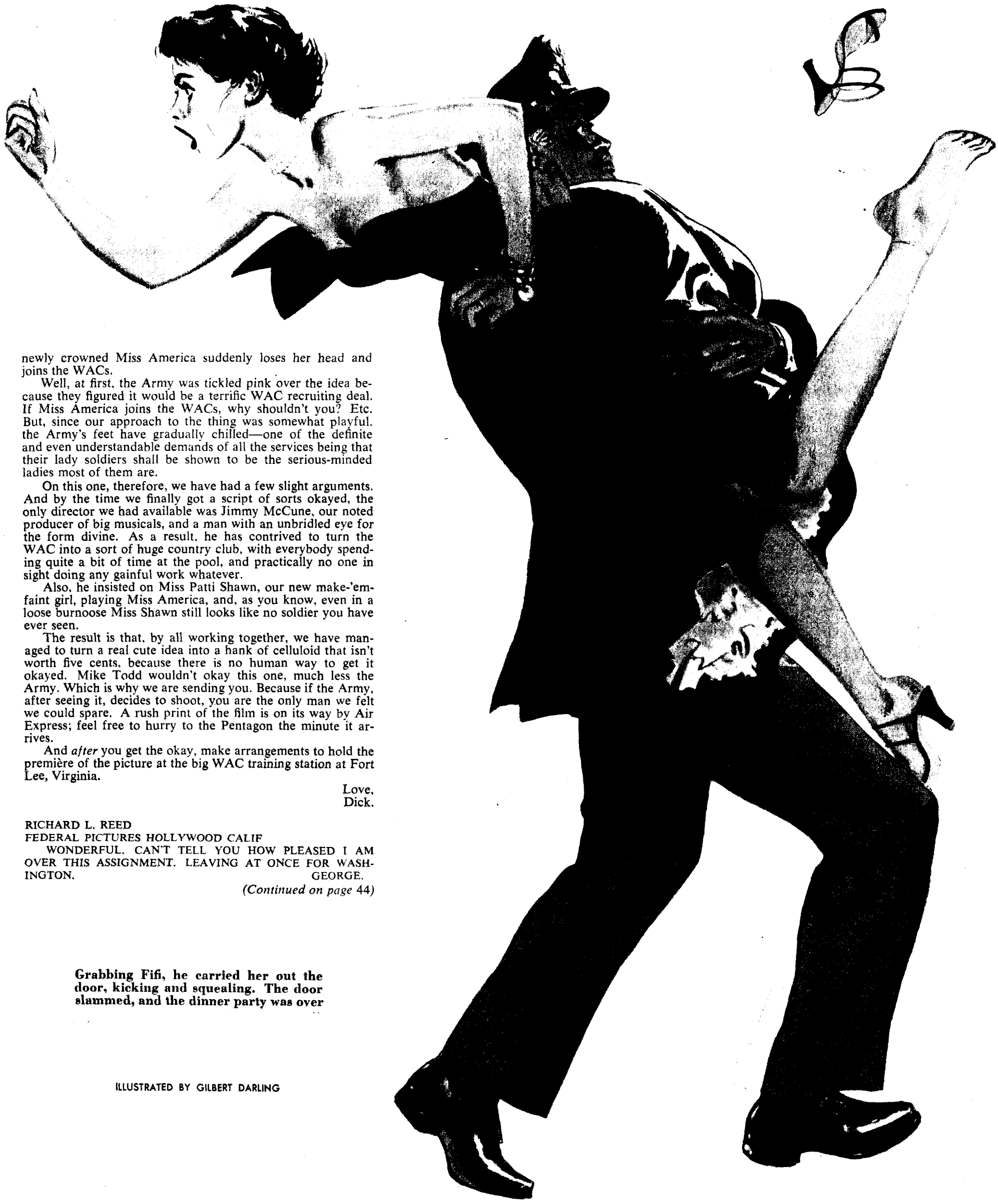
Dear George's latest instructions are to endear himself to a certain general in the Pentagon—a tough assignment for an ex-private who has dreamed for years of vengeance



newly crowned Miss America suddenly loses her head and joins the WACs.

Well, at first, the Army was tickled pink over the idea because they figured it would be a terrific WAC recruiting deal. If Miss America joins the WACs, why shouldn't you? Etc. But, since our approach to the thing was somewhat playful, the Army's feet have gradually chilled—one of the definite and even understandable demands of all the services being that their lady soldiers shall be shown to be the serious-minded ladies most of them are.

On this one, therefore, we have had a few slight arguments. And by the time we finally got a script of sorts okayed, the only director we had available was Jimmy McCune, our noted producer of big musicals, and a man with an unbridled eye for the form divine. As a result, he has contrived to turn the WAC into a sort of huge country club, with everybody spending quite a bit of time at the pool, and practically no one in sight doing any gainful work whatever.

Also, he insisted on Miss Patti Shawn, our new make-'em-faint girl, playing Miss America, and, as you know, even in a loose burnoose Miss Shawn still looks like no soldier you have ever seen.

The result is that, by all working together, we have managed to turn a real cute idea into a hank of celluloid that isn't worth five cents, because there is no human way to get it okayed. Mike Todd wouldn't okay this one, much less the Army. Which is why we are sending you. Because if the Army, after seeing it, decides to shoot, you are the only man we felt we could spare. A rush print of the film is on its way by Air Express; feel free to hurry to the Pentagon the minute it arrives.

And *after* you get the okay, make arrangements to hold the première of the picture at the big WAC training station at Fort Lee, Virginia.

Love,
Dick.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF
WONDERFUL. CAN'T TELL YOU HOW PLEASED I AM OVER THIS ASSIGNMENT. LEAVING AT ONCE FOR WASHINGTON.
GEORGE.

(Continued on page 44)

Grabbing Fifi, he carried her out the door, kicking and squealing. The door slammed, and the dinner party was over

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

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"MR. DIXIE"

By WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR.

After 22 years on a Charlotte station, Grady Cole says he's still not a professional radio man. But he snows under all rivals, and his droll news and weather reports bring him $100,000 a year

A BIG sedan hurtling through the North Carolina countryside was finally overtaken by a grim-faced motorcycle cop. As soon as he got one foot on the ground, the officer began writing the ticket.

"Hiya, pal," the driver said easily, "I'm Jack Dempsey."

"Uh-huh," the cop said, and kept on writing.

"My friend here and I were hurrying to get over to Asheville."

"Uh-huh, and what's your name, bub?" the motorcycle cop asked Jack Dempsey's companion, a hulking young man with powerful features. "I'm Grady Cole," the latter replied.

"Grady Cole!" The cop stopped writing. "You the fellow I hear on the radio?"

"Reckon I am," Grady said.

"Man, my mother loves you better than she loves me. Wonder if you'd read her name out over the air?"

The famous boxer and his obscure companion were on their way in a few minutes. This time there was an escort clearing the road, siren wailing.

Grady Cole was just easing into Southern radio when this happened back in the thirties. Now, as farm editor, announcer, disk jockey, weather forecaster, news commentator and top entertainer for radio station WBT, a 50,000 watt CBS affiliate in Charlotte, North Carolina, Grady is generally recognized in the Carolinas by sight or by sound. He'd be downright disheartened if a formal introduction were necessary.

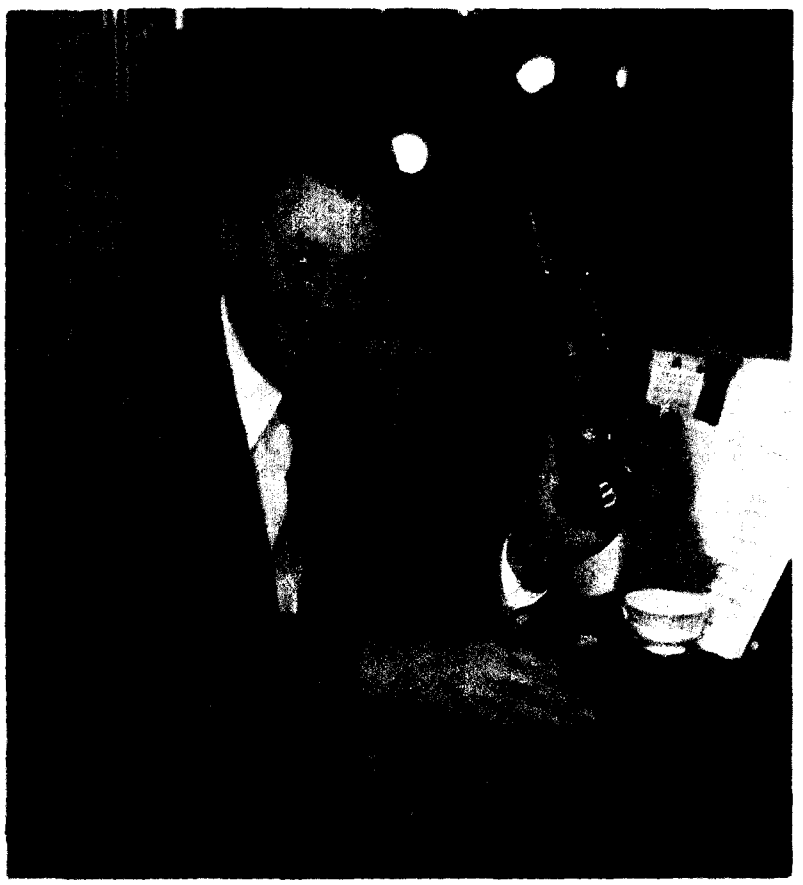
Grady is on the air for WBT more than four hours a day from Monday through Saturday, and he has two Sunday programs. He has been on this same station for 22 years, or, as he puts it, "since receiving sets were a cat's whisker and a crystal." Along with Arthur Godfrey, Grady pioneered in morning radio. Cole of the Carolinas has been favored with offers to come to the big time, too, but he always says, "No, thank you, I'll just stay here and plow."

The big, country-looking fellow of forty-six, with puffy temples, graying hair, and a nervous habit of alternately slapping his stomach and tapping the brim of his hat, has done all right on the farm. Grady Cole's drawling, rural voice has won him the top announcer's salary in Southeastern radio, about $100,000 a year. Dawdling along, it has been credited by at least one governor of each Carolina as the deciding factor in his election; it has located lost hounddogs and kidnaped children; it has endlessly dealt out homey philosophy, blistering political observations and information on manure; it has thumped the Bible and urged alert citizenship; and it has never come within a country mile of the professional standard for radio broadcasters.

Grady Cole's voice even has secret listeners. Some sophisticated cityfolk would rather die than admit they listen to Grady. But, most of them do. According to a Pulse Report on Charlotte Listenership, Cole Farm News and Weather at 12:15 P.M. has more listeners than two networks, one independent station and the 15 out-of-town stations that put clear signals into Charlotte, combined. The program is strictly a load of hay for the counties, but it has 71 per cent of the city audience, more than six times the audience of its nearest competitor.

"Just as well get used to me as keep running to turn me off," Grady tells his audience. "We'll get used to each other." His line has always been, "People who like me wouldn't like good programs. They can stand it because they've been brought up on it, and it hasn't hurt them any."

At 5:30 A.M., Grady Cole signs WBT on the air. Face covered with stubble, he loosens his tie and



his belt, sticks a few notes in his hat, slumps down in his swivel chair and starts talking. After he has been in front of the microphone for a few minutes, his face gets that restful look. Soon he is as relaxed as a possum in the sunshine.

He may begin the morning with, "Now every man after his own rat killing," or, "Don't criticize a man's gait unless you've walked in his shoes," and then he's off into a commercial, a record, a tale about his uncle or a dig at administration spending. During the morning platter program, Grady drinks cup after cup of coffee from a cracked, run-down-looking cup without a handle. It is never hot enough to suit him.

He'll holler into the control room, "If they got the same current in Raleigh that heated that last cup, they'd better call off the electrocution this week end. It'll just sear him. Come to think of it," he'll add, "the politicians got a gas chamber there. But if rope cost a million dollars a yard, I'll guarantee you they'd have hanging back."

Grady belongs to no political party, and he has offered a hundred dollars over the air to anybody who can tell him the difference between a Republican and a Democrat. He sounds off on all political issues—sometimes to the discomfort of station, sponsors and listeners.

"Now, I'll say we are all grateful to Mr. Truman," he said not long ago, "but somebody is getting it high up on the hog. Let us get a little bit of it.

"I used to think it was important who was President, but it makes no difference. That's been proved."

Then, as if he could feel a restlessness among his listeners, he'll say soothingly, "If you have a falling out with me, you'll get over it, because I don't love parties, I love people."

Grady Cole's susceptibility to people almost amounts to a disease. It takes him an hour to walk a city block. On a routine trip to the bank, Grady will talk crops with half a dozen farmers, politics with three or four policemen and "the time of day" with anybody who is out of doors.

"Never had any trouble with people," Grady Cole says; "was in Harlan, Kentucky, once on Election Day. Got along fine."

People come to the station in droves to seek Grady out. A haggard farmer turned up just outside the open door of the broadcasting studio the other morning. He had come to tell Grady that his boys "had runned away," and to urge him to put a description on the air. He did. The leader of a group of singers was in Grady's office at 6:00 A.M. trying to persuade Grady to eat a coon sandwich that he had prepared especially for his breakfast. Grady turned it down flat.

Grady's attractive brunette wife, Helen, and his three children, Grady, Jr., twenty-five, Beverly, twenty-three, and Edward, thirteen, come to the station to visit him too. "See them 'bout as much as I would if they was collecting my insurance," he says sourly. And, actually, the four hours' sleep a night that his schedule allows are also the four hours that he is supposed to have with his family. When Grady is not broadcasting, he is recording, furiously writing scripts or traveling to some speaking engagement in the Carolinas.

"Work from can't see to can't see," he says. "Man with ordinary intelligence could earn a living in eight hours."

One real clump of gravel in Grady Cole's shoe is inflation. He bet a friend $10 that he could borrow money from a beggar. He did it.

"I just told him I was caught short. That I'd appreciate it if he could let me have a dollar for an hour or so."

"I'm not going to be on this stand all day," the beggar said. "Get back as soon as you can."

Grady passed the story on to his radio audience with great relish.

"When you can borrow money from a beggar, man, it's cheap," he told them. "He didn't give me change either. It was quiet, green stuff. Folding money. It's cheaper *(Continued on page 78)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HUGH MORTON

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Barbara held Chico's head in her lap and watched everything. Her face was like that of a small woman, haggard with sympathy

WINNERS and LOSERS

By PAUL HORGAN

How would her child take the news of the divorce? Myra dreaded telling her, but in her loneliness she needed Barbara's love and understanding

WEARING a look of avid curiosity, Eleanor came to see Myra late one summer morning, in the country, in California. "Well, Ellie, I'm glad to see you," Myra said to her visitor, at the same time saying to herself: Do you suppose she has heard?

Ellie, as she took a seat on the shaded terrace, made many movements but she never shifted her gaze from Myra's face. It was clear, though it was not supposed to be, that Ellie had motives and opinions which she believed to be secret. "I was just going out to Mr. Krindl's to see some new roses he has for me," she said, "and I thought I'd pop in on you."

"Yes," Myra said, "he has some new beauties this year. We set out some two dozen, I think."

"You did? By yourself?"

"Oh, no. I had help."

"Who helped you?"

Myra smiled until Ellie looked down. "Barbara helped me."

"Oh. Is she old enough?"

"Oh, yes. She's twelve, you know. Not that I didn't have a time getting her away from the horses long enough to help me."

"She does ride?"

"Oh, if riding were all. No," Myra said, and laughed, "I don't know what has got into all the nice little girls of the land. They are all infatuated with horses."

"Imagine," murmured Ellie, clearly wishing the conversation would be left to her own guidance.

"Yes," Myra went on, "Barbara is down at the corral right now, with her colt Chico; and probably Ed Rumson is there with her. He's a dear."

"Who?"

"Colonel Rumson. He's taken the place next to this, toward the mountains. He's a retired cavalry officer, and he and Barbara have hit it off."

"What's he look like? Do I know him?"

"I don't know. He's rather small, but nice and thin and tough in a nice way."

"My dear."

"His wife, Amy, lives with him, of course."

"Is she horsy?" Ellie asked disagreeably.

"She rides, but she doesn't fit the definition as my child does, for example. For example, Ellie, you won't believe this, but a few evenings ago I gave a little party for Barbara; we had the thing out here in the garden, and the moon was full—they all looked so sweet in *(Continued on page 74)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

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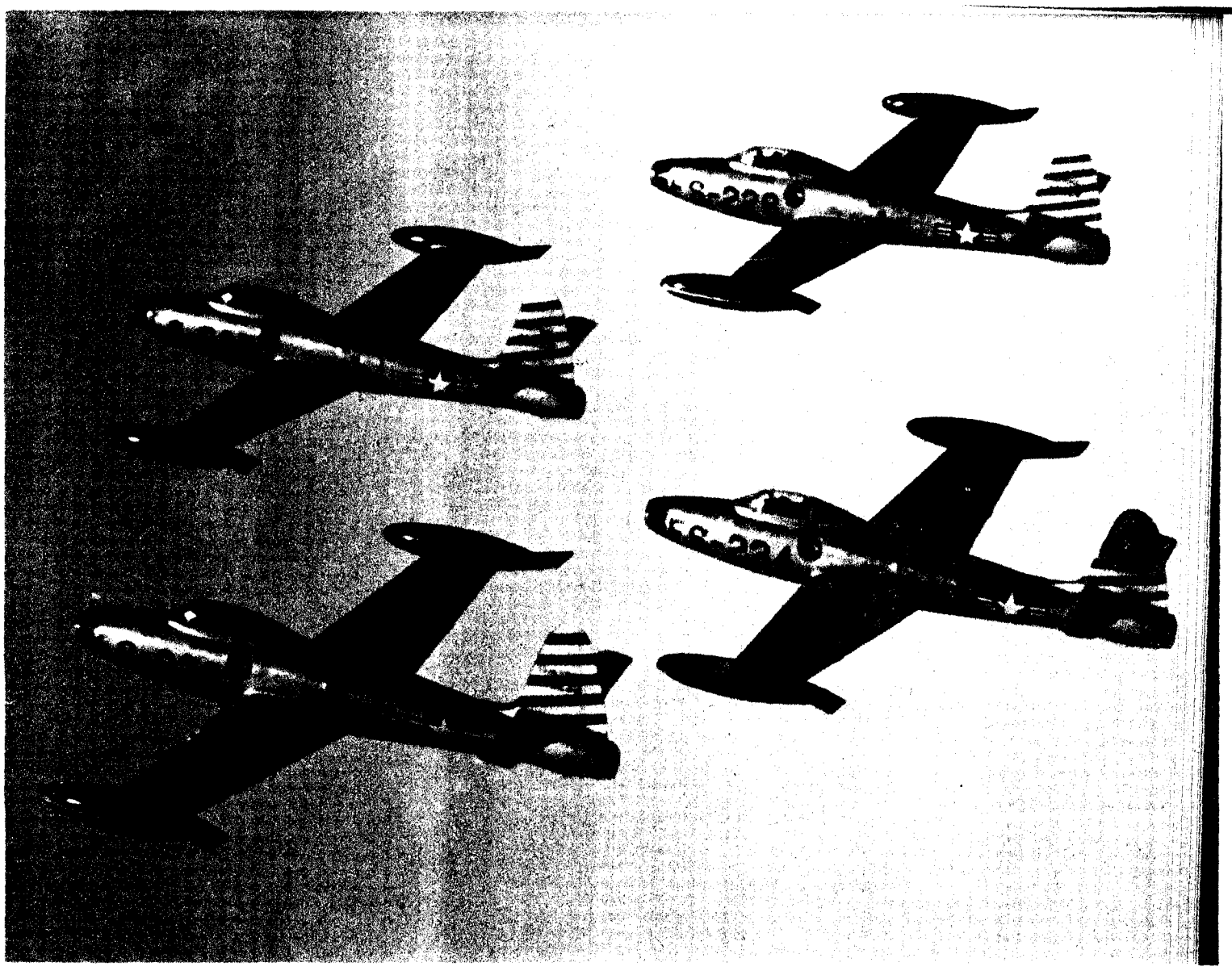
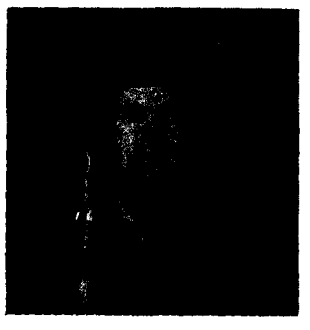


High over the German Alps, four Skyblazers maneuver faster than sound, with wings almost touching

Buck and Bill Pattillo

Capt. Larry Damewood



Capt. John O'Brien

SKYBLAZERS

By SEYMOUR FREIDIN and BILL RICHARDSON

Five daredevil U.S. jet pilots team up in history's greatest flying exhibitions

REMEMBER when the circus was the greatest show on earth? And the daring young man on the flying trapeze the boldest man you ever saw? Well, we hate to break with tradition, but we're forced to, however reluctantly.

Because the greatest show on land, sea or air today is the daredevil exhibition put on by the Skyblazers, five young American Air Force jet pilots. They hurtle through the air at a speed of more than 600 miles per hour, sometimes in dives exceeding the speed of sound, performing tricks and loops in breath-taking sequence at anywhere from 20 to 15,000 feet above the ground. These flying acrobats will streak through the sky, just four feet apart, and land with a disgusted shake of the head. Somebody was six inches off.

Major Harry K. Evans

It's precision flying of perhaps the greatest co-ordination yet devised. In two years, more than 7,000,000 people, from northern Europe to the Middle East, have held their breath and closed their eyes in fascinated dread at the packed, diamond formation of the Republic Thunderjets (F-84s) ripping through the skies. It takes a brave man to keep his eyes open all the way through the 13-minute show. Recently, when he was one of 400,000 watching the spectacle over Paris, General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower rose when the Skyblazers landed and kept applauding as they walked toward him from their planes.

A photograph of the Skyblazers is one of the few pictures the Allied commander keeps in his office at Supreme Headquarters. General Eisenhower's appreciation is only one of hundreds of testimonials, from a dozen nations, to the daring and the efficiency of the pilots. They've been mobbed by moppets for autographs, wrung warmly by the hand by statesmen and—perhaps most significant of all—their fellow airmen stop whatever they might be doing to watch the Skyblazers in action.

"There's nothing like it in the world" is what we've heard from pilots all over Europe.

Remember, though, that the Skyblazers aren't larking around in the skies, showing off. They're unofficial American ambassadors of the air, showing our allies how American jets can work, how maneuverable they are and the comfortable margin of safety they possess for trained pilots.

All this has been—and continues to be—accomplished by five veteran combat fliers. Four of these men have regular slots, since only four jets are used in the formation and the fifth is capable of substituting for any position. The idea was their own and the practice time is their own free time. They don't get a dime above their regular pay, and when their wives—four of the five are married—want to see them perform, they pay their way to the city over which the Skyblazers are putting on a show.

Do they ever gripe about what they started? We asked Major Harry K. Evans, leader of the air troupe, about that.

"Brother," replied Evans, a wispy man with humorous brown eyes, "we'd gripe if we had to stop. This is wonderful. It's as easy as kissing your cousin."

At thirty-three, Evans is the oldest of the quintet, who are as representative a cross section of America as baseball and hot dogs. Evans, from Heaters, West Virginia, flies the lead, and his wingmen in the diamond formation are twins, Captains Cuthbert A. (Bill) and Charles C. (Buck) Pattillo, of Atlanta. The Pattillos are really identical in more than relationship. Twenty-seven years old, they began their flying careers together and flew with the same fighter group in World War II. Last autumn Buck had to bail out on a routine flight, and 10 days later, Bill's engine snagged and he parachuted to safety.

Flying the tail in the formation is rangy Captain Lawrence D. Damewood, twenty-nine, of Roanoke, Virginia, affectionately called "Dagwood" by the other Skyblazers. A slow-talking man on the ground, Dagwood thinks awfully fast in the air.

"If Dagwood should ever mess up in the air, the whole formation would be finished," explained Captain John O'Brien, thirty-three years old, of Middleport, New York. *(Continued on page 49)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROSS MADDEN

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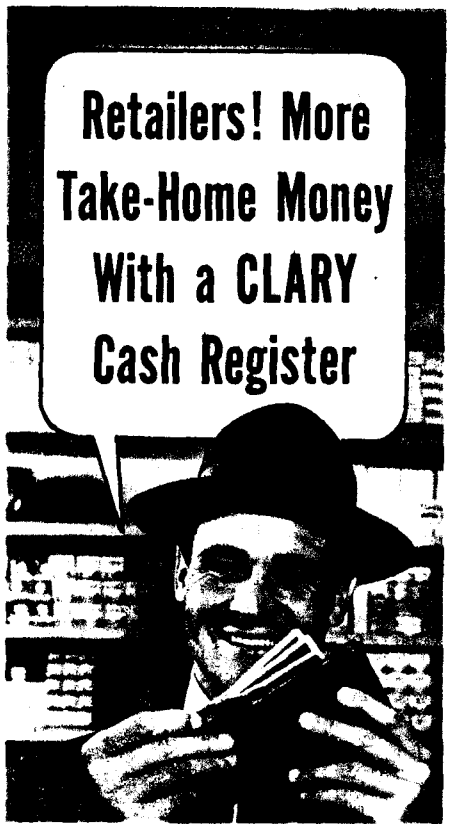

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Chogies and Chow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

between the second and third toe, left. It will be nice to welcome you back to the ranks. Give me my boots back and I will turn myself in at the medics. Besides, I always did think that new officer we got was an eager beaver. It will be interesting to see who we get for a replacement."

"Don't get carried away with yourself," said Fraher. "Athlete's foot does not count. It is not my responsibility whose bathroom floor you walked around on last. It will be nice to welcome *you* on the ambush patrol tonight."

By this time the tanks had stopped firing and for a minute I thought we'd have some peace again, but there came a crash that would shake the fillings out of your teeth and some red dirt from the ceiling slid down my neck.

* * *

I heard some cussing outside and went to the door. Down the ridge three guys were dusting themselves off and looking at what had been a nice homey little bunker.

"What landed?" I asked a guy who was looking out with me.

"A 120," he said. "Settled the roof somewhat, but there was only those three guys in it and they look all right, just mad."

"One twenty what?" I said. "Is that a mortar or a flying boxcar?"

"Both," said Fraher. "It is a 120-mm. mortar shell. We wish they didn't have so many."

"That was a long way from the tank," I said. "I thought they were good shots."

"They are good," said the soldier in the door. "The Russians may not have taught the North Koreans to behave nice but they sure made gunners out of them. They are just laying a few rounds in the company area to punish us for letting those tanks hang around. Maybe they figure we'll kick the tanks out."

"That is not a bad idea," said the man with the athlete's foot.

"Listen," Fraher said to him, "you owe a lot to those tanks. They have mopped up a mess of people that would otherwise be shooting at you on that patrol tonight."

"I see you have not forgiven," said the soldier, on his way out.

"Never mind," said Fraher, "you were going on it tonight anyway. I just thought I would teach you not to call your eager beaver officers eager beavers. And by the way, I would not step outside just now. They will probably throw a few more 120s."

"Then you do care for me after all," the soldier said.

"They nearly nailed one of the tanks a while ago," I said.

"Oh, they have taken hits," Fraher said, "but as far as I know they have been 82-mm. rounds. You heard us mention Donald Gatling. He has one of those tanks, and he can tell you about every scratch on it and every hole in the paint. He knows that tank like a man knows his own car.

"When he goes off the hill with us when we get relieved, they are going to make him trade tanks with a crew in reserve and leave his up here, because they figure it would be too much trouble to change tanks. He feels awful bad about it. I guess he thinks somebody might ride the clutch or something. It's funny how a man can get sentimental about a tank."

"Why Fraher, I have seen you rub a rifle stock like it was a pet dog," a colored Pfc said.

Willie, I kept noticing these guys, about one colored to ten white, all through the company. They seemed to fit in fine, and I never heard any comment about it one way or another. They all seem to be used to it. You will see a colored fellow and a white man with a Southern accent you could cut with a knife, and they will be sharing a two-man bunker and kidding like they had been buddies all their lives.

Only one more mortar round had come in while we were talking and this one overshot and went off in a gully. It started to look like it might be a good day again.

Out wandering on the ridge later, I came across some weapons platoon bunkers. A guy was standing on top of one of them swinging a two-gallon tin can full of charcoal around and around in big circles. He was real professional about it, just like you used to watch those old Italian women get their charcoal started burning.

"The outfit we relieved up here that built some of these bunkers told us charcoal was no good for heat," he said. "They were just ignorant. They wouldn't get it started right and they would lay in there all night with it smoking and come out next morning with a cheap drunk, staggering around like they had been hit on the head."

He showed me the stovepipe he had fixed up to carry off the fumes. It was a whole stack of old C ration cans with the ends cut out. It looked rickety but it worked. Those cans got me to thinking about chow, and he told me I could get fed down the ridge by the company CP.

Well, I started off again and I was practically tasting that chow when what did I do but run smack into this bunch of enemy soldiers coming up the back slope from friendly territory. They were wearing those quilted suits and Russian-type hats you've seen pictures of. It looked like a mortar crew infiltrating to stonk us from behind. They had those wood rigs they call A frames on their backs, and it looked like they were carrying enough ammunition in big metal boxes on these frames to blow us clean off the ridge. Being a noncombatant type in this war, I ducked behind a rock and started figuring how to warn everyone.

Well, when this bunch of hostiles got closer I felt a lot better, because I saw there was a U.S. soldier with them and I knew they were prisoners. It looked like this one boy had captured himself a whole mortar crew and if I had been a general I would have hung a medal on him right there. I followed them to the company CP and there was a big bunch of our guys waiting for them, only instead of weapons our men had mess kits.

These Koreans turned out to be what they call "chogies" in the Seventh Division. Some outfits say "chiggie," and everybody has got a different name for them, but anyway those cans they were carrying were full of hot chow. Twice a day they scramble up the mountain from the company kitchen at the bottom and our soldiers get two hot squares with only one meal of C rations. And by the way, Willie, even the Cs aren't bad any more. They have livened them up. Anyway, I didn't tell anybody how close I had come to making a fool of myself thinking they were hostiles, I just bucked in the mess line and got fed.

* * *

You remember how it used to be that the further forward you got the lousier the food was, and we used to pick frozen beans out of a can with a pocket knife and think how smart the Germans were, because they sent the best food to the front and they had men even volunteering for the infantry to get a decent meal. Well, somebody must of learned the lesson on our side. The food was cooked good and it was hot, even though when you'd stand in the wind for five minutes with a canteen cup of hot coffee it would start getting a skim of ice around the edge.

Well, Willie, I am running out of paper, which is an item that is kind of short on this hill, but I will write you again in a few days on the back of a propaganda leaflet I picked up. It says, "Why are you shivering and freezing? Surrender to the People's Army so you can fulfil the wishes of your folks at home."

I didn't know you wanted to get rid of me that bad.

Your friend,
Joe

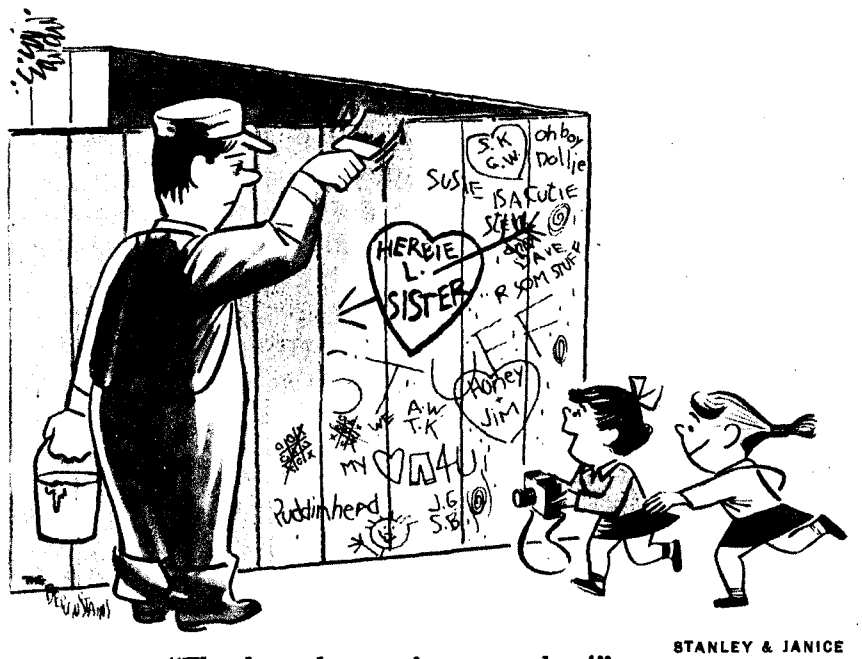
Ho Hum!
I'd Rather Go to Bed

If life begins at forty,
I fail to fathom why;
For at this point I'm lacking
The energy to try.

—HELEN CASTLE

Watch for another report from Korea by Bill Mauldin in next week's issue

SISTER



COLLIER'S

"Thank goodness we're not too late!"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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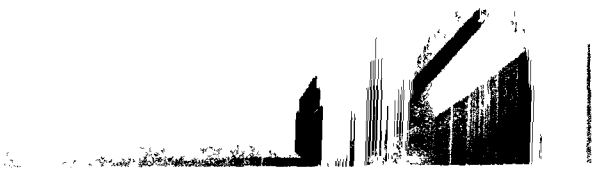
PLYMOUTH

announces

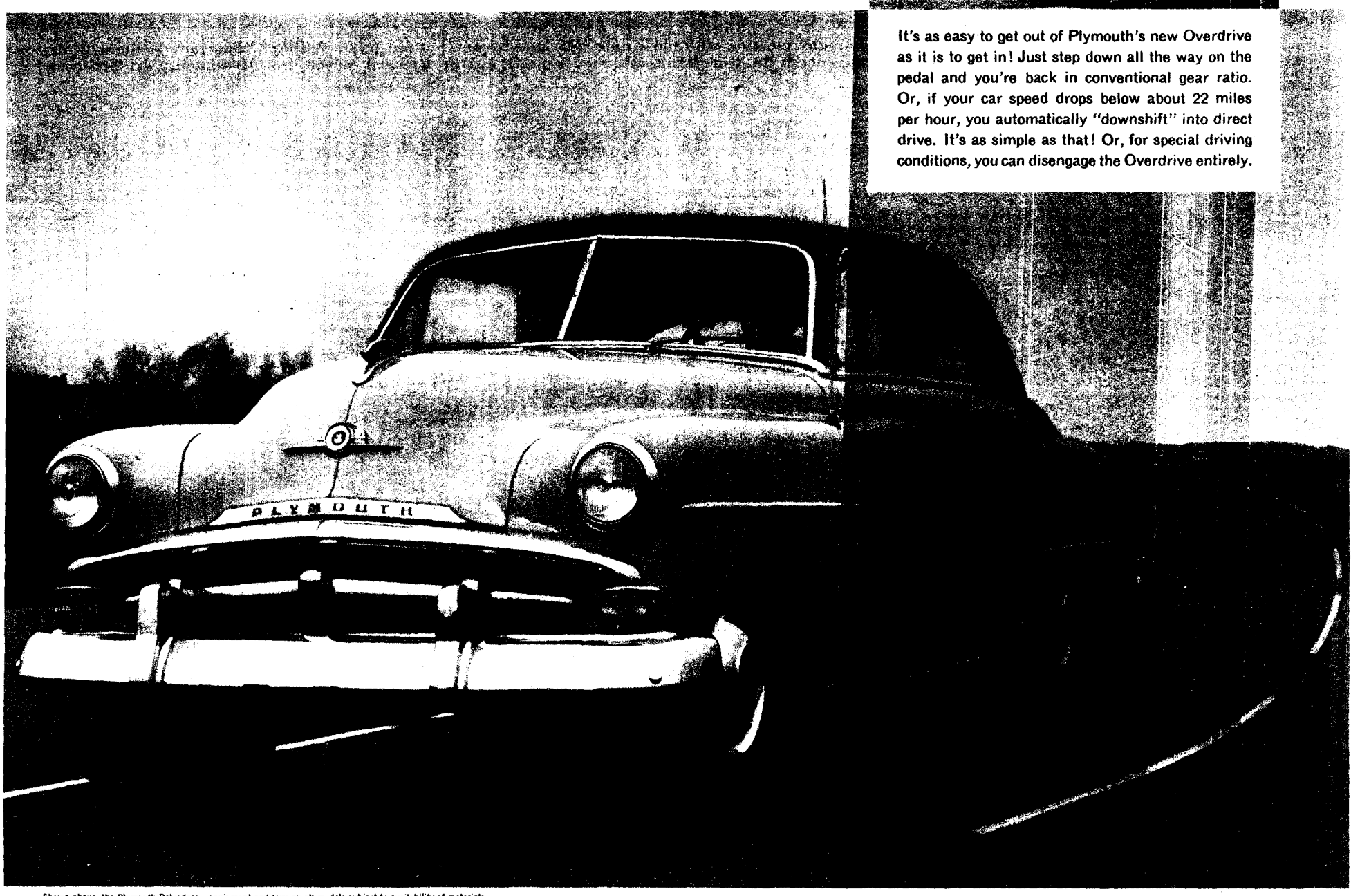
Automatic Overdrive

Overdrive combines with other new features to give Plymouth owners still greater economy and comfort

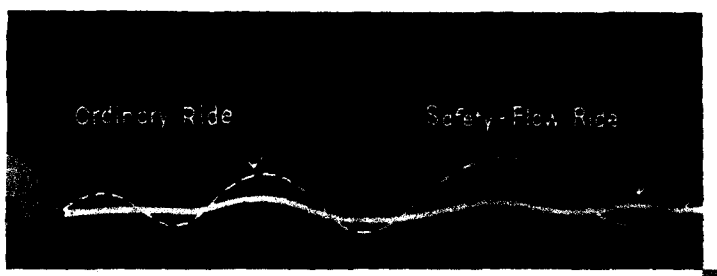


When you reach about 25 miles per hour, you simply lift your foot from the accelerator for an instant. Presto—you're automatically in Plymouth's new Overdrive! The engine slows down 30 per cent but you and your Plymouth go sailing along with undiminished road speed.

It's as easy to get out of Plymouth's new Overdrive as it is to get in! Just step down all the way on the pedal and you're back in conventional gear ratio. Or, if your car speed drops below about 22 miles per hour, you automatically "downshift" into direct drive. It's as simple as that! Or, for special driving conditions, you can disengage the Overdrive entirely.



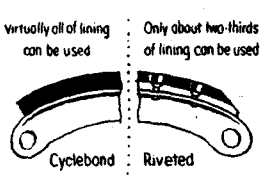
Shown above, the Plymouth Belvedere—equipment and trim on all models subject to availability of materials



↑ One of the great comfort features of the new Plymouth is the sensational Safety-Flow Ride. This is the result of a combination of engineering factors, including the famous Oriflow Shock Absorbers which provide more than two times the cushioning power of the ordinary type.

For greater driving comfort, the new Plymouth offers Solex Safety Glass as optional equipment at slight extra cost. Reduces glare from the sun. And because this glass helps keep out the heat-producing infrared rays of the sun, it makes summer motoring more comfortable and enjoyable. →

On the open highway you fully realize the benefits of Plymouth's new Automatic Overdrive. Because the engine operates with less effort, you use less fuel. You get longer engine life with less maintenance expense. You drive relaxed with your car under easy control. The sound of the engine practically fades away. The riding sensation is almost that of continuously coasting downhill! The new Plymouth Automatic Overdrive is optional equipment at moderate extra cost.



Increased economy is provided by Plymouth's new Cyclebond brake linings, replacing the riveted type. With greater usable thickness, Cyclebond linings last much longer, making possible a sizable saving for the Plymouth owner. They also increase the effective braking area.

The place to get the complete details about all of the features in the new Plymouth is at your nearby Plymouth dealer's. He'll be glad to make arrangements for a demonstration drive. **Plymouth**

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

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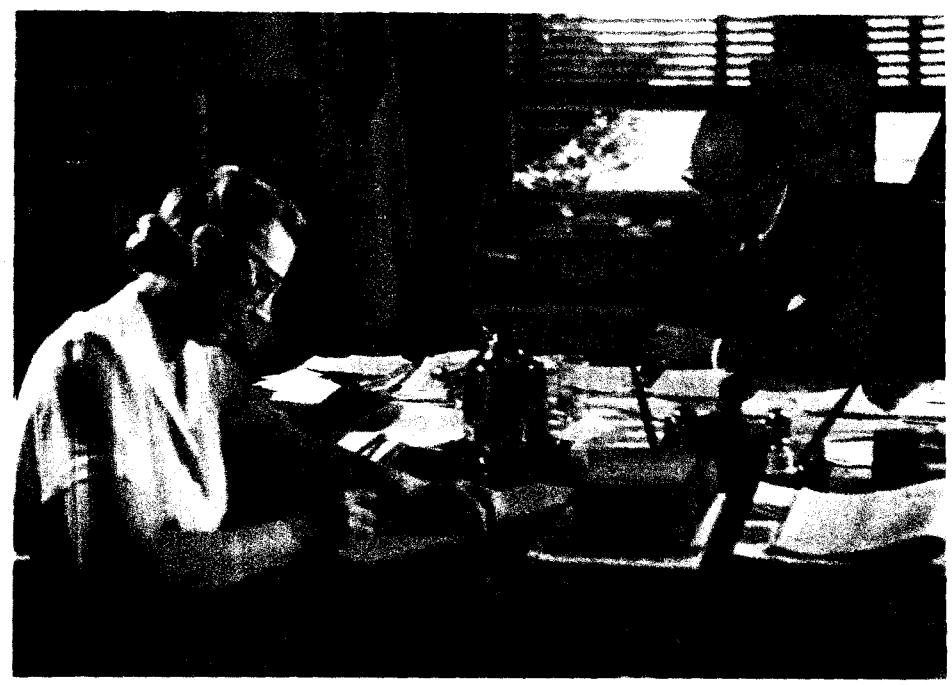
Governor keeps so busy, barber Jimmie Drew must come to mansion to cut his hair

Thursday meeting with close aids (clockwise from bottom left): William Flanagan, William Blair, Lawrence Irvin, Ross Randolph, Stevenson, J. E. Day, Richard Nelson, Don Hyndman, Carl McGowan

Stevenson's press conferences are irregular, and called only when a reporter requests one. News people say he speaks best "off-the-cuff"



Between callers, Illinois's chief executive handles his mail. Carol Evans is one of two personal secretaries he has working in mansion

A major part of Stevenson's job is to make speeches. Here, with Lt. Governor Sherwood Dixon (behind him), international-minded governor praises state's recently activated 44th Division

Working at night, governor has King Arthur, his six-year-old Dalmatian dog, for company

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Democrats' DARKHORSE

By HOWARD COHN

Hard-working Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois denies Presidential ambitions. But to harried party chiefs he is one strong figure who can wait, if necessary, until 1956

SHORTLY after the red, white and blue dawn of the 1952 Presidential election year, Governor Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois journeyed to Washington to discuss mine safety with President Truman. So far as newspaper space was concerned, the coal miners never had a chance.

Word had sifted down to the press from sources close to the White House that the conservatively dressed visitor from the Midwest was a potential heir apparent. Stevenson would admit only that national and international politics had been brought up in the conversation. But observers in the capital quickly tossed his name into the campaign maelstrom, and then found apparent confirmation when the President at a later press conference said Stevenson's record as governor was a good recommendation for the Presidency.

Despite Stevenson's repeated assertions of interest only in being re-elected governor, the Washington visit shoved him directly into the White House sweepstakes. Democratic party chieftains, sweating through a winter of Truman indecision, looked at the record, added up the potentialities and thought they saw the reasonable facsimile of a darkhorse.

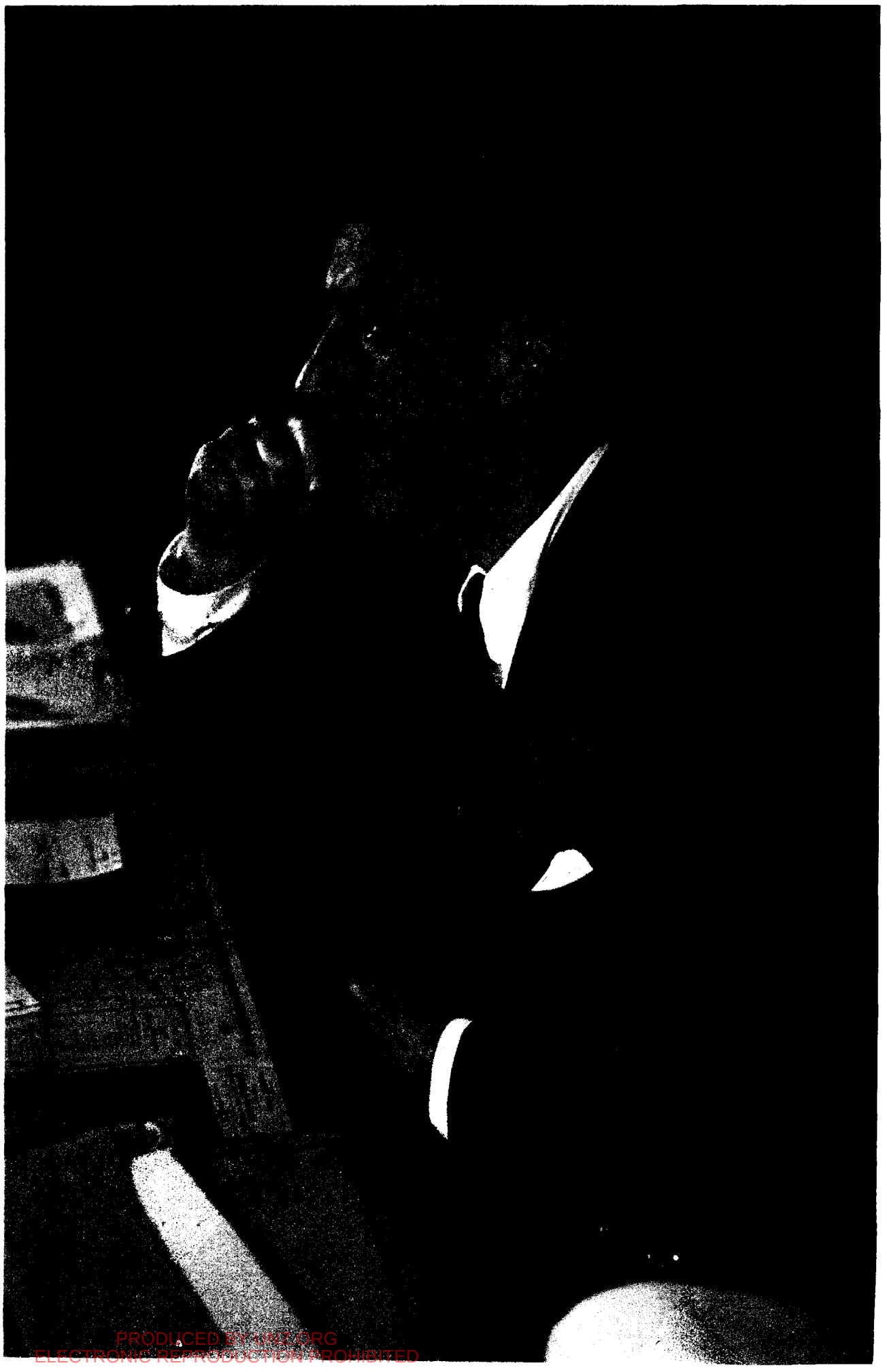
Not only did Stevenson have the friendship of the titular head of the party, but he was one of the few strong Democrats around whose chances of reaching the White House wouldn't be ruined if the President decided to run again. Only fifty-two years old and with every intention of remaining in politics, the Midwestern governor is still young enough to be an equally powerful candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1956.

Whatever the year, the primary reason for Stevenson's great attraction for Truman and his party leaders lies in the fact that he is a proven vote getter in the nation's fourth most populous state, and has won wide praise for the efficiency of his administration.

In addition, his background, to many a Democrat's eye, is more than faintly reminiscent of the greatest national vote getter of them all. Like Franklin Roosevelt, Adlai Stevenson inherits a politically helpful name: his paternal grandfather was Vice-President from 1893 to 1897. He is a graduate of an Ivy League university (Princeton), served a Washington apprenticeship with the Navy Department before being elected to public office, has a comfortable outside source of income (he owns a share of his home town's prosperous newspaper, the Bloomington Daily Pantagraph), and belongs to the so-called liberal wing of the Democratic party.

Most observers feel that this heritage plus a record of incorruptibility and high-minded energy in public life outweighs the political liability of a fairly recent marital split at home. He and Mrs. Stevenson were divorced in 1949 after almost 21 years of marriage. Their three sons—Adlai, twenty-one; Borden, nineteen, and John Fell, sixteen—attend school in the East.

Actually, the Illinois chief executive had been mentioned as a future Presidential possibility once before: immediately after he won the governorship in 1948 with a record *(Continued on page 48)*



Illinois's thoughtful governor has won warm praise from Mr. Truman. While he says he's running only for re-election, many Democrats insist there is a White House in his future

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER

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This offer is made as a dividend to the millions of users who have made Spred SATIN the most-wanted, most-imitated paint in America —and to introduce everyone to the New Wonder Colors at a substantial saving *during this two-week Festival only!*

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You have asked for more Spred SATIN colors—and they're here! Scores of dramatic new colors that are your answer to every decorating scheme. Gay colors, deep colors, light colors —each with famous Spred SATIN washability and ease of use. You have your choice of many ready-to-use colors, plus a simple, economical way to get *exactly* the color you want.

Festival Prices apply only within continental limits of the United States.

BUY NOW! AND SAVE MONEY

PAINT NOW! AND SAVE TIME

FESTIVAL FEATURE 2

JAPALAC QUICK-DRYING INTERIOR-EXTERIOR **ENAMEL**

World's most famous enamel; 18 hard-wearing colors, plus an ultra-white that *stays white.*

SAVE 35¢ SPECIAL PRICE $1.98 QT.

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1¢ VARNISH SALE

Famous Glidden

ROCK-SPAR VARNISH

Buy one can, any size at regular price, —another can, same size, COSTS ONLY 1¢

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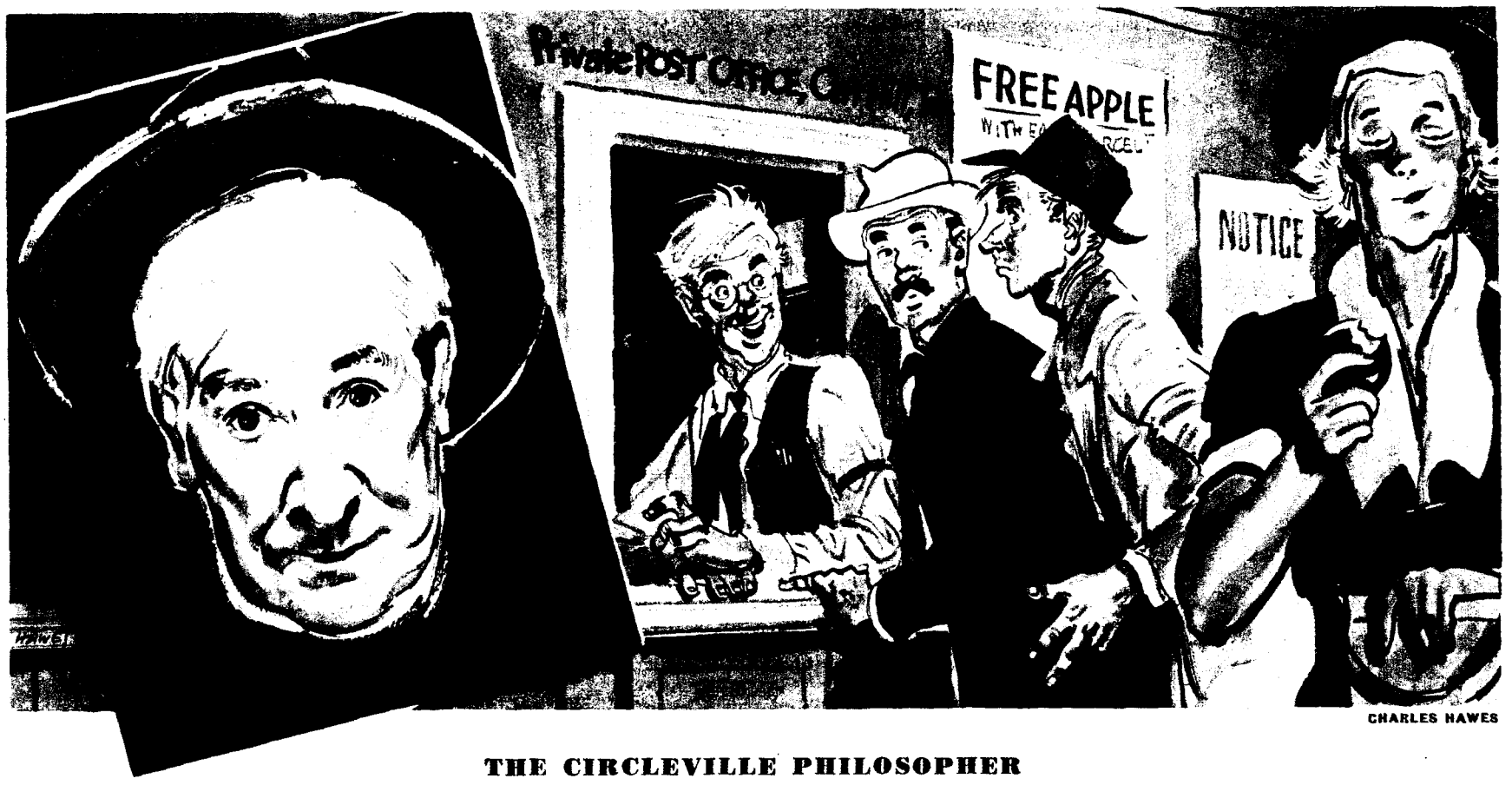

CHARLES HAWES

THE CIRCLEVILLE PHILOSOPHER

The Celebrated Competin' Post Office at Oat Hill

Dear editar:

I brushed my hair and went into town yesterday to see what was goin on and while I was there went by the post office to get a dozen post cards, figurin on writin my congressman about some matters of a financial nature, and when I handed over 12 cents the post-office clerk said penny post cards are now two cents each, so I bit my lip and bought just six. Figure I can use language twice as strong as I'd intended to and write just half as many times. There's a way to whip inflation if you try.

But when I turned to go, the clerk told me also if I bought more than 49 at one time there would be an extra 10 per cent charge. I thanked him for this information and came back to my Johnson grass farm out here at Circleville and got to thinkin.

Now I ain't got no more use for 49 post cards all at one time than I have for two tractors or two lawn mowers, but the government's new thinkin is what got me. I guess this is the first time in history any outfit has attempted to penalize you for buyin its product in quantities.

It may sound good on paper in Washington, but you can depend on the private enterprise of the American people to overcome this new idea. Already I know of one man who says if he wants to buy 500 post cards he will buy 49 at a time, makin ten trips to the post office to do it, although he may not go all the way back to his store each time, just go up to the post office window, buy 49, walk around the lobby in a circle and come back for 49 more.

I imagine, though, Washington is takin this under consideration now and will soon have a rulin out on how big a circle around the lobby you have to make before it'll count as another trip to the window. Ain't gonna be just turnin around in your tracks and orderin 49 more. Personally, I think 23 steps around the lobby would be adequate, with of course one of the post-office clerks assigned to you to see that you took the full 23. You get four or five customers after post cards in big quantities all tryin to buy at the same time, each one with a clerk clockin his steps, and the lobby is gonna get pretty crowded and confused, although confusion ain't never been anything to get in the way of Washington.

And even if the Postmaster General wakes up and rules one man can't buy more'n 49 cards in one day, the American people ain't bereft of ingenuity and it's gonna be interestin to see a line of schoolboys stretchin from the post office window through the lobby out the door and around the corner up the street waitin their turn to buy 49 post cards which they will then sell at cost to the storekeeper who wanted a special order of 5,000. Certainly ain't no law against sellin post cards at cost.

The situation reminds me of the celebrated competin post office deal Nick Cooper pulled years ago.

In Oat Hill the post office didn't have its own federal buildin, just rented a buildin, and Postmaster Jim Barton and Nick had a little fallin out when Nick wanted the post office located in his buildin. Jim favored a buildin owned by his wife's cousin, and he won out. Rentin your buildin to the Post Office Department was a good thing in the depression days, no worry about not collectin the rent, no danger of the business goin broke, etc.

Now Nick wasn't the kind of fellow to take things lyin down, and Jim wasn't the kind to let well enough alone. He kept rubbin it in.

"Well, see your buildin is still vacant," he'd say when he met Nick on the street. "Trouble with you is you just ain't got enough influence in Washington, that's all." He'd cackle and rub his hands.

About the fourth time Jim mentioned his lack of influence in Washington, Nick got an idea.

He opened up a competin post office!

Got a saw and hammer, built a partition midway across his vacant buildin, sawed out a window, put a stool behind it, and went into action. First he bought an advertisement in the Oat Hill Gazette:

Announcin. . . .
A NEW POST OFFICE
For Oat Hill
No Red Tape Here
Prompt, Courteous Service
Will Appreciate Your Business
Special for opening day:
30 one-cent stamps for 25¢
Limit 30 to a customer
NICK COOPER, Sole Owner

"What in the world is ole Nick up to? He lost his mind?" people began askin when the paper came out. When they went by his buildin and saw his sign: Private Post Office, Oat Hill, Texas, they were more baffled than ever. Was disturbed myself.

But Nick didn't say much.

"Competition, that's what it is," Nick would say. "Government's had a monopoly long enough. It's a free country, ain't it?"

"But how you gonna operate?" Bill Anderson demanded. "Post Office Department ain't gonna cooperate with you."

"You got a letter to mail? Mail it right there in that slot and see," Nick said.

Bill did, and sure enough, in a few days he got an answer to his letter from the party he'd sent it to, only the answer came back through the regular post office. He spread the word, Nick's post office was workin.

Other folks started droppin in, especially when

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WHEN "TWO-GUN" COMES HOME...

GIVE HIM

Spudnuts

PERFECT WITH MILK and ENERGY-PACKED

The roughest, toughest small-fry hombre in the world will welcome the refreshing goodness of Spudnuts and Spudnut Varieties — with a big glass of milk — when he comes in from a tiring session of trailing the rustlers! Energy-packed, made of finest ingredients, deep-cooked to a digestible golden-brownness . . . more than 300 Spudnut dealers throughout the nation are ready to serve you with tummy-tempting goodness by the dozen!

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Spudnuts and Spudnut Pastry Varieties are made only by specially-trained, franchised dealers, and sold in the genuine Mr. Spudnut Bag or Box. Franchises available . . . write Franchise Division, Pelton's Spudnuts, Inc., 1488 South State Street, Salt Lake City, Utah Copyright 1952

Spudnuts

Coast to Coast - Alaska to Mexico

AMERICA'S FINEST FOOD CONFECTIONS!

Nick offered one free apple with each parcel-post package mailed.

"But how about incomin mail?" Bill Anderson wanted to know. "When you gonna handle that too? Like to have a box here."

"Well, I ain't worked out the details on that yet," Nick said. "Let ole Jim handle that in his post office. I don't want all the business. The money's in the outgoin end of the business, anyway. Incomin mail, some other postmaster up the line's already gotten the gravy on that."

Well, naturally there was a good many folks in Oat Hill who didn't like Jim Barton, same as it is with the postmasters any place else. A lot of other folks had wanted his job or their kinfolks had, and business was pickin up steadily at Nick's post office and dwindlin fast at Jim's.

Wasn't long before a government inspector showed up in Oat Hill.

"What's the matter, Jim?" he asked right off. "How come your volume is fallin off so here? Rate you're goin you'll have this post office back to third-class before long, and a third-class office don't pay the postmaster near what a second-class post office does."

"I can't help it," Jim blurted out. "I got competition."

"Competition. . . . ? Thunder, there's no such thing. You need a rest?"

Jim was sweatin all over. "Come on, I'll show you."

He slammed on his hat and led him out the door and down the street to Nick's. "Take a look."

The inspector's eyes popped nearly out, and he stormed inside.

"Mornin," Nick said, figurin right off who he was, what with Jim in tow. "What can I do for you? Need some stamps? Got some pretty new green ones this mornin. Mail a package? Get a fresh Winesap apple this week with each package."

The inspector was just about at the explodin point.

"Look here," he near about commanded, "I'm from the U.S. Post Office Department. You can't do this."

"Doin it," Nick said. "Stand back just a minute. Got a customer. Jaw with you two gentlemen later." He sold a three-cent stamp to Miss Anna Drake. "Just a minute, Miss Anna," he said. "I'll put that stamp on for you." Nick licked the stamp, stuck it on, and tossed the letter in a pouch marked outgoin. "Got any packages, bring em in, my scales just as accurate as the government's. An take a apple in advance." Miss Anna thanked him and went on out.

"What're you goin to do with that letter?" the inspector demanded, pushin back up to the window.

"Dispatch it," Nick said.

"Where's it goin?"

"Confidential. Private matter. You'll have to ask Miss Anna if she wants that information given out."

"Listen here, you know you can be arrested?" the inspector cut in.

"Sure. So can you. So can anybody. If they break the law. Ain't against the law to accommodate people, is it? Ain't no law against givin away apples, is it?"

The inspector pulled himself together and tried another tack.

"Now Mr. . . . er . . ."

"Cooper's the name."

"Now Mr. Cooper, you know you don't deliver those letters individually all over the country. Where do you carry those letters and packages to get em in the U.S. mail?"

"Different places," Nick said, frank-like. "Sometimes to Castorville, sometimes to Austin, wherever I happen to be goin. Any place but around to ole Jim's post office here. He ain't canceled a one of my stamps yet. Buy all my stamps out of town, too. How's your business, Jim?" Jim just squirmed.

"But if they're civilized, why aren't they armed?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"But you're losin money at it," the inspector put in.

"U.S. Post Office Department makin any money?" Nick asked, holding back a smile. "Last time I noticed the postal deficit was 400 million . . ."

"Well, no, but that's different."

"No different to me."

The inspector was gettin hot under the collar again. "You'll hear from the government about this, you can't get away with it," he said, and turned around and stalked out. First time he'd ever encountered such a problem, wasn't nothin in the P.O. Rules and Regulations coverin it, have to check higher up. Ole Jim turned and followed too.

Well, it wasn't long before Congressman Nat Caxton eased down from Washington and into Oat Hill after dark and got hold of Nick.

"Look, Nick," he said, "you're messin things up around here. Got the Post Office Department the laughingstock of this area. Ain't doin me any good either. Now Jim Barton is a good man, a useful man, done me a lot of good in the campaign, but can't we iron this thing out peacefully? What you got in mind, Nick?"

"Well, I'll tell you. . . ." Nick said, speakin low.

"Uh-huh," Congressman Nat said. "Uh-huh. That's possible. You shut this thing down and we'll see about it."

Nick put up a sign: Closed For Repairs, and waited.

Two weeks later carpenters and painters were busy sprucin up the Nick Cooper buildin, plasterin the walls, paintin the woodwork, and a week later an announcement on the door said: "After the 1st of the year this will be the new location of the Oat Hill Post Office. (Signed) Jim H. Barton, P.M."

Nick said he lost only $323 on apples and $231 on sellin 30 stamps for 25 cents, and he was goin to them other towns anyway, might as well be haulin packages and letters. The new lease was for five years and he imagined it would be renewed then.

I tell you, this country is still full of ingenuity.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox

"Hello, Eddie? This is Frank. Just called up your house—your wife said you're over there. Listen, Eddie, I'm stuck. Dead battery, I think. I'm way out 7800 Cliveden Street. Some good-natured Joe tried to help push me. He's lettin' me use his phone . . . In an hour? Okay, pal. Say, that Tom's voice I hear? Whatsa' matter, he losin'? Ha, ha, ha! Tell him to stop cryin'; he won six bucks offa ME last week. . . . What'd he say? Put that joker on the phone . . ."

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

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Painting above shows typical operation of Dodge "*Job-Rated*" trucks owned by Walt Flanagan & Co., Denver, Colo.

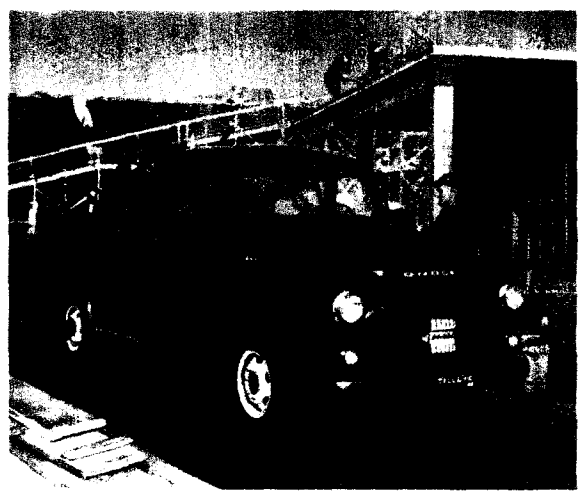
"I save my toughest jobs for Dodge"

. . . says **MELVIN W. FLANAGAN**
Manager, Walt Flanagan & Co.
Denver, Colo.

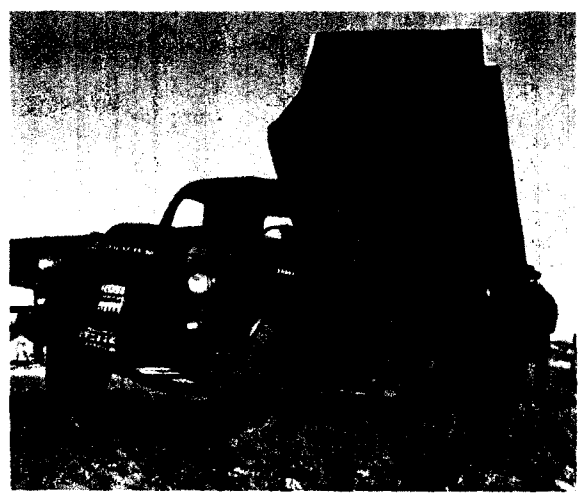
"Lots of our toughest jobs are in tight places. And I've got to save my Dodge '*Job-Rated*' trucks for those jobs, because we just can't get in with my other trucks. But Dodge's short turning diameters make it easy to get in.

"Our men like Dodge trucks, too, because they're such swell trucks to drive. In fact, I've always got four or five drivers on my neck to drive a Dodge. That roomy Dodge cab is mighty popular."

What Mr. Flanagan says is typical of enthusiastic comments by owners of Dodge "*Job-Rated*" trucks. Remember, there's one to fit *your* job! See your nearby Dodge dealer.



"My other trucks include a Dodge '*Job-Rated*' pick-up. For my money, it's the most useful low-tonnage truck on the market. It's always on the job, never lets us down. Costs mighty little to run, too. And it rides and drives as nice as any car."



"We're so strong for Dodge '*Job-Rated*' trucks, because they're built to fit our jobs—with just the right units all the way through. We get the right engine and other units to *move* our loads. And we get the right units to *carry* our loads."

DODGE "*Job-Rated*" TRUCKS

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Rugged Romeo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Berkeley, working evenings and week ends at the sugar refinery. In June of that year he married a Crockett girl, Shirley Green. They later separated and are now awaiting final divorce papers.

By spring of 1950, Aldo started shopping seriously for a job. "I'd always been interested in politics," says Ray, "and there was this constable job coming up in Crockett. It was nothing really, but a good place to start at twenty-three. I figured I could get all the young guys to register, that it would be easy. So I threw my hat in the ring."

One Saturday late in April, while Aldo was still in college, his brother Guido talked him into going across the bay to San Francisco where some Hollywood talent hunters were interviewing several hundred football players for minor parts in a new film, Saturday's Hero.

Because of his rugged handsomeness, Aldo, along with two or three others, was interviewed briefly, then given a script. A few moments later, when Columbia talent director Max Arnow asked, "Any of you ready?" Aldo's brother pointed at him and said, "He's ready." Aldo shrugged his shoulders and walked into the room where behind a big table sat director David Miller and a group of stony-faced movie scouts.

" 'Go ahead and read,' I told him," Arnow recalls of the occasion. Instead Aldo angrily threw the script on the table.

"It's unfair making me read without any preparation and without telling me anything about the part," said Aldo. "Even when I auditioned for my high-school senior play, at least they gave me the pitch." He started to walk out.

Voice Got Him Another Test

The Hollywood interviewers' surprise at the effrontery of this football player was only slightly less than their amazement at hearing the gravelly, hoarse sounds that came out when this hulking six-footer opened his mouth.

"Okay, you don't have to read this," offered Miller, putting aside the script. "But I understand you're running for constable of your home town. How about giving us one of your campaign speeches?"

For the next few minutes the talent searchers listened as the brash, husky-voiced giant lost himself completely in a speech about making Crockett safer for children. When Aldo finished, Miller looked at Arnow and the talent scouts, who nodded their heads in agreement.

"Kid, you're great," he said.

"Yeah, I know," said Aldo, "but in politics, not in the movies."

After overcoming his objections with promises of $200 a week for playing a little football plus an opportunity to hobnob with glamorous movie stars, Aldo agreed to come to Hollywood for a few weeks and put off getting his degree. (He's studying for it now on his own in his spare time—"Political science, history, all that stuff. I eat it up.")

Aldo soon discovered he was supposed to do a little more in Saturday's Hero than just play football. The picture, which portrayed the evils of subsidized college football, called for several of the gridders to have minor acting parts. Aldo was being considered for the most important supporting role, that of Gene Hausler, a wised-up football bum. For his screen test, he was given a script which required him to tell leading man John Derek and other movie grid mates how his father had been killed in a mine blast. To make the test more difficult he was expected to play a game of throwing some cards into a hat while telling his story.

Aldo learned his lines letter-perfect. But when the time came to shoot the scene, he was so wrapped up in the business of getting

"Do you by any chance still have some of those pills I gave you last week? They were a string of beads my wife wanted restrung!"

COLLIER'S — ERNEST MARQUEZ

the cards into the hat that the words came out haltingly, almost absentmindedly. So natural and unaffected was the scene that Miller not only set Aldo in the part of Gene Hausler, but had the writers build up the part throughout the picture.

Subsequently, when Derek went on personal appearance tours throughout the nation to exploit the movie, the questions most frequently asked him, usually by front-row bobby-soxers, were: "Who's Gene?"; "Who's the cute tough guy?"; and "Was he just a football player or was he an actor?"

After completing Saturday's Hero late in August, 1950, Aldo returned to Crockett to wind up his campaign for constable. At the June primaries he had led the field by a narrow margin. But because he was only twenty-three, few of the politicians gave Aldo serious consideration in the November general election against the incumbent, who had been Crockett's constable for the previous 16 years.

During September and October, Aldo conducted a whirlwind campaign, making speeches at Women's Clubs, veterans' organizations and their auxiliaries and union meetings. "A lot of it was word of mouth. I'd pass people in the street and say, 'Don't forget the election, now!' Well, they got the heaviest registration ever. And I kept my promises legitimate. Basic thing was, I promised I'd always be available, at any hour."

Betweentimes, Ray returned to Hollywood for several one- and two-day bit parts —as Beachcomber No. 3 in The Barefoot Mailman, as a captain in the state highway police in Never Trust a Gambler, and as a gangster chauffeur in My True Story—thereby managing to stay on the Columbia payroll.

When Election Day finally came, Aldo surprised everyone (except himself) by getting 500 more votes than the incumbent, and on January 8, 1951, took office as constable.

Early in January, Columbia ordered him to report back for work. "We've got a lot of nice parts for you, Aldo," Max Arnow told him over the phone.

"I can tell by the kind of junk you've been giving me what kind of nice parts you've got," replied Aldo.

"We'll take good care of you this time," said Arnow.

"No, thanks," replied the constable of Crockett. "I'm staying right here. I'd rather be somebody no place than nobody someplace."

Inasmuch as he was signed to a stock seven-year contract, Aldo was immediately placed on suspension by the studio. From January until July the new constable kept law and order and dreamed of a future in politics. "No, I never made an arrest," says Ray. "People wanted to see me make good and they just took it upon themselves to behave."

One warm July afternoon Aldo received another call from Columbia; they wanted him back on the lot immediately to test for a small role in a new picture. Aldo refused point-blank and was ready to hang up when it was mentioned that Judy Holliday, an actress for whom Aldo has the greatest respect, was to be the star. Since the constable job was dull during the summer, Aldo made a quick switch and said he'd be down in a few days, if he could get a leave of absence.

Frantic Quest for Male Lead

When he arrived in Hollywood, Ray found the Columbia casting department in a turmoil. They had just had word that Sid Caesar, then being considered for the male lead in The Marrying Kind, had turned down the part. Frantically, Columbia was searching for a leading man capable of approaching the Academy Award-winning tradition set the previous year with Born Yesterday by the Holliday-Cukor-Gordon-Kanin combination.

After checking off almost all of Hollywood's available leading men, Cukor recalled the hoarse-voiced football player who was being considered for the two-minute part of a butcher in the movie. On a thousand-to-one hunch that he might parlay this husky-throated unknown with Miss Holliday and her unusual voice, Cukor tested Aldo for the male lead. After innumerable front-office conferences, Aldo got the assignment. With some reluctance he gave up the constable job, and settled down to be a movie actor in earnest.

In private life, Ray shows little evidence of his new-found stature. He still wears the T-shirts and slacks he customarily affected in Crockett and does not own a tuxedo, a hat or a pair of garters. His name has not yet been linked with any young starlet's and he has been in a Hollywood night club only once.

Aldo is now living in the San Fernando Valley with friends he has made since coming to Hollywood. On almost any Sunday afternoon he can be found playing touch football on the street with neighborhood teen-agers. And he frequently baby-sits with the young children of the family. Ray knows few movie stars and most of his friends are studio workmen.

Habitually happy, Aldo's only gripe at the movie industry is the smallness of his salary check. Although the folks in Crockett assume him to be well on his way toward his first million, Aldo gets take-home pay of only $148 a week for 40 weeks a year, an extremely small sum for an actor who has had the leading role in a top-budget picture. He continues to hope, however, for the salary he believes he deserves.

Chances for this seem good. Early this year he was loaned to M-G-M for a strong supporting role with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in Pat and Mike. In the part of a dumb prize fighter under the thumb of a shrewd manager, Aldo is cast in a comedy role where his voice is exactly in character. And Columbia, which now puts Aldo high on their list of potential money-makers, recently awarded him a starring role in the forthcoming screen version of James Jones's best seller, From Here to Eternity.

Aldo is in the happy position, too, of having a flexible future. If he should decide that being a "wheel" in Hollywood isn't the success he's looking for, he can always go back to politics. The role of town constable may by then have shed its glamor, but there's no reason why he can't get out and stump for sheriff of the county. THE END

"But that course in domestic science is just a waste of time for a girl. There isn't a single boy in the class!"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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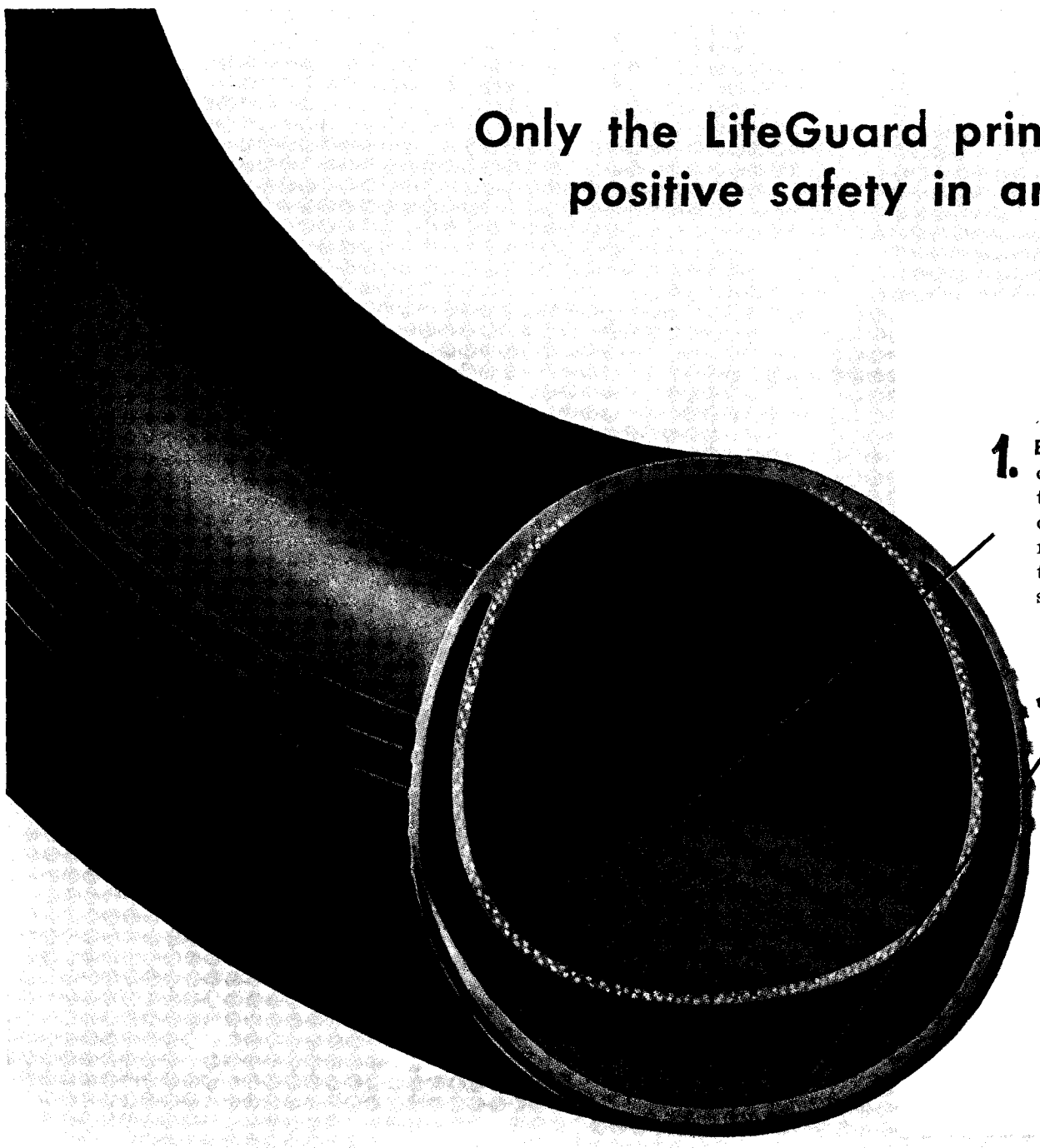
GOODYEAR ANNO

THE NEW LIFEGUA



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RD SAFETY TUBE!

Blowout-safe! Puncture-safe!

The only 100,000-mile re-usable protection!

You save 20% to 43% per wheel!

No longer need you worry about the danger of blowouts, or the inconvenience of punctures!

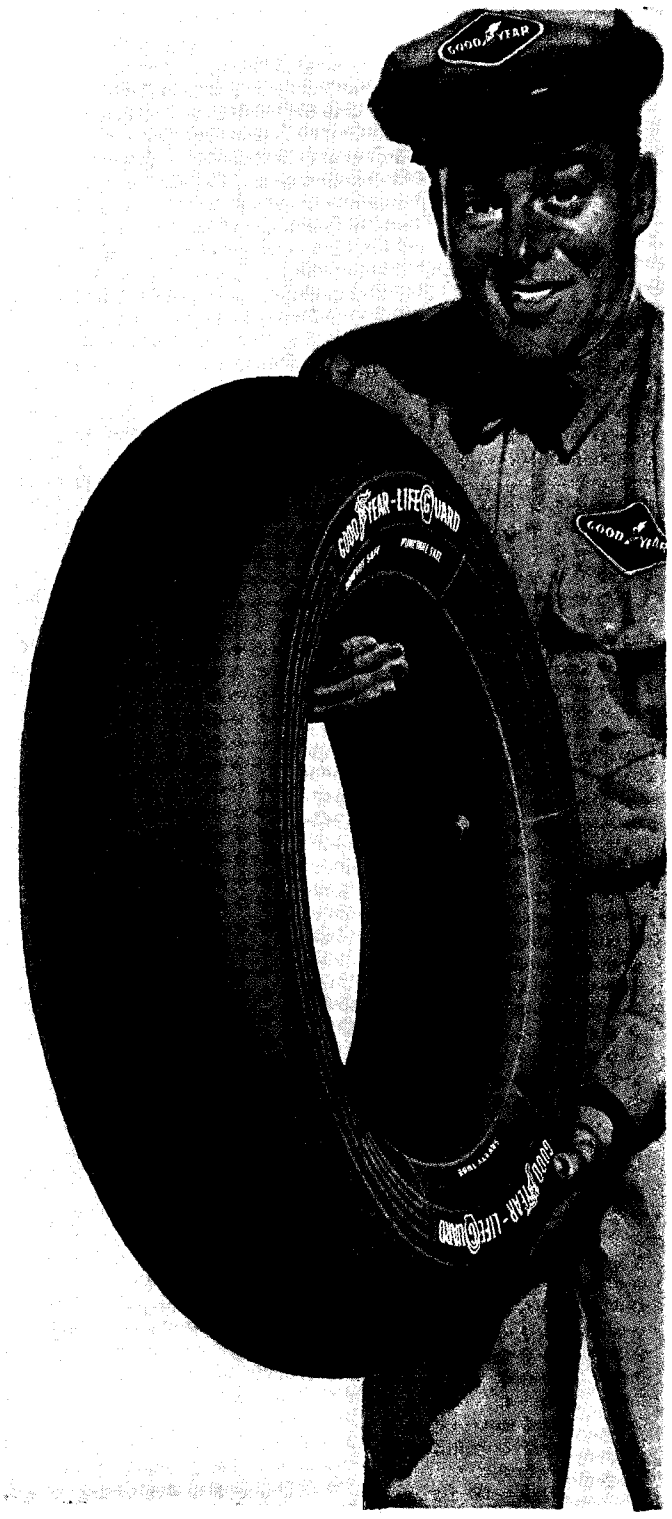
Now Goodyear brings you the New LifeGuard Safety Tube. This great new Goodyear development gives you not just partial protection, but actually makes a blowout harmless, seals its own punctures! Only the LifeGuard double air-chamber principle gives positive protection against all blowouts.

And it's re-usable! Remember this important fact—it's re-usable! This is the only complete blowout and puncture protection that *doesn't wear out when your tire wears out!* And that can save you plenty of money over the long haul.

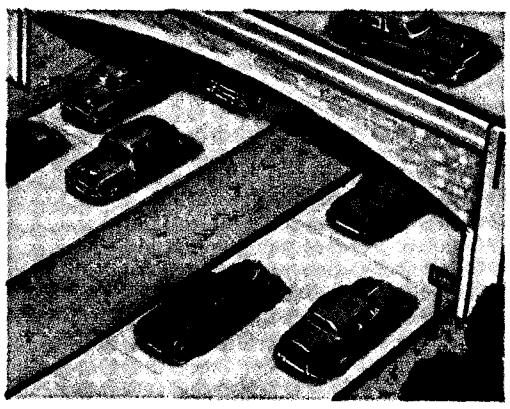
Figure the savings yourself: you need to buy a set of the New LifeGuard Safety Tubes only once in 100,000 miles! You spread the cost over *three or more sets of tires!* For when your tires wear out, you simply purchase Goodyear tires at the regular price. Remove the LifeGuard Safety Tubes from your old tires and install in your new tires. Thus you save 20% to 43% per wheel! You get the surest protection against blowouts and punctures you can buy!

And these New LifeGuard Safety Tubes by Goodyear hold air more than 5 times longer than natural-rubber tubes.

See your Goodyear dealer today! Get the complete story of re-usable blowout and puncture protection. The kind of *practical* protection every motorist can afford!



You can use New LifeGuards in your present tires! End the danger of blowouts, the inconvenience of flat tires *today!* If your tires are still good, get your Goodyear dealer to equip them with New LifeGuard Safety Tubes. You can use them in at least three sets of tires.



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The Extraordinary WAC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL ROBERT E. LEE
WINSTON-SALEM NC
GEORGE, DO YOU FEEL WELL?
DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
I FEEL FINE, THANK YOU. IT'S JUST THAT I TOO ONCE SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF THE MILITARY. KEEP ME A PRIVATE FOR THREE YEARS, WILL THEY? A MAN OF MY MILITARY STATURE? I'LL DEMOLISH THAT PENTAGON LIKE A MAN CRUSHING A PEACH BASKET. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL ROBERT E. LEE
WINSTON-SALEM NC
GEORGE, I'LL TELL YOU. JUST FORGET IT. I'LL HAVE JIM MOON, OUR REGULAR WASHINGTON MAN, HANDLE IT. YOU'RE NO DOUBT KIDDING, BUT IF YOU ARE YOU'VE SOLD IT. THE MORE I THINK ABOUT YOU GOING UP THERE AND DOING SOME DARN' FOOL THING, THE MORE I SEE IT WAS A BAD IDEA IN THE FIRST PLACE. WITH A JILLION MORE WAR PICTURES COMING UP, BELIEVE ME THIS IS NO TIME FOR KIDDING. JUST FORGET THE WHOLE THING, AND GET BACK TO YOUR CRIBBAGE BOARD.
DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
SORRY, GEORGE HAS ALREADY LEFT. KIDDING—HAH! GEORGE.

HOTEL MAYFLOWER
Washington, D.C.
March 15, 1952
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, as you might know, since we are dealing with the Army, there has been a slight change. I am here, but, beyond that single fact, the rest of my fiery plan is lying out behind the restaurant among the oyster shells. I landed here this morning, fully bent on doing the Army some real dirty return trick, but I am forced to report that once again they have outshuffled *me*.

And it didn't take me long to discover it. Any good general, facing a battle, first sends out reconnaissance parties. The only trouble is that, unlike most generals, I usually have to go myself.

Choosing from among my interesting collection of press cards the nice blue one identifying me as Speed Miller of the Boise Bulletin, I took a cab across the Potomac to the sprawling Pentagon, presented my credentials to a kindly WAC, and asked her if I could have a look at her Pentagon phone book. I was just in town on my honeymoon, I said, and I was trying to find old Clarence Ransom, who said Lucy and I would never get married.

It always gets them. She smilingly handed over the phone list, and I thumbed furiously to the personnel in Public Relations—now, due to the glories of unification, called Public Information. I had no real hope of finding good old Clarence Ransom, since so far as I knew he didn't exist, but I did desperately hope to come upon *somebody* I knew who might be an opening wedge in the negotiations.

But I knew no one. Turning back to my kindly WAC, I said, "Is this *everybody* in Public Information?"

"It's everybody here," she said, "except General Breen, who was just appointed head of it this morning. And I don't imagine you want him."

My backbone started curling like a damp dog. "Did you say General Breen?" I said.

"Yes," she said, "General Lucius P. 'Bat' Breen. He's just back from Europe."

"Thank you," I said. And, turning and drawing a shaky bead on the door, I tapped out of the place like a blind man.

Because what do you think the fool Army has done now? They've just installed as the new head of Army Public Information none other than the former lovable captain who did little else for one entire year but bawl me out for my loose, shaggy, unmilitary appearance! We had a relationship comparable to that of an Airedale and a rubber ball. At one point, as I recall, I had been given the extra guard duty through 1961.

Finally, deciding I would have to do something or go crazy, I'd bided my time till our company went on leave in Valdosta, Georgia. I'll never forget it. One night, for an outrageous sum, I borrowed the clothes of a taxi driver and trailed Captain Breen till he carelessly entered a dark alley. I was on him like a tiger. And in not over two minutes he had beaten me half to death. I discovered later that the big sneak had been heavyweight boxing champion at West Point. I'm telling you, that boy was a caution.

And this is the man from whom I have foolishly come to choke out an okay on this impossible WAC epic. Dick, let's face it—there is no chance whatever of this occurring. Furthermore, additional reconnaissance at the National Press Club discloses that General Breen, in view of tightening world conditions, has been brought in for the express purpose of giving Army Public Information a tougher and more realistic slant. So it would seem that we are in for a serious dry spell. My advice would be for all of us to seek other employment.

As for my present task here, there is, of course, only one possible thing to do: put this ridiculous picture back on the shelf till General Breen gets either transferred or apoplexy.

And I, of course, want no further dealings with him at all. At no time. I'm turning in my suit.

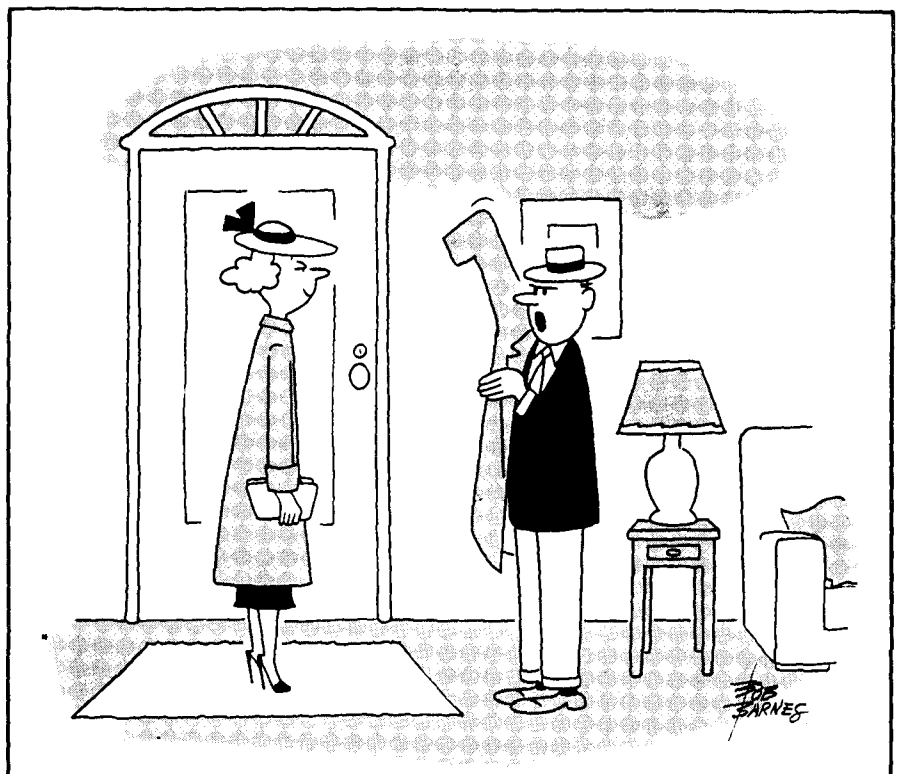
As ever,
George

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
FROM RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity
March 16, 1952
Air Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Mayflower
Washington, D.C.

Dear George:

Well, now maybe you'll listen to your betters. Actually, now that you're there, you might as well go ahead and handle it, but from now on, if you don't mind, we are hardly going to sell the studio just because the Army changes Public Information heads. They can do what they please, and we will do what we please. And at the moment we please to get this picture okayed.



COLLIER'S **"I'll take you out to dinner, but remember, we've got to be home by $9.50!"** BOB BARNES

When we get one of these things done, the general idea is to get the special showings over with, and start unwinding the picture in a few theaters where somebody might possibly pay a little cash. In other words, I'm sorry the bad old captain was mean to you, but you're a big boy now, so let's get on with the job at hand.

Here's what we'll do. Patti Shawn, WAC extraordinary and noted deep breather, gets into New York tomorrow from a picture junket to England. She was supposed to lay over in New York a few days and get a little rest, but that can wait. I've just telephoned her on the ship and given her certain instructions.

As follows, and to wit: The minute she gets her luggage through customs, she is to search rapidly through her suitcases for a real slinky dinner gown—something Dietrich might wear doing an imitation of Joan Crawford—and an afternoon sport number featuring one of her famous white Angora sweaters. She is also to make sure that she has an ample supply of that special perfume of hers—that Come-On-a-My-House No. 5.

That done, she will board the next train for Washington, and report to you.

And we will proceed to give your General Breen a small sample of the works. He is the very break in the proceedings I have been praying for. I defy anyone who has never been exposed to the blandishments of Hollywood to retain his senses the first few times we go to work on him.

To proceed. You will engage for Patti the Presidential suite. (If that's occupied, get the Vice-Presidential suite—there's hardly any chance at all that they'll both be in town.) And the minute Patti arrives, have her don the white Angora, and taxi her across the river to the Pentagon and introduce her to General Breen. Without any lurking about the hallways, or any of your beloved fiddle-faddle. Just ask to see him, and go in and see him.

There is naturally no chance whatever that he will remember you. By the time a man gets to be a general he has had so many privates under him who couldn't keep their boots laced that their faces are just a dim, unpleasant blur. Just introduce yourself as though you had never seen him before, and tell him that the first print of our splendid picture about the glorious WACs will be there tomorrow for his routine okay—everything important was of course worked out long ago on the okay of the shooting script, and when we got that done the rest was easy, ha ha.

Then introduce Patti. And stand back. Because Patti is going to melt all over him. She just insisted on coming over to meet him because her dear daddy once served under him, and Daddy made her promise to give him his regards the minute she got to town. He will pretend that he of course remembers her daddy—and a fine soldier he was—and you will all be off to a grand start. Incidentally, for this two-day run in Washington, Patti will play the role of a girl from Atlanta. She was really born out behind a steel mill in Gary, Indiana—she is pure shanty Irish, she has the temper of a wet bobcat—but for some reason there is something about a girl from Atlanta. So have her and her daddy from there.

And if this General Breen is of mortal clay, in about ten minutes he will be getting a little giddy. That perfume of Patti's, plus Patti, would get a rise out of a general seated on a stone horse in a park, much less a general just back from the trenches.

And after a little of this polite palaver, Patti, on a sudden inspiration, will suddenly say: Say, why doesn't the general and his wife join the two of you at dinner that night? And he will say fine. If he doesn't say fine to going to dinner with Patti, bury him. And here comes the clever part. That evening, you will turn the attack momentarily away from the general, and both of you will be sugar-and-spice nice to Mrs. Breen. I am having a couple of orchid leis flown in from Honolulu. Keep them on your best ice, and have them delivered to Mrs. Breen the afternoon of the dinner. Send a block-long limousine for the Breens. She's probably a poor, drab little thing—all generals' wives do is wait at home for the peace flash—and these little Hollywood courtesies should please her no end.

And all through dinner—make it at least sirloin of pheasant—you and Patti will both dance attendance upon her, Patti only occasionally making a small lean toward the general to give him another go at that perfume.

And when you figure that they're both reasonably well hypnotized, invite them up to Patti's plush suite for a nightcap. And then say, "Well, for Heaven's sakes, actually the silly old picture is right here—it just arrived—so why not just stick it in the silly old projector and run it off right now, and have it over with?"

And, without waiting for an answer, leap up, dim the lights, and throw that switch. And, during the showing of the picture, you and Patti entertain the general with a roaring tide of interesting anecdotes about Hollywood, toward the end of the picture specializing in anecdotes that involve diagrams he will have to glance at. And, as the thing ends, have the conversation going at a heady clip: ha ha and ha ha, and Yes General, just forward the usual letter in the morning giving us your opinion of it. *Glad*

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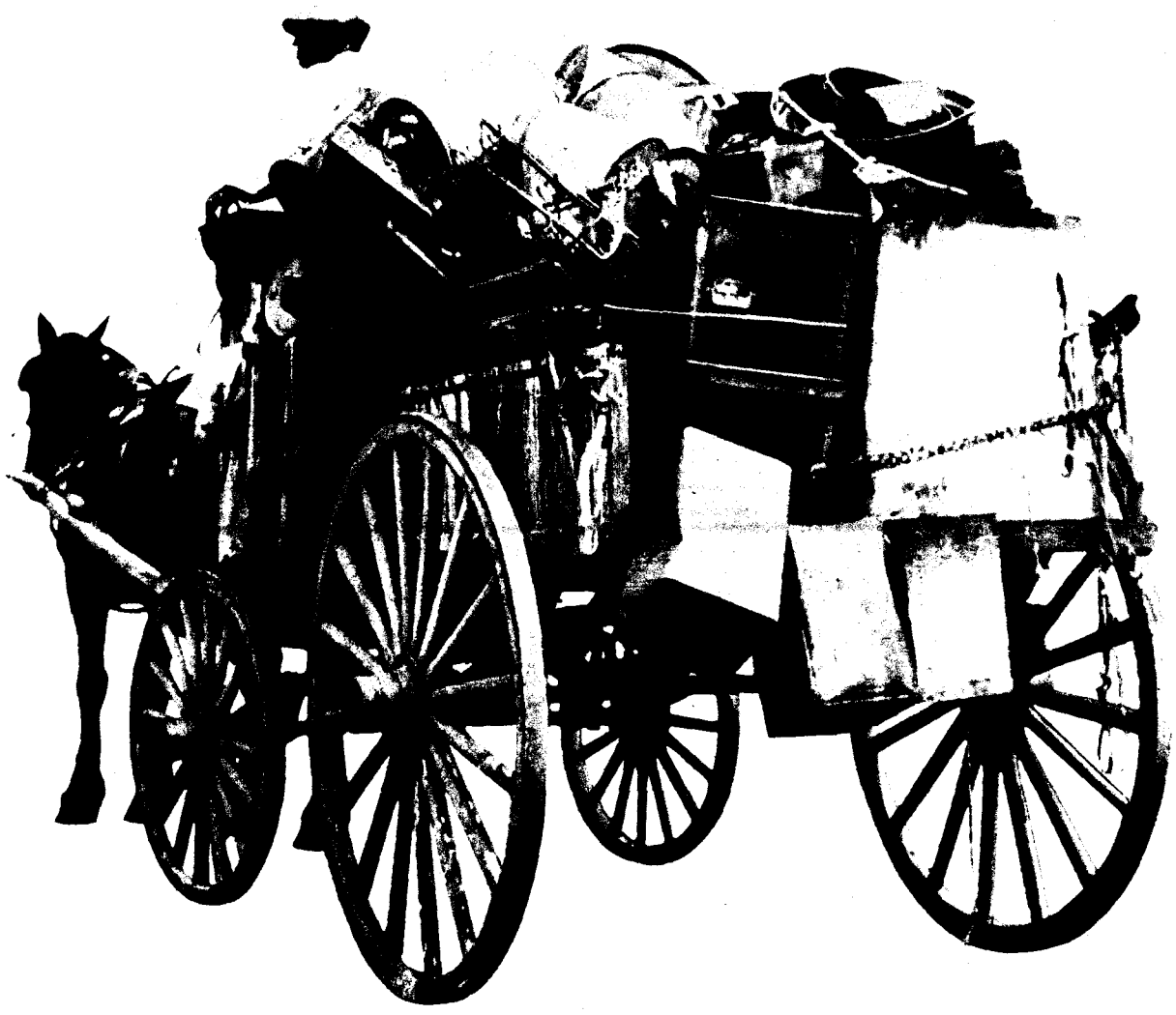
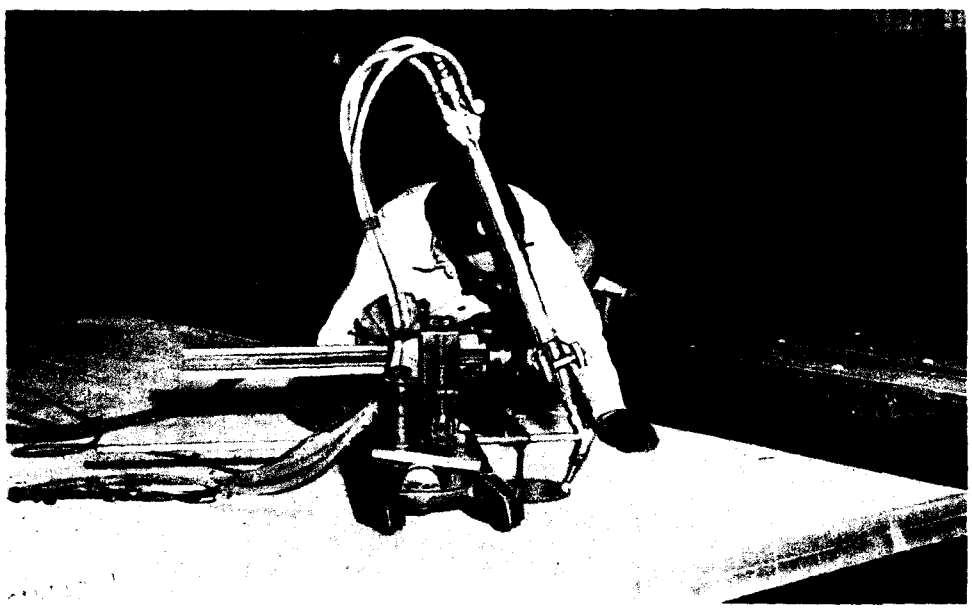


Part of the diet of a steel mill is scrap iron and steel... 52 million tons last year. But new mills are being built (and output of existing mills increased) faster than scrap supplies come in. Can you help us find more scrap?



2 **WHAT BECOMES OF THE HOLE?** In a steel mill, every bit of scrap is collected and re-used. This man is flamecutting armor plate. The steel he cuts out will be re-cycled to the furnace. You can help increase the steel supply if you sell an old tractor, or a plow, or a jalopy, to your nearest scrap dealer.

4 **HOW YOU CAN HELP:** If you work in a shop, a factory or on a farm, please help the steel industry increase its scrap supply. Expert advice on best ways of locating and salvaging industrial, farm and government scrap is available from representatives of the Steel Industry Scrap Mobilization Committee located throughout the country. Send for interesting description of the national scrap-hunt. Write to American Iron and Steel Institute, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. and ask for free reprint from STEELWAYS Magazine titled, "Clearing the Industrial Attic"... Factual, excellent for schools and discussion groups as well as industrial use.

1 **LOOK IN THE INDUSTRIAL ATTIC FIRST:** If you work in a factory or shop, look around for old machines, suggest other ways your company can make money by selling more scrap to local dealers.

3 **HOW MANY OLD MACHINES TO MAKE A NEW TANK?** Everybody hates to break up a machine. Some factories, for instance, continue to hold obsolete machines. Now is the time to haul out old metal of every kind and sell it for scrap.

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to have met you. And usher them the hell out the door.

That is the other half of my clever plan. Do not press him for any okay that night, or even an opinion. Let him go. And the next morning he will start writing the okay letter, suddenly realize that he doesn't really know one fool thing about the picture, and possibly think he has been had. He will then shoo his aide out of the room, and call up Mrs. Breen. And she will just have taken her orchid leis out of the icebox for another enraptured look, and she will say, Oh, she just thought it was a lovely picture. And he will finish the okay and send it on, and that will be that.

At any rate, it's our only chance. If we sent this one in through regular channels, they would not only turn it down, they would fumigate.

Hasty regards,
Dick.

HOTEL MAYFLOWER
Washington, D.C.
March 17, 1952
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, basically, I think you've got a good plan. Knowing General Breen as I do, I have had to make just a few changes, but, *basically, it's a good plan.* All I've had to do is add a few refinements.

In the first place, I don't think I've thought to tell you, but General Breen, as a long-time bachelor, was also one of the Army's really noted ladies' men. That man has smelled perfume all over the world. I remember reading somewhere a year or two ago that he'd got married over in Europe, so he's no doubt settled down a little. But at any rate, expecting even Patti to overpower him with a whiff of perfume would be childish.

However, as I say, the plan is basically sound. So here's what we will do. For a slight fee, I just had the public stenographer here at the hotel phone General Breen, say that she was the wife of General Smith, and that some of the girls wanted to arrange a few little surprise parties for his wife, now that they were back from Europe—and just what sort of person was Mrs. Breen, and what type of thing did she like?

"Oh," said General Breen, "*she's quiet, retiring, likes violets.*"

Well. He evidently *had* settled down. It was a little hard to believe, but if that's the way she is, that's the way she is. And there is certainly no use inflicting this Mata-Hari act on her.

I have therefore slightly changed Patti's role. The minute she arrives, I will dispatch her to a good Washington ladies' shop, and have her purchase a group of full skirts and simple peasant blouses. I will change her 40-mm. perfume to some sort of light, schoolgirl toilet water, possibly plain witch hazel. Prior to the dinner, I shall send Mrs. Breen a little corsage of violets, and Patti will wear the same. And instead of the limousine I will send something nice and homey for them—like a 1937 Packard. If possible, I will locate an electric. Otherwise, I will carry out your plan to the letter.

As ever,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL MAYFLOWER WASH DC
GEORGE, I SMELL A FEE-FI-FO-FUM IN THERE SOMEWHERE. I PRAY YOU. CHECK ALL LOOSE CONNECTIONS. BECAUSE IF THIS THING GOES WRONG, YOU AND I WILL BE THE FIRST TWO HUMANS TO BE USED IN CANNED DOG FOOD. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
QUIT WORRYING. I'VE GOT EVERYTHING COVERED. GEORGE.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
RUN FOR THE HILLS! THERE'S BEEN A SLIGHT CHANGE. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, BUT WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T ANSWER ANY WIRES OR PHONE CALLS FROM GENERAL BREEN TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME. GEORGE.

HOTEL MAYFLOWER
Washington, D.C.
March 18, 1952
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Of all the impossible developments. Dick, the more I see of this United States Army, the more I see you can't depend on them for anything—even to stay down when they're licked. It's no wonder our enemies have such trouble with them. But I'll tell you what has happened.

Up to four thirty this afternoon, nothing could have gone nicer. Patti and I saw General Breen; he didn't remember me, he loved Patti, and he did indeed speak of her nonexistent daddy as a fine soldier—one of the best he'd ever had. And he and Mrs. Breen would love to have dinner with us.

So I biffed off the violets. And the 1937 Packard.

And at eight o'clock sharp, Patti's phone jingled, we came dignifiedly downstairs, and there was this treacherous General Breen with the most ravishingly beautiful creature you have ever laid eyes on—his wife! *Now* I remembered. While he was in Europe he had married Fifi de Laine, the French movie actress! And then to have the gall to tell my paid spy that his wife was quiet and retiring!

At any rate, there she was. And there was poor Patti in her little peasant outfit with her sachet of violets.

"I did not wear ze vi-o-lets," said Fifi; "zay are not for me, but zay are of course nice on older womens."

For the first time, I began to think that possibly I had made a slight error. The heat from Patti and her violets was beginning to sear the wallpaper. She was evidently emitting ultraviolet rays.

The dinner, needless to say, was not a success. That is, not for us; it was a ball for the Breens. Other Army brass kept coming over, greeting General Breen and fawning over his wife, and greeting Patti briefly, when at all. "How do you do, Miss Prawn," they would say, and "Mrs. Breen, would you care to dance?"

By the time the pheasant arrived, my shins were raw from Miss Shawn's congratulatory kicks, and I was no longer looking directly at her. I was looking at the orchestra, tucking in my tattered shins as much as possible, and wishing I were dead.

And suddenly I saw that our only chance was to proceed briskly with the rest of the plan. Forcing a bright smile, I said, "Say, I have an idea. Why don't we all go up to Patti's suite for a drink?"

And the minute we got up there, Fifi, with nothing else to occupy her, started taking some really lethal pot shots at ze stoo-pid life in Hol-lee-woood. As you know, she was out there in 1941, and made a picture that was one of the dogs of all time. Which has seemingly left her a little bitter. The general tried to shush her, but she wouldn't shush. And finally Patti had enough of it, and she said, "Listen, you French Theda Bara, I've been hearing your line about long enough." "Oh," said Fifi, "is zat so?" "Yes," said Patti, "zat's so." And she hit her a chop on the whiskers that would have felled Carpentier.

Well, I saw that it was no time to show the picture. Because Fifi came up spitting like a wildcat, and Patti grabbed her in a headlock, and they surged around the Presidential suite—with Patti using a nice right, and Fifi yelling, "Loo-shi-us, *do* somesing!"

And as the general, the old training coming back, stopped saying "Now, girls," and gave signs of joining the fray, I raised a warning hand. "General Breen," I said stiffly, stepping around the ladies, "if you so much as touch Miss Shawn I shall have to thrash you within an inch of your life."

"Oh," he said happily, "is zat so—I mean is that so?" And he wheeled and swung from the floor, caroming me half-dead into a corner. That done, he seemed reasonably satisfied—even a little startled—and, grabbing Fifi, he carried her out the door, kicking and squealing. The door slammed, and the dinner party was over.

And, at the moment, I must admit that it doesn't look as if Federal Pictures stock is a good buy. At least not around the Pentagon.

But don't worry—I'll work it out. I've got a plan.

Regards,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL MAYFLOWER WASH DC
I'VE GOT A PLAN TOO. JUST AS SOON AS I CAN GET THERE AND BUY A PISTOL. RICHARD L. REED.

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HOTEL MAYFLOWER
Washington, D.C.
March 19, 1952
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Reed, Sir:

Well, it's been a busy day. But before thinking of food or rest, I want to get a final communiqué off to you. It must be terrible to be an older man sitting on the side lines during these busy times.

But to business. Last evening, after the Battle of Pheasant Ridge, I had not too restful a night. After calming Patti down as best I could, I went down three flights to my own small command post, and sat long hours, planning my strategy.

And awoke sharply at seven, feeling fine, except that the whole right side of my face was numb where I had hit General Breen on the fist with it—a correct phrase, as you shall see in a moment.

After breakfasting well—I would need my strength—I went back upstairs, slipped into Patti's suite without disturbing her, and got the film cans. I then went down and got in a cab, warning the driver to prepare to devote most of his morning to the present mission. "First," I said, "we need a man who repaints black eyes."

"Yeah," said the driver, "them things'll happen. Boy, I'll never forget one night in Norfolk . . ."

And chattering and clattering, off we went to the tenderloin. We found our man, Indian Joe, in the back of a penny arcade.

After an inspection, he seemed a little let down. "It's not as bad as the ones I usually work on," he said.

"That's just it. I want it made worse."

"You want it what?" he said.

"I want it made worse—filled out a little, purpled up, maybe a smattering of dirty yellow. If you can paint out a real black eye, you can paint one on, can't you?"

"Well, it's an unusual request," he said, "but I don't see why it couldn't be done."

And it must have been a success, because when I went back out to the cab, "Holy smoke!" said the driver. "You get into scraps everywhere you go."

"I know," I said, "and now let's try the Pentagon."

At least he didn't talk any more. He just looked in the rearview mirror. Frequently.

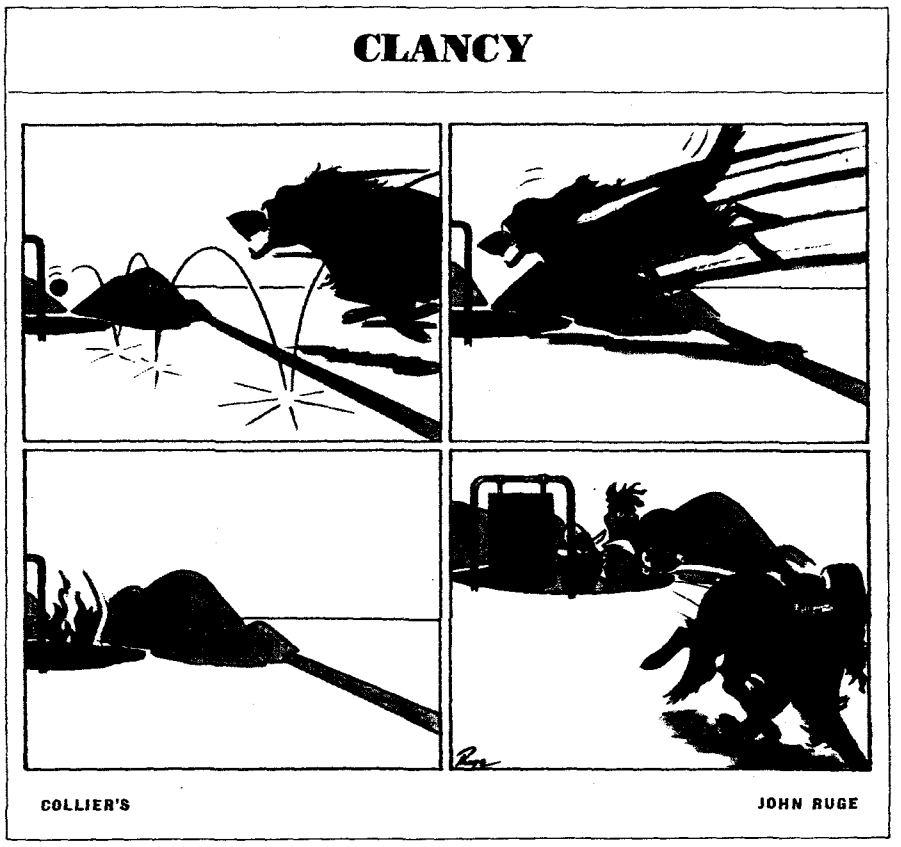
At the Pentagon, I was shown into General Breen's office without delay. At sight of my wound, he blanched. He was scratched up quite a little himself, evidently having had some trouble assisting Mrs. Breen into the elevator. At least he was on the job, though; a lesser man would have taken the day off.

But it was no time for kindly thoughts. "General Breen," I said, without preamble, as his aide left the room, "at one o'clock this afternoon I am filing suit against you for assault and battery. I am here because, being a man of honor, I wanted to inform you of my plans."

And for perhaps three minutes we stared at each other. Then, as I thought he might, he suddenly slumped in his chair. "Good God," he said, "the head of Army Public Information striking a taxpayer. I can see the headlines now."

"Yes," I said, "I fear it will go hard with you."

"Well, is there anything I can do to



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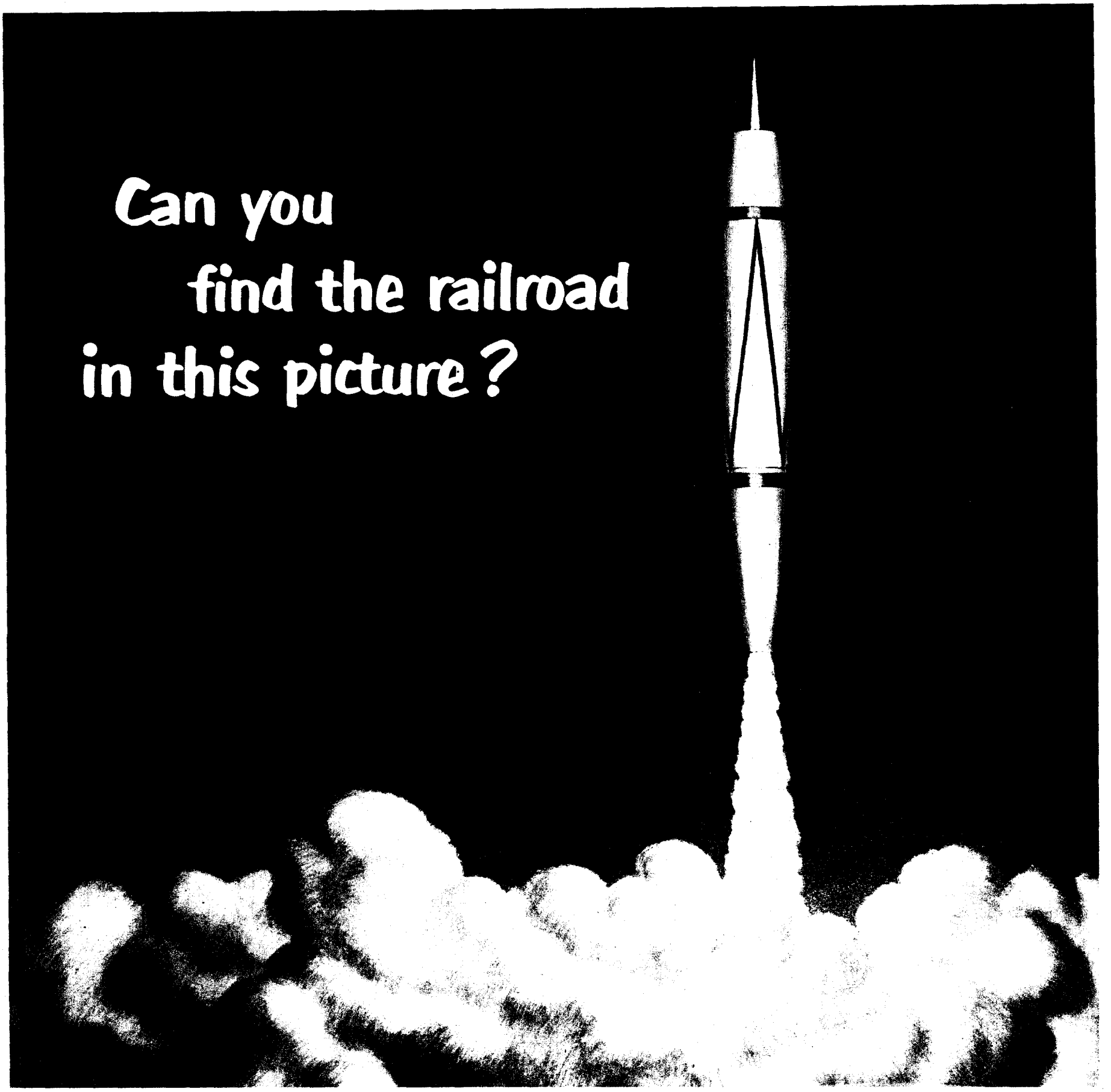

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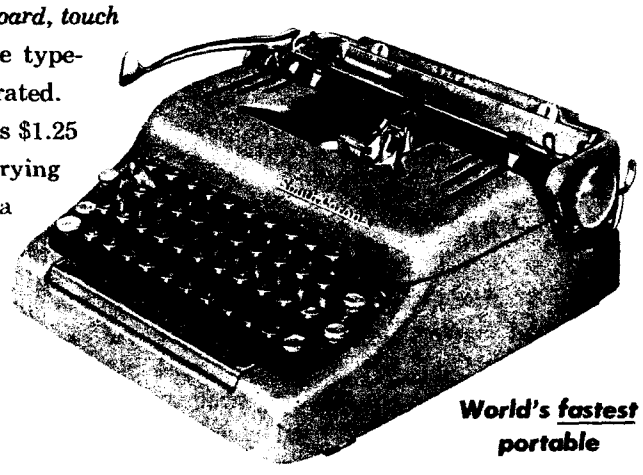

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change your mind?" he said, getting up. "Because if there isn't I might as well take another poke at you, and get the worth of my court-martial."

"As a matter of fact there is," I said, somewhat hastily. "I have a little motion picture here, concerning the WACs, and if you would care to okay it . . ."

"You dirty dog," he said. "You planned that whole melee. You have mousetrapped me."

"One o'clock," I said.

"Show the picture," he said. "If it is really so bad that you had to go to this length to try to get it okayed, I will turn it down if I hang for it. But maybe it isn't as bad as we think. I don't see how it could be as bad as some of the other war pictures I've seen. And somebody must have okayed them. So if I can okay this one in good conscience, I will."

"And not hold it against us?" I said. "We'll have more of these coming up, you know."

"And not hold it against you," he said. "In fact, I feel rather kindly toward you; I haven't been outsmarted in so long that I was in danger of losing my perspective. And now let's go see this awful picture."

And what do you know—he just loved it! Laughed in all the right places—roared, in fact—thought Patti was just beautiful, and our choice of a director superb. "Now, that's what we want more of," he said; "we want to show people that WACs do good work, yes, but we also want to show them that for a smart and attractive girl it's a pretty darned good life. Why in the world don't you make more good pictures like this one?"

In other words, if we had just shown him the fool picture to begin with, we would have been saved all this trouble. There are times when I think we go about this business in too complicated a manner.

The truth being, of course, that I guess there's just no way to understand the Army.

As ever,
George.

THE END

Democrats' Darkhorse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

plurality (over 570,000) in his first try for an elective public office. But he proceeded to immerse himself so completely in state affairs that he soon dropped out of the national picture.

Elected as a reform candidate in the wake of multiple scandals in the preceding Republican state administration, he would spend days at a time without leaving the 28-room Governor's Mansion, which serves as both his home and main office, in Springfield. And when he did find time to leave, it was often to conduct state business in Chicago, or to make a "must" speech in Springfield or a neighboring community.

Stevenson feels this almost monastic devotion to work has paid dividends in terms of good government. His administration has doubled state aid to schools; launched a welfare program which has made Illinois mental institutions among the nation's finest; and swept some 1,300 unnecessary political job holders from the state payrolls.

Stevenson realizes, of course, that the publicity resulting from his White House visit thrust him into the national spotlight on a greater scale than ever before. But so far as his daily routine is concerned, he is still very much the governor of Illinois, following the same schedule that has been his pattern of life for more than three years. On any typical morning, he's up before eight. He gets to his desk by nine, and often stays there, with few interruptions, until seven in the evening. He usually lunches at the conference table in his office with one or more of the six administrative assistants who, with press secretary William Flanagan and state insurance director J. Edward Day, make up what amounts to an inner circle of advisers. Then, on an average of six nights a week, he returns to the office after dinner and works until eleven o'clock or midnight.

William McCormick Blair, Jr., the young assistant who resides with the governor in the mansion, says that only the governor's good sense of humor even under the most exacting pressure allows him to maintain the pace. Once, after Stevenson was sharply attacked in some newspapers, press secretary Flanagan earned a hearty gubernatorial roar of approval by bringing him a bullet-proof vest and a pair of track shoes.

Because of Stevenson's intense devotion to duty, his aids are always on the lookout for some excuse to get him away from his desk. Last year they persuaded him to test his skill in Springfield's city tennis tournament. He promptly lost in the first round.

A fondness for people, in general, also keeps him from going stale. One of his assistants admits Stevenson's inability to maintain an appointment schedule may be his chief weakness as an administrator, but insists it is also a great clue to his character. "Some men," he said of his boss, "can politely usher out a man after five minutes. Not the governor. He's too nice. He likes to talk to people."

This friendliness extends to the staff of seven servants who work in the mansion. A balding man with a tendency to portliness, Stevenson professes to be greatly concerned about his weight. He now weighs 185 pounds, 10 pounds more than he did when taking office. To keep from going any higher, the governor, who greatly loves milk, leaves starches off his diet (except for cherry pie) and has instructed his staff to give him only skim milk. "But," he said once with a rueful look at his waistline, "I wouldn't bet that's what they're serving me."

The two men around the governor who have been most directly affected by the darkhorse rumors surrounding him have been Bill Flanagan and Richard Nelson. Flanagan has been target number one for the flood of rumor-chasing, out-of-town newspapermen who have flocked to Springfield to meet Stevenson firsthand. Nelson, who also happens to be president of the Young Democratic Clubs of America, has seen the governor's daily mail almost triple since the evening Mr. Truman received him at Blair House.

"A year ago," says Nelson, who handles much of the executive mail, "the governor would average one letter a week urging him to run for the Presidency. Now he gets about 50 a day."

The favorable political letters have come from people in all walks of life. For example, a Chicago doctor wrote: "I feel your rare qualities of integrity and leadership are gravely needed at this time of world crisis. May I add one voice to those urging you to seek the Presidency of our country." But all is not sweetness and light. The Republican opposition in Illinois characterizes him quite differently. Said one G.O.P. leader recently: "I think he [Stevenson] is one of those sheltered, unrealistic men who are common to all ages and all peoples in the history of the human race. He has the knack of turning a phrase, but he is definitely not an administrator."

One immediate result of this rapidly increasing cross fire has been to make the governor's busy existence just a little bit busier. He is still fond of saying that Illinois is about as much as he can handle right now. Once, when he was asked why he had to put in so much nightwork, he replied: "Modern administrators have to spend so much time each day administering, the only time left for thinking is at night."

As the man who may have the brightest political future in the Democratic party, Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois has much to think about.

THE END

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Skyblazers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Perhaps better than any of the regulars among the Skyblazers, O'Brien should know. He's the all-around utility man, and can substitute for any member of the formation. A solid, taciturn man, O'Brien, when he's not flying, suffers the tortures of the anguished until the formation lands. He paces the flight observation tower, listens in on the intercommunication system and mumbles encouragement to his airborne friends. Then, after the others have landed, O'Brien invariably greets them gruffly with:

"A little slow today," or, "You were six feet apart on that dive; didn't look good."

Routine Tried Out off Malta

Nobody will take the credit for conceiving the jet stunts as a team. The most they'll admit is that Evans and the Pattillo twins were on maneuvers out of Malta about three years ago and decided to have some fun on the way back to the base. They repeated the routine the next day and talked it over. That's how the Skyblazers were born. Dagwood and O'Brien were approached to round out the team and readily accepted. Actually, they kept their plans quiet until they had perfected their own variations of precision flying. The rest was easy—namely, approval from the brass.

"We didn't know whether we'd be court-martialed or okayed," Evans recalled. "Believe me, that first performance for our immediate superiors was the toughest show we ever gave."

Approval was so enthusiastic that word went around Europe swiftly. Lieutenant General Lauris Norstad, U.S. Air Force commander in Western Europe, went out of his way to see the Skyblazers perform. He has since requested them to serve an additional six or eight months when their normal tour of duty abroad is completed.

"They are magnificent fliers," General Norstad told us. "They can handle jets better than most experienced drivers handle their cars. They've made a very important contribution to the air defenses of the Western community."

All the praise from on high hasn't inflated the Skyblazers one bit. When they've completed a regular duty run of flying, they'll group around Evans, have a cup of coffee and look at him expectantly, which we witnessed recently.

"What do you think?" asks Evans.

The others grin.

"Tallyho (emphasis on the ho), the fox," shouts Evans, his voice rising to a crescendo as he points his right index finger in a parabola from the ground to the air. "There he goes, the little red critter."

Off he trots with the others at his heels to the landing strip, at Fürstenfeldbruck, deep in the Bavarian hills, where the 36th Fighter-Bomber Wing is based. The four F-84s, each pilot's name painted beneath the cockpit, are waiting, gassed up and ready to go. Around the planes, grinning mechanics look up and check their watches.

"Little early today, aren't you, Major?" is the greeting Evans usually gets.

Evans grins back and climbs into the cockpit. He waits for the other Skyblazers to get set, leans out and shouts again: "Tallyho, the fox." He waves toward the sky and the accompanying pilots rejoin: "There he goes, the little red critter."

The F-84, Evans at the controls, speeds down the runway and is aloft. Right behind him are the Pattillo twins, in the wing of the diamond formation, and Dagwood streaks up to form the tail.

They make a couple of thundering passes at the field, which by now is practically congested with gaping spectators from among the off-duty personnel.

"Those guys must like to sleep in closets, they fly so close," an airman spectator remarks admiringly as the formation barrels over and flies upside down, about four feet separating the wing tips.

You keep your eye on the spectators a moment. Most of them are combat veterans. Their fingers, you notice, bite into the palms of their hands.

The chatter stops and all you hear is the terrifying noise from the exhausts of the diving, twisting, looping jets when they burst over the field, their formation geometrically perfect.

The split-second timing is overpowering to the knowledgeable airmen and strictly ground spectators alike. You watch Evans leading and Dagwood on the tail, wondering to yourself how they can avoid bringing the four planes together in a mid-air pile-up. Everyone has begun to glance warily at his watch. How much longer to go? Thirteen minutes can be a long time. We've known of men who made and lost fortunes in less time and we've seen men die like flies in battle in 13 minutes.

But this is different. Four men are in the sky, pitting their experience and courage against a volatile phenomenon—jet propulsion. They nip so closely to one another that you wonder how much paint is scraped. Finally, they come out of a dive which appeared to have them headed straight for the control tower and they disappear into the clouds.

All over? Hardly. They reappear from the other side, diving for the runway. No pilot, it seems, can straighten out at such a speed because they've come in so low. Suddenly the lead plane, Evans', banks straight up smartly. He peels off in one direction. Close behind, the others come in and peel off, each in opposite directions so that they've headed four separate ways. It reminds you of something.

"Whew, all over now," explains an officer beside you. "That was the bomb burst. It ends the show."

You notice that he licks his lips to take away the dryness, and when you light a cigarette, your fingers are trembling a little. Rather limply, you see the lead plane roar toward the runway, land at 120 miles an hour and taxi toward the parking strip. Then you realize you haven't followed the landing too closely. For the other three planes in the formation have also landed in split-second precision and are making their way behind the lead plane.

After the Tension Is Over

Harry Evans pops out, grins at his three fellow pilots, who clamber down.

"Tallyho, the fox," cries Evans and lopes toward the control tower.

"I know," he says as he reaches the crowd and O'Brien comes forward. "You're right. We were about six inches off in formation. Need more practice, I guess."

That night we went to Dagwood's apartment, a comfortable four-room affair in a building recently constructed near the base. The Skyblazers were having a quiet evening visiting with their wives; all except Buck Pattillo, the bachelor. Their children, the O'Briens' three, the Evanses' two, and one each that the Bill Pattillos and the Damewoods have, were asleep.

We took the prerogative as guests and asked a question.

"Do we ever want our kids to fly?" Harry Evans repeated the question reflectively. "That'll be up to them, sure. We just hope things will be better when and if they want to fly. We're hoping there'll be no cold wars or hot wars then. That's why, I suppose, we keep going and our wives understand why."

It was a long speech for Major Evans, and he fell silent in an embarrassed way. The other fliers and their wives in the room nodded agreement.

"You know, fellows," Evans began again, "we've got to get that low-level formation down a little finer. Now if Dagwood would . . ."

The Skyblazers were relaxing, so we left. THE END

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DAVID BERGEN

I was threatening Margit's king, and soon he was in a hopelessly exposed position

Grandfather Jensen's Gift to the Bride

By P. COLT

MY GRANDFATHER Jensen taught me to play chess. He was a clean thinker and a man of method, and I was named for him. As I look back now and remember his chortles and grunts, I know that he watched my game more for its revelations of my character than for the skill showed. It was Grampa Jensen who gave me the formula for choosing a wife.

"Jen," he said one day when, with my queen and a pawn, I had the satisfaction of pushing his king into a square from which there was no retreat, "it's that woman you have to watch out for."

I laughed exultantly. The queen is all-powerful on the chessboard.

"Yes, and it's the woman of your life you'll have to watch out for, too," he said.

I looked at Grampa and smiled derisively. I was fourteen and there was no woman in my life. But he shook an admonishing finger.

"If not yet," he said, "she will come. The woman in a man's life is the most important thing in his life. Many a man has gone through a bitter life with the wrong woman. Not a bad woman, mind you, but not good for him. Now, I'll tell you, Jen, here is a way of knowing, when the time comes. It's a present from your Grandfather Jensen." He set out a number of chessmen. "So . . ."

It was a chess problem. He often left me a problem to work out during the week, and I would write it down on a sheet of paper squared off like the chessboard. Now Grampa Jensen waited while I diagramed the problem. Then he cleared the board and set up another problem. In all, he gave me three that day. After I had solved them, I would put them into a loose-leaf binder labeled *Grandfather Jensen's Problems.*

"No need to do these now," he said. "Just keep them and mark them *The Three Wishes.* And when you come upon a girl you like, a girl you like hot and cold, then play out these problems with her."

"Grampa," I protested, "girls don't play chess!"

"Ah," said Grampa Jensen, "if she doesn't, you will teach her."

"And what is the meaning of each wish?"

"The first wish is that she wishes to try to be as good as you are. The second wish is that she wishes to be better than you are. The third wish is that she wishes to please you. The order of the wishes doesn't matter. Only the number is important."

"And what, then, is the way of knowing?"

"If she cannot solve any of the problems, she is not right for you. It means she has not the faculty to see, to plan; nor is she trying truly, but only trying in pretty pretense. If she solves all the problems, she is not right for you, for though she may wish to please you, and try to be as good as you are, she believes under it all that she can do better than you. This kind of woman is not good for a man. In the end she withers his heart. Let her win one and lose two, and she is the girl for you. Provided that you like her hot and cold."

The three wishes were to be a legacy, for, not six weeks later, at the age of seventy-three, Grandfather Jensen died.

In the next years, full of high school and college, there were many girls—pretty ones, plain ones; friends and sweethearts—but it was not until my senior year in college that I met the girl I knew I wanted to marry. Margit Tilley was a lovely human being, warm and thoughtful and tender. I loved her as Grampa Jensen had warned me—hot and cold. We were joyful about each other and a little frightened of our good luck.

I don't know why I began to think of Grandfather Jensen about this time. Then I remembered the three wishes and laughed aloud. That old nonsense. I knew all about Margit. Nevertheless, a little nagging thought kept saying: If you're so sure, there's no harm trying. So I wrote to Mother to send me Grandfather Jensen's problems, and I asked Margit, one rainy Sunday afternoon when Professor Tilley was in his library and Mrs. Tilley in the kitchen, whether she knew the game.

"Chess?" Margit looked up at me, her eyes widening with enthusiasm. "Why, yes, I play with Daddy sometimes. Would you like to play?"

I could only nod. As Margit disappeared into the library to get the board and men, I said to myself: *All right, Grampa Jensen, this is even better* than we thought. But a little warning voice said: Wait, wait.

MARGIT played well, and we had played two games before Mrs. Tilley called us all to dinner. At dinner, Professor Tilley smiled at me and said, "I didn't know you were a chess enthusiast, Jensen."

So I told them about Grandfather Jensen and the problem book, omitting, of course, the formula for choosing a wife.

"I'd like to see that book," Professor Tilley said.

"So would I," Margit said solemnly.

When the book came, Margit was enchanted *with it.*

"What a dear boy you must have been," she said softly. "The diagrams so precisely done, and see how you have drawn the characters." Slowly she turned the pages. "See here," she said in wonder, *"The Three Wishes.* All on one page. What are they?"

The constriction in my chest tightened. "They were Grandfather's special gift. He said they had a meaning."

"Really? What sort of meaning?"

"We must work them out to make the meaning clear."

"Oh, let's try them, shall we?"

I got the board and watched as Margit set the men out. How thoughtfully she sat there, the book in one hand, the problem on the board. How serious she looks, I thought, smiling fondly down at her—almost as though her life depended on it. And it does, it does, I told myself, suddenly grim. And my life too.

I sat down on the floor opposite her, and we worked the problem together, yet pitted against each other.

I played with every faculty alive. I had to. I could not cheat her or myself by being less than I was. Margit, too, was playing with full attention. And she won. Which wish was this, I wondered. Only the others would tell.

"Do you want to do the second?" I asked.

"Oh, yes." Margit smiled, alert and pleased.

Margit lost the second problem.

"Even up," I said. "Shall we leave the third for another day?" I didn't think I could bear to have the decision come now, suddenly. And yet I was impatient now, in a raging impatience to know.

"Oh, no, let's do it now." Her voice was trembling.

The solution to this problem I saw almost from the start. Would she see it? Yes, she was moving the knight. Slowly, carefully, we moved the men. Then suddenly Margit was on the defensive. I was threatening her king, and soon she was forced to move him into a hopelessly exposed position.

We looked at each other then, across the board.

"You win," Margit said. "Two out of three." She looked a little forlorn, and yet her voice was singing.

"Ah, you two," Mrs. Tilley's voice came down to us. "Who won?"

"Jensen did," Margit said. "Two out of three."

"Why, Margit," said her mother, "I'm surprised at you. You beat your father yesterday, and he the chess champion of the state!" ▲▲▲

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"Feels like home already!"

There just isn't any mistaking the taste of Schlitz. It's a full, round, honest taste that makes you feel at home wherever you are. As a matter of fact . . .

Schlitz tastes so good to so many people,
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CAVALCADE OF SPORTS ...Gus Zernial

DURING THREE YEARS IN THE MAJORS, GUS HAS TIED THREE RECORDS FOR "MOST HOME RUNS": IN A DOUBLE-HEADER-4, IN THREE CONSECUTIVE GAMES-6, IN FOUR CONSECUTIVE GAMES (A. L.)-7!
MAJOR LEAGUE RECORDS
BIG GUS ZERNIAL SLAMMED 33 HOMERS AND BATTED IN 129 RUNS TO LEAD THE AMERICAN LEAGUE LAST YEAR. HE IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS SLUGGERS IN BASEBALL!
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Gus Zernial
IN BRAND-NEW, STYRENE CASE THAT SPRINGS OPEN AT A TOUCH
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FOR EASY, REFRESHING SHAVES THAT MAKE YOU LOOK YOUR BEST, GET A **GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED RAZOR SET.** YOU ENJOY **INSTANT** BLADE CHANGING, REAL SHAVING **COMFORT** AND DOUBLE-EDGE **ECONOMY**... THREE BIG ADVANTAGES THAT ONLY GILLETTE COMBINES.

You Whisk Off Whiskers 1-2-3 With **Gillette Blue Blades**

● **Shaving's faster, smoother and far more convenient when you use superkeen Gillette Blue Blades in the modern dispenser. You ZIP out a new, unwrapped blade *presto* and store the used blade safely in a special compartment. And, remember, Gillette's double edges mean double economy.**

look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP! use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED

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My White House Years

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

number of senators said that they would vote for it if this were done. I suspected that some of them were practicing avoidance, but resolved to try.

I asked former Secretary of State Elihu Root to canvass these Senate objections, determine whether he could find an agreeable formula, and then visit Europe to find out whether certain reservations by us as to the protocols could be accepted. Mr. Root's great prestige won his points in Europe; I hoped that it would help us prevail in the Senate.

I submitted the amended protocols on December 10, 1930, and again on December 10, 1931. But many Democratic senators joined the Republican isolationists—Hiram Johnson, Norris, Moses and others—in keeping it bottled up.

Philippine Veto Explained

Another instance during my tenure in which Capitol Hill and the White House failed to see eye to eye on proper American responsibilities in the world arena occurred when the Democratic Congress in late 1932 passed a bill purporting to give the Philippines their independence. I vetoed it.

I did not favor our permanently holding foreign possessions except those minor areas vital to our defense. Our mission was to free people, not dominate them. I favored Philippine independence provided it was a complete separation, and provided the islands' economic stability was assured before we agreed to a divorce. Such stability was not yet assured. As an alternative I proposed that we enlarge the Philippine legislature's authority to set up a complete Cabinet government as a step toward freedom.

The pressure on Congress for independence came from Filipino political leaders supported by American sugar producers, who wanted to end duty-free sugar from the islands.

While the bill was pending, two of the Philippine independence leaders came to see me at the White House. They told me that they did not want the bill to pass, that the Philippines were not economically prepared for independence, that if the islands stood alone they would be in jeopardy from either China or Japan.

I was utterly astonished and said so. I asked why they were lobbying to pass the bill and carrying on propaganda to that end in the United States in co-operation with our sugar producers. They replied that independence was their political issue back home and that unless they promoted it their leadership would be lost to more dangerous elements. They hoped I would veto the bill.

I was disgusted and said I would call in the entire press at once and repeat their statements—to which they blandly replied that they would say I had entirely misunderstood their remarks. I told them I hoped they would never put their dishonest feet in the White House again.

My policies in the field of national defense and world disarmament had one simple objective: to ensure the American people freedom from war.

Obviously, with great ocean moats between us and possible enemies, our chief military needs at this time were naval and air forces. With naval and air assurance against foreign armies landing in this hemisphere, we could rest on a small skeleton United States Army capable of quick expansion.

Early in my administration, I put this question to our naval and Army staffs: "Are our defenses strong enough to prevent a successful landing of foreign soldiers on the continental United States and ultimately on the Western Hemisphere?" The reply was emphatically "yes."

To maintain the Navy we completed the construction of 80,000 tons of new war vessels and largely completed 100,000 more tons.

We increased our actual air forces by 40 per cent to about 2,800 planes. We also placed "educational orders," through which we subsidized commercial plane manufacturers so that they would be ready for quick expansion with gauges, blueprints and trained personnel.

We improved the Regular Army as a skeleton force which could furnish staff and technical direction to guide the National Guard if it were called into action; the combined regulars and guard would immediately give us about 650,000 men.

The Army was built up under new military leadership. I had long held that the choice of Chiefs of Staff by seniority led only to dead ends. With Secretary of War Hurley, I therefore searched the Army for younger blood and finally determined on Douglas MacArthur for Chief of Staff. His brilliant abilities and sterling character need no exposition from me.

Britain and Japan were engaged in competitive naval building with us. As the question was one of relative strength, it seemed to me simple common sense to see if we could not come to an agreement to limit further expansion and fix ratios with other nations.

The Hughes naval-limitation treaty of 1922 had applied mainly to capital ships, and had failed to limit other types of ships —which comprised 70 per cent of a navy's tonnage. President Coolidge in 1927 had inspired a conference to extend limitations to cruisers, destroyers, submarines and other craft. That conference had failed because of British refusal to accept parity with the United States and because of the interference of American shipbuilders.

Seeking Basis for Agreement

I now took up the problem, proposing that another naval conference be called, this time in London, to extend the limitation to all warships. Having seen too many international parleys fail from lack of preparation, I insisted that the actual conference not be held until there was agreement on major principles by the major powers.

In June, 1929, I asked General Charles G. Dawes, our ambassador in London, to ascertain whether Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald would agree to carry on preliminary negotiations with me through diplomatic channels instead of our appointing the usual preliminary committees of technicians who would inevitably bog down in gun calibers, tons and dates of construction.

General Dawes found Mr. MacDonald fully receptive. We early agreed to extend —to all craft except submarines—the battleship formula set up by the Hughes treaty of a ratio of five for Britain, five for the United States and three for Japan. Beyond that, however, the negotiations repeatedly came near breakdown because of the British admiralty, which raised the same old difficulties as to how to assess the comparative power of different ships or agree on restricting new construction.

The Prime Minister was not very good at figures. What one of his secretaries called the He-men—the old salt-sea dogs of the admiralty—tangled him all up in technicalities. They were naturally suspicious of what some of the British press dubbed "two welfare workers"—MacDonald and myself. They implied that we were in a conspiracy to injure the British navy.

After five weeks of negotiations through the State Department we were getting nowhere. Finally, in early August, I cabled General Dawes expressing my disappointment at the British proposals, as they did not provide for parity or a decrease in British construction. I outlined the only basis we could accept.

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This cable cleared the air. By early September we had narrowed down our differences greatly. To narrow the gap further, I dictated a long letter to the Prime Minister again covering all points. The formalities required that I change the pronouns and address it to our Secretary of State, who forwarded it to General Dawes for Mr. MacDonald to read. Mr. MacDonald was less formal in an acknowledgement to General Dawes which started off: "What I take as a personal letter from your President to myself . . ."

This correspondence reduced our differences to a point that I was sure Mr. MacDonald and I could settle in a personal discussion. I therefore invited him to Washington. Meanwhile, we had kept the Japanese ambassadors fully informed, and they were in general agreement.

MacDonald as Good-Will Envoy

The visit was an unusual step for Mr. MacDonald to take. He arrived on October 4th and stayed 10 days. The immediate purpose of my inviting him was to settle the remaining questions about naval limitations, but I also had in mind broader questions about relations between Britain and the United States.

I felt that MacDonald's winning personality, the fact that he represented the British Labor party, and his oratorical abilities on a visit would prove beneficial to relations between our two countries. Shortly after his arrival I motored him to my camp on the Rapidan, where, with our staffs, we might be undisturbed.

On the 6th, sitting on a log down the creek, we threshed out the points as yet unsettled in the naval agreement. We felt that Japan would go along, but did not believe we would secure agreement by France or Italy, who were engaged in bitter naval competition with each other. We decided that, if they would not agree, we would make it a tripartite agreement between the United States, Britain and Japan anyway.

During the visit we also discussed British preparations to strengthen their naval and air bases in the Western Hemisphere. I pointed out to MacDonald that this might at any time become a live coal in the American mind, and proposed that we agree on a line from pole to pole down mid-Atlantic and mid-Pacific and that neither nation should expand air or naval bases outside these lines. Our own naval authorities approved, and I asked our Naval Board to draw up the formula. The Prime Minister said he would urge its acceptance on the British admiralty. This he did by cable. He reported to me, with what I felt was genuine regret, that they absolutely rejected it.

The proposal had, however, practical results. The British made no additions to these bases for some years.

Some months earlier, while Mr. Kellogg was still Secretary of State, the United States had formally signed the Kellogg-Briand Pact, under which the signatory nations renounced war as an instrument of national policy and agreed to settle disputes by pacific means.

I had proposed to Mr. Kellogg that we devise some stronger diplomatic teeth for the pact by an Article III.

I had drafted two possible paragraphs: one, that if the pact were violated the other powers should have the right to intervene by setting up an impartial commission to investigate, conciliate, propose a settlement and withdraw diplomatic recognition from the recalcitrant party; or second, a declaration by the nations that they would not recognize any territorial or other gains from aggression and would withdraw diplomatic recognition in such cases. A somewhat similar suggestion to the second had been made by Secretary of State Bryan during the Wilson days.

During Mr. MacDonald's visit, he toyed with the idea of a further article to the Kellogg Pact but concluded that the League of Nations would object to it as building up rival instrumentalities.

Both myself and Secretary of State Stimson, who by now had succeeded Mr. Kellogg, did not feel this was the case, as it was a fresh idea for settling disputes. Also it might free the League of many controversies; it would, moreover, include nations not in the League.

West Indies Proposal

I made one other proposal verbally to MacDonald which has not hitherto been made public. I suggested that the British consider selling us Bermuda, British Honduras and Trinidad. I told him I thought we could give them a credit upon the war debt which would go a long way to settle that issue. I explained that we were not interested in their West Indian possessions generally; I wanted Bermuda and Trinidad for defense purposes, and British Honduras to use in trading with Mexico for the use of the mouth of the Colorado River and also possibly for the cure of certain frictions between Mexico and Guatemala.

Mr. MacDonald did not rise to the idea at all. He even excluded British Honduras although, aside from officials, probably

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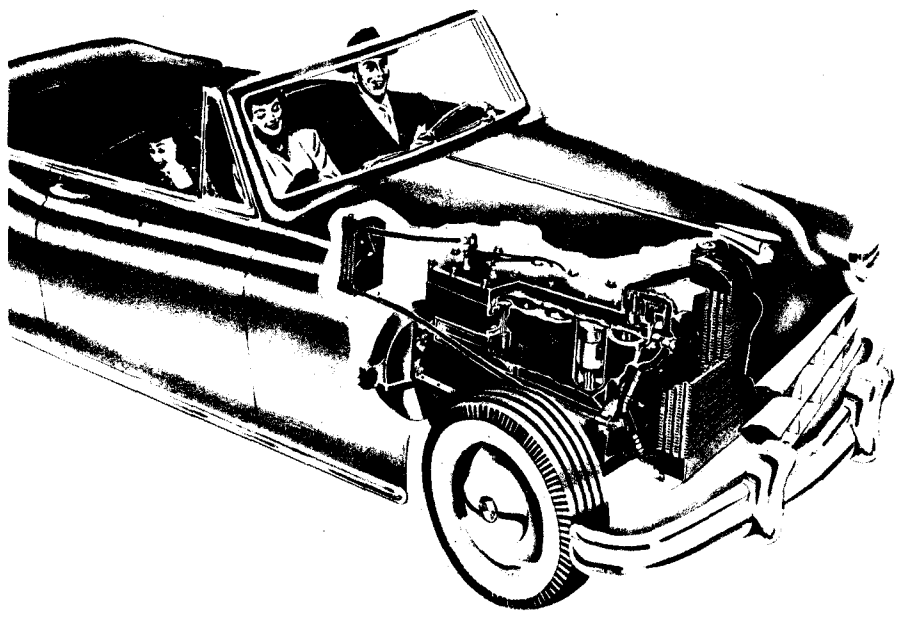

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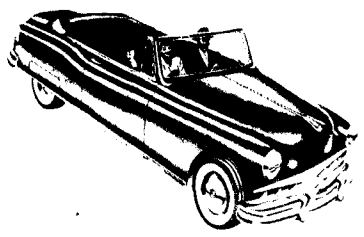

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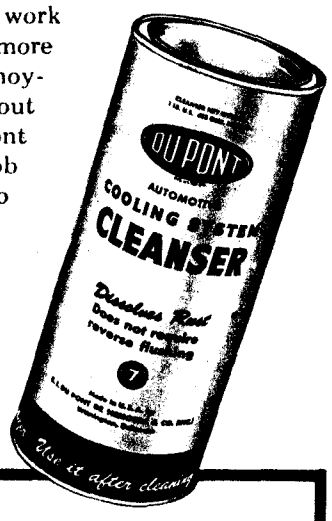

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- ☐ **Rexall Fungi-Rex,** Greaseless, effective ointment for Athlete's Foot, 1½ oz. .....63c **2 for 64¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Eyelo,** a soothing, cleansing eyewash, half-pint with eye-cup .....59c **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Foot Powder,** 4 oz. .....33c **2 for 34¢**
- ☐ **Rexillana Cough Syrup,** 4 oz. .....59c **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **Rex-Rub,** muscle ache relief, 6 oz., 89c **2 for 90¢**
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- ☐ **Gypsy Cream,** skin lotion, 8 oz....59c **2 for 60¢**
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- ☐ **Diuretic Pills,** kidney stimulant, 60's 59c **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **Aspirex Cough Drops,** contain aspirin, 10c **2 for 11¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Cherry Bark Cough Syrup,** 8oz., 79c **2 for 80¢**
- ☐ **Corn Solvent,** painless corn remover, 29c **2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Little Pills,** laxative, 100's, 35c **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Antacid Gas Tablets,** 40's ...35c **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **Toilet Lanolin,** soothes skin, 1 oz...27c **2 for 28¢**
- ☐ **Eudicaine Ointment,** soothing, antiseptic salve for skin irritations, 1 oz....50c **2 for 51¢**
- ☐ **Rex-Salvine,** antiseptic burn salve, 53c **2 for 54¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Orderlies,** flavored laxative, 60c **2 for 61¢**
- ☐ **Peptona,** tonic & appetite stimulant, pt. **2 for $1.26**

TOILETRY TIPS

- ☐ **Helen Cornell Hormone Cream,** 7,500 I. U. Estrogenic Hormones per oz., $1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Helen Cornell Bath Powder** .....$1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Helen Cornell Cologne,** subtle ..$1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Helen Cornell Bath Salts**.....$1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Dainty Cream Deodorant,** 1⅛ oz. ...49c **2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **Dainty Deodorant Cologne,** in handy plastic squeeze-bottle .....98c **2 for 99¢**
- ☐ **"84-80" Oatmeal Soap,** 6-cake box, 75c **2 for 76¢**
- ☐ **Lavender Soap,** box of 3 cakes ....75c **2 for 76¢**
- ☐ **Lorie Cologne,** exotic, 4 oz. ...$1.25 **2 for $1.26**
- ☐ **Mascal's Hand Cream,** 6¼-oz. jar, 59c **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **Mascal's Hand Lotion,** almond, pt., 69c **2 for 70¢**
- ☐ **Lavender Cologne,** 4 oz. .....$1.25 **2 for $1.26**
- ☐ **Lavender Cologne Deodorant** .....85c **2 for 86¢**
- ☐ **Lavender Bath Salts,** 12 oz.....$1.10 **2 for $1.11**
- ☐ **Ilasol Hand Lotion,** softening, 8 oz., 79c **2 for 80¢**
- ☐ **Sequoia Pine Bath Oil** .....$1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Violet Cerate,** beauty cream, 3 oz., 85c **2 for 86¢**
- ☐ **"84-80" Talcum,** pound tin .....59c **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **Helen Cornell Bubble Bath** .....$1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Dainty Deodorant Stick** .....89c **2 for 90¢**
- ☐ **Klenzo Complexion Brush**.....98c **2 for 99¢**

ADRIENNE BEAUTY-AIDS

- ☐ **Bath Powder,** scented, 7½ oz., $1.25 **2 for $1.26**
- ☐ **Cologne,** subtle, dainty, 4 oz., $1.25 **2 for $1.26**
- ☐ **Cold or Cleansing Cream** .....85c **2 for 86¢**
- ☐ **Face Powder,** 5 flattering shades..85c **2 for 86¢**
- ☐ **Bath Salts,** perfumed, 13 oz., $1.10 **2 for $1.11**
- ☐ **Hand Cream,** softens, protects, 4¼ oz. 85c **2 for 86¢**

DENTAL BARGAINS

- ☐ **Rexall Ammoniated Tooth Powder,** 3 oz...**2 for 44¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Denturex Adhesive Powder** ...55c **2 for 56¢**
- ☐ **Dental Floss,** acetate vial, 30 yds., 25c **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Denturex Plate Cleanser,** 4 oz., 50c **2 for 51¢**
- ☐ **Sodium Perborate,** flavored, 4 oz., 55c **2 for 56¢**

STATIONERY SAVINGS

- ☐ **Lord Baltimore Fountain Pen,** even flow, **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Lord Baltimore Royalton,** large flat sheets with matching envelopes....$1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Lord Baltimore Royalton,** folded notes with matching envelopes.....75c **2 for 76¢**
- ☐ **Lord Baltimore Royalton Folded Letters, 2 for $1.26**
- ☐ **Elite Linen Ink Tablets,** plain or ruled ..**2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Matching Envelopes,** pack.....**2 for 21¢**
- ☐ **Lord Baltimore Mechanical Pencil** ...69c **2 for 70¢**
- ☐ **Lead Pencils, Old Colony,** No. 2 lead ..5c **2 for 6¢**
- ☐ **Varsity Filler Paper,** 2- or 3-hole ..10c **2 for 11¢**
- ☐ **Lettertime,** choice 3 colors ...$1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Graylyne Letters,** distinctive .....**2 for $1.01**
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- ☐ **Gentlemen's Club,** gold crest ..$1.00 **2 for $1.01**

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REXALL Mi-3I
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Tangy, amber-color mouthwash, gargle and breath-deodorant. Kills contacted germs in seconds when used full strength.

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Cooling, invigorating...ideal for gym or sick room use...helps reduce body temperature.

GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES
Adult or Infant—12's
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Contain pure glycerin...have firm texture yet are very pliable.

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Large flat sheets of white linen...exquisite texture, smartly boxed.
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No Faster-Acting Aspirin Made
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100 5-grain Tablets
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Taken with water, the five full grains of pure aspirin in every tablet are ready to go to work for you even before they reach your stomach.

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Fragrant and fine-textured, it assures "after-bath" daintiness for hours.

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Popular "Ful-Vue." Certified U. S. Bureau of Standards lenses.

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Rexall Puretest MINERAL OIL
Pt. 2 FOR 86¢ Qt. 2 FOR $1.26
Extra-heavy...non-fattening and non-habit-forming...tasteless.

- ☐ **Rexall Castor Oil,** dependable action, 3oz. **2 for 46¢**
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Plain or Almond
2 FOR 35¢
Rich, creamy goodness in every bite.

- ☐ **Tumbler,** Libbey Safedge, 9½ oz., clear, **2 for 13¢**
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25-tablet bottle
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Effervescent alkalizer and pain-reliever... very quick-acting.

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2 FOR 40¢
Tufted, convex and oval styles...medium and hard bristles. Also popular new fine texture brush.

- ☐ **Rexall Baby Lotion,** antiseptic, 6 oz....**2 for 58¢**
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- ☐ **Rexall Tincture Benzoin Compound,** 1 oz., **2 for 41¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Milk of Magnesia Tablets,** 36's ..**2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Elkay's White Shoe Polish,** 6 oz. .....**2 for 29¢**
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100's **2 FOR $3.20**
One capsule supplies all vitamins for which minimum daily requirements have been established.

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- ☐ **Rexall Beta-Caps,** Vitamin B, 100's, **2 for $2.11**
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- ☐ **Rexall Yeast & Iron Tablets,** 100's .....**2 for 76¢**
- ☐ **Rexall A & D Tablets,** children's, 100's, **2 for $1.21**
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3¼ Oz. Brushless
3½ Oz. Lather
Reg. 59¢ Tube
2 FOR 60¢
Sets up whiskers for quick, close, smooth shaving. Leaves face cool and refreshed.

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KLENZO MOUTHWASH
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Ruby-red, cinnamon-flavor mouthwash and gargle. Leaves a happy after-taste.

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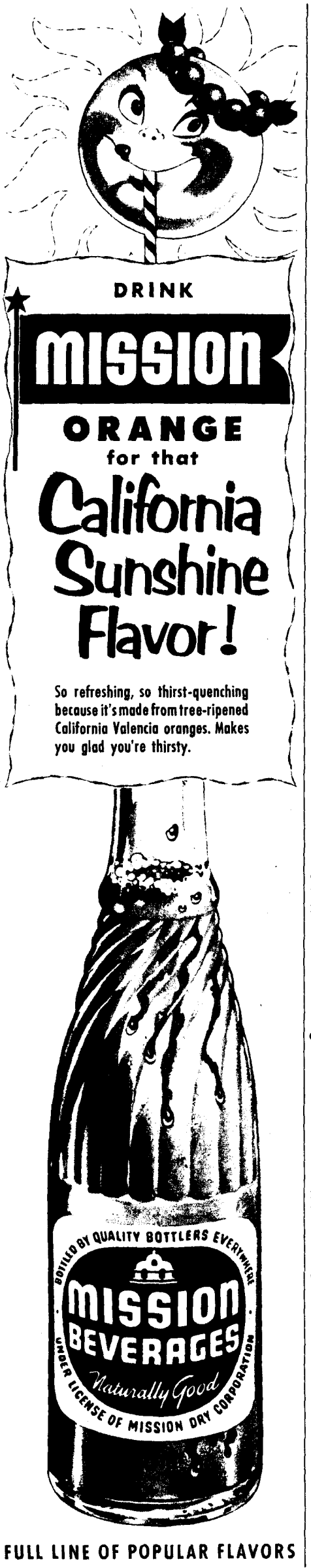
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fewer than 1,000 Englishmen got a living out of it. I had a hunch he did not take payment of the war debts very seriously in any event.

The "freedom of the seas" had for years been a bone of contention between ourselves and the British. Mr. Wilson had tried in vain to solve the problem at Versailles. I offered a partial solution by proposing to Mr. MacDonald that, in similar fashion to that already established for hospital ships, we immunize from attacks in wartime all ships whose sole cargo was food.

The Prime Minister was instinctively sympathetic to the idea and toyed with it for some days. But after he returned to England he sent word that he could get nowhere with it.

I never really expected the British admiralty to approve, as its military vision was fixed on the idea that wars are won by starving people through blockade, and its primary argument for a big navy was the protection of British food supplies.

In an Armistice Day address that November, I publicly aired this proposal.

It was welcomed by the press of practically all nations except the inspired press of Britain and Japan, whose opposition was so violent that it seemed useless to go on with the plan at that time.

(When historians write the true history of the second World War, explore its causes, examine the useless slaughter of millions of women and children, and weigh the minor military advantages of the renewed blockade, they will agree that this proposal would have saved millions of lives. And it would not have changed the outcome of the war one iota.)

The naval conference met in London in January, 1930.

While it was sitting, a New York judge transmitted to me a claim filed in his court by a well-known international "fixer" for some half a million dollars against certain American shipbuilders for his services in having destroyed the naval conference during the Coolidge administration. It disclosed that this "fixer" had received large sums from them on account at that time. I exposed the scandalous matter with appropriate remarks and thus we had none of this sort of sabotage around our conference. But it left some of our shipbuilders explaining themselves to the American people for months.

The London conference had no difficulty carrying through along the lines of our prior arrangements so far as Britain and Japan were concerned.

French Asked Security Pledge

But France demanded some sort of guarantee of her future security by the United States and Britain in return for further limiting her navy. The demand was finally reduced from a military guarantee to a pact of "consultation" as to measures to be taken in case of a threatened attack upon her. I felt that, with such a pact, the consequences in case of a war would be a moral obligation on our part to come to her military aid. I had no belief in such camouflaged obligations.

I instructed our delegation that we did not care whether the French limited their inferior navy or not; our major purpose of parity with Britain and the five-three ratio with Japan would be accomplished even if France and Italy stayed out of the agreement. As France and Italy could not agree on their relative strengths, they only partially accepted the final treaty.

I submitted the treaty to the Senate on May 1, 1930. That body took no action and proposed to adjourn without doing so. In fact several senators, under the leadership of Senator Moses, demanded in a "round robin" that I delay ratification. They were bent on the treaty's destruction. My reply was to announce a special Senate session for July 7th.

The usual wrangle took place, but on July 22d the treaty was ratified and signed. It resulted in many years of relief for us from otherwise enormous tax burdens.

Another major goal of our foreign policy was a reduction of land armament.

The Treaty of Versailles had called for such reduction among the former Allies, and the League of Nations was entrusted with bringing it about. But nothing had been done except desultory talks and committee meetings. Mr. Coolidge's view had been that we should have nothing to do with the League in this matter and that, moreover, the strength of our Army had been reduced in proportion to our population below that of any other army in the world.

I believed, however, that we had an interest in the matter since Europe's growing armies could bode no good for world peace. I therefore decided that we should seriously

"*What* chocolate bunny?"

COLLIER'S TED KEY

participate in League efforts and that I should stir that body into some kind of action. The League had called a conference on the subject to meet at Geneva on February 2, 1932. I determined that the United States should fully participate—despite the anguished cries of our isolationists.

The conference engaged in oratorical futilities for more than four months. Finally, to make it stop dawdling, I instructed Ambassador Hugh Gibson, whom I had named head of our delegation, to broach certain proposals of an entirely new order privately to the conference leaders.

These proposals, the most practicable and far-reaching before or since that time, called for reducing the arms of the world by nearly one third. Land armies—in excess of the level required to preserve internal order—were to be reduced one third; the treaty number and tonnage of battleships one third, of aircraft carriers, cruisers and destroyers one fourth, and of submarines one third. No nation was to retain a submarine tonnage greater than 35,000. All bombing planes were to be abolished and so were certain "aggressive" arms—tanks, large mobile guns and chemical warfare.

While many of the conferees privately expressed approval, nothing resulted. Finally—to mobilize world opinion—I instructed Ambassador Gibson to make public the memorandum I had sent him. I had drafted the original in longhand, and preserve it to this day.

Publication of the statement excited the British and French—who did not want anything done. But the Army Technical Committee of the conference, which represented the general staffs of the world, accepted it as the most constructive proposal yet put forward and, subject to some minor amendments, voted by a very large majority for its adoption.

In other words, the soldiers were for it.

It was supported by some 38 nations, including Germany and Italy, but opposed by the French, British and their satellites. The conference adjourned to meet again late in the year, by which time I had been defeated in the election and was without power to carry on.

It has been said that such a limitation of "aggressive" arms would have had no effect. It is true that nations intent on war might resume the manufacture of these implements. But no such activity could have been kept secret, and the revelation of these acts would at least have notified the world of aggressive intentions.

Same Formula Urged by F.D.R.

(Soon after coming to office Mr. Roosevelt made a direct proposal to all heads of states embodying my formula for abolition of aggressive land arms. The nations apparently ignored this; I was informed that they did not think the League should be thus sidetracked. In any event, all American pressure was discontinued and all American interest allowed to die.)

An international treaty for control of trade in arms was another measure which I pushed as President. It had been signed by Mr. Coolidge in June, 1925, but allowed to sleep in the Senate. I urged its ratification in two special messages—without success. Later, on December 5, 1934, members of a Senate committee, through their counsel, Alger Hiss, charged that I had stimulated international arms traffic while Secretary of Commerce. Hiss, later convicted of perjury, was certainly not wholly promoting truth at this hearing.

The story hinged around an informal conference of sporting arms manufacturers which I had called in 1925 at the request of Secretary of State Kellogg, to hear the manufacturers' views as to methods of discriminating between sporting and military arms.

When the Senate group's lying smear was widely spread in the press, I issued a statement giving the true facts, pointing out that as a result of the 1925 negotiations an international treaty had been secured controlling the arms traffic, and adding: "Its ratification was held up by the Senate and probably is yet. . . . Its failure of adoption in the world was largely because of the failure of the United States."

Of all events in the world arena during my Presidency, none more vividly reflected the nature of our problems in the field of international co-operation than the Japanese aggression in China in 1931 and 1932.

This episode had a bearing on the origins of World War II. It has since been asserted that America refused to co-operate with the European nations to curb the Japanese; that had we done so, the Japanese would soon have been cured of all evil and there would have been no war 10 years later.

The fact is that the failure to co-operate came from Europe, not from the United States.

In 1931, taking advantage of a Western World weakened by depression, and a China torn by Chiang Kai-shek's war with Mao Tse-tung's Communists, the Japanese military seized the opportunity to renew its slumbering imperial policies.

In September of that year—without consulting the liberal Konoye ministry then in power in Japan, and on the slim excuse of a Chinese killing of a Japanese guard on the Japanese South Manchuria Railway—these militarists seized various cities along the railway and then went still further on the pretext of "putting down bandits."

It was an act of rank aggression: a direct violation of the Nine-Power Treaty of 1922, by which Japan had joined in guaranteeing the integrity of China; a gross violation of the John Hay agreement of "the open door in China"; a cynical violation of

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the Covenant of the League of Nations, of which Japan was a member; an impudent violation of the Kellogg Pact to which Japan was a signatory.

I fully realized the great seriousness of the situation and determined that we must do everything possible to uphold the moral foundations of international life. Having lived in the Orient, and with my experiences at the Versailles treaty making, I was not without some knowledge of the problem.

At once I agreed with Secretary of State Stimson that we must protest to the Japanese government, which he did on September 24th. China having appealed to the League of Nations on September 21st, I authorized the secretary to co-operate fully with the League as a central point for coordinating action with the European nations.

I insisted that we encourage the League to take the lead and that we would co-operate with it. We directed our representative in Geneva to meet with the League Council. The council passed a resolution of disapproval of the Japanese. We approved this action and agreed to attend the next council meeting on October 13th.

Early in October, Secretary Stimson laid before me two alternative courses of action, stated in his own words:

"(1) Some form of collective economic sanctions against Japan, or, in default of that,

"(2) The exercise of diplomatic pressure and the power of world public opinion, to try to get as fair play as possible for the weaker power, China, in the eventual negotiated settlement. By a vigorous judgment against Japan backed by the public opinion of the world, to save as much respect as possible for the great peace treaties which had been publicly flouted by Japan's action."

I was fully in favor of the second proposal but greatly disturbed over the first, and told Mr. Stimson so. To him the phrase "economic sanctions" (boycott) was the magic wand by which all peace could be summoned from the vasty deep. On that point we developed a difference.

Ever since Versailles, I had held that "economic sanctions" meant war when applied to any large nation. I held that no nation of spirit would submit to having her whole economy totally demoralized and her people thrown out of employment and into starvation.

The sanctions question fell into two parts: first, should the United States impose them alone? Second, would League members join and thus have all the important nations take part?

Opinions Clash on Sanctions

The secretary was prepared to go it alone. He argued that the sanctions, if applied by the United States alone, would constitute "only pressure," and that Japan would give way under them. I insisted that if we alone were to apply them, it would lead to war, and that therefore we must examine our willingness and preparedness in the frame of war if we adopted this course.

I was willing to go to war for the preservation of America, but I believed we should not go around alone sticking pins in tigers.

Mr. Stimson believed that we could induce the League members to join in general sanctions. I argued that Britain, France and Italy would not go along, for various reasons: that the British and French held imperialistic titles to parts of China, which was exactly what Japan was trying to establish; that the others had few moral grounds for complaint against the Japanese action; that the importance of their trade with Japan and the distress of the world depression would combine to prevent the European nations from ever allowing the League to apply sanctions or any other form of force.

In the circumstances the only weapon was moral pressure.

In order to get all the factors in hand and avoid any official communications and hurt feelings, I asked Treasury Secretary Mills to telephone a friend in London and ask him to find out confidentially the real attitude of the British Cabinet. Would they join the United States in sanctions? If so, and if such action involved military danger, would their fleet join with ours? If this resulted in war, would they go along?

The reply of two personages important in the British Cabinet came quickly: "The answer to the first question will be certainly and emphatically 'No,' and therefore no replies to the other questions are necessary." I did not feel out the French, but later it was confirmed that they held the same view.

However, in order to explore the matter fully, I sent for my military advisers and asked what our situation would be in case we got into a war with Japan alone. They agreed we would be victorious but that the job would take from four to six years.

Forecast of a Five-Year War

They added that we might do the job in two years if the British put their entire fleet under joint command. When I said that the British would not join even in the economic sanctions they replied: "If we want to fight Japan—prepare first and take five years to do it."

Secretary Stimson and I agreed to disagree on sanctions, and I must say that he loyally carried out my policies in his negotiations with the powers. Nevertheless, he constantly returned to his idea, while I kept insisting that one who brandishes a pistol must be prepared to shoot.

A sizable group in the United States actively advocated our joining the League. Parallel with it was a considerable coterie of Americans resident in Geneva and interested in the work of the League. Besides these groups, the Chinese naturally wanted violence against Japan and they added to the clamor.

Under the leadership of Viscount Cecil, British representative on the League Council, several members of that organization decided to advocate economic sanctions to their home governments. At once we began to receive echoes from the Geneva Americans and their collaborators in the United States and from the Chinese.

Cecil and the American groups were undoubtedly aware of Secretary Stimson's favor of economic sanctions. Pressures on us began. There began to appear in the world press statements to the effect that nothing could be done about Japanese aggression unless the United States would agree to imposing economic sanctions. Coincidentally, the internationalist groups and internationalist press in New York began to support sanctions. President Lowell of Harvard started a sanctions "movement" which had many important supporters. They drove at me with all the usual propaganda weapons.

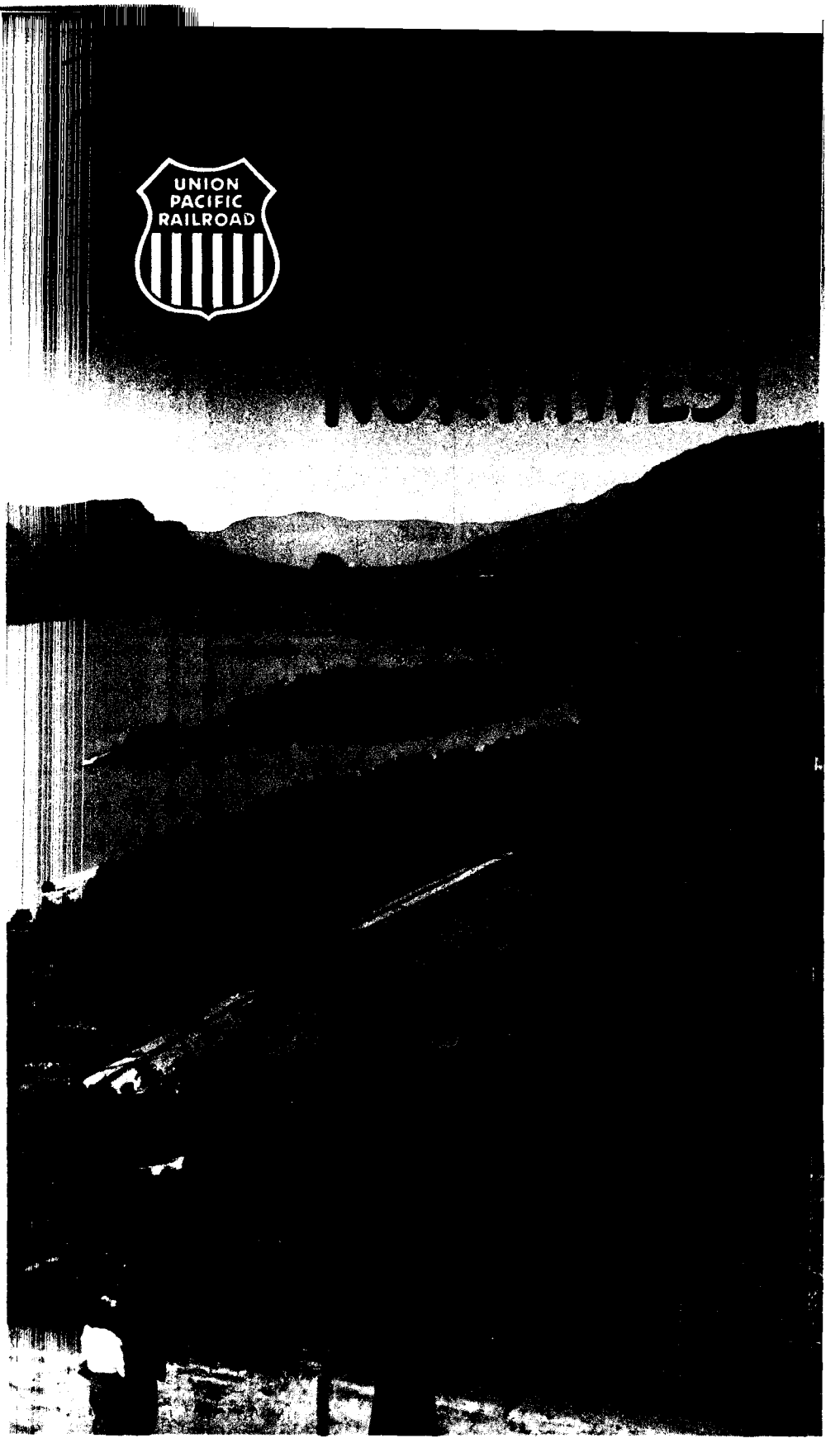
However, all this evaporated when the pro-sanctions Geneva groups began to pressure their own governments. Promptly—with no inspiration from us—these home governments informed their Geneva representatives that they would have no part in sanctions. Viscount Cecil himself later reported in his autobiography that Lord Reading, the British Foreign Minister, ordered him to end his sanctions agitation.

The British, French and Italians were not for war measures—and the British, as will be shown, were to some extent sympathetic with Japan.

Thus, irrespective of any views of my own, the problem resolved itself into moral sanctions by way of protests, negotiation and diplomatic pressures.

To show our desire to co-operate with the League, we sent our consul at Geneva, Prentiss Gilbert, to the October 13th meeting of the League Council.

Even on the question of using moral pressures against Japan, the League backed and filled. This was due to uncertainty in the British and French minds. Moreover, the whole problem was rendered difficult because we all realized that the liberal ministry in Tokyo under Prince Konoye was



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earnestly trying to restrain the militarists. We did not want to embarrass these good men, yet we had to show a strong attitude.

On November 14th, the League Council again met in Paris. New resolutions were drawn up, including appointment of a special commission to investigate the situation on the spot. Again we supported the League, appointing General Frank McCoy to what became known as the Lytton Commission. The British attitude of leaning toward Japan, however, became even more positive at this session.

The council on December 10th formally passed the resolutions prepared at the Paris meeting.

The same day the liberal Japanese ministry fell. Plots for assassinating the liberal leaders were exposed, and indeed the honesty of these men was proved when several of them were later assassinated.

"Moral Teeth" for the Pact

As I have reported earlier, after taking over the Presidency, I had discussed with Secretary of State Kellogg the possibility of proposing that the world put some moral teeth in the Kellogg Pact. We had considered several ideas, including nonrecognition of spoils or territory seized (the idea originally set forth by Secretary of State Bryan in the Wilson era), withdrawal of embassies, public denunciation, refusal of membership to aggressor nations in world conferences, and other forms of moral deterrents. We had drawn up some trial paragraphs along these lines.

Recollecting these ideas, I had early in November, 1931, suggested to Secretary Stimson that we consider proposing to the League that its members refuse to recognize any territory obtained by the Japanese in violation of the Kellogg Pact, and to emphasize the refusal by withdrawing all legations from the offending nation.

In the latter part of December we took up the elaboration of the idea of nonrecognition. Although it is immaterial, I may mention here that an attempt was later made to stamp this as the "Stimson Doctrine" with the implication that I had no part in it.

After our discussions, Secretary Stimson formulated the idea in a dispatch to Japan and submitted it to the British and French on January 4, 1932. We expected that they would send identical nonrecognition declarations.

Our dispatch to Japan was sent on January 7th and published next day. However, the British issued a note mentioning neither nonrecognition nor the basic question of preserving the integrity of China. The French informed us that in view of the British attitude they could not go along with us. Both had in fact deserted us in even this effort at moral pressure.

The Japanese militarists were quick to seize on this divided attitude. On January 28th their armies occupied Shanghai, where their behavior toward the civil population was brutal beyond belief.

At once I ordered a strong contingent of American troops and naval forces to Shanghai to protect American lives. I increased our Pacific fleet, and reinforced our Hawaiian and Philippine bases. There was no bluffing about this. It was indeed a period of added anxiety, for we were by then in the depths of the depression.

The crisis had now switched from the rape of Manchuria to an attack upon Shanghai and central China. It was evident that with the Japanese trading on the divided attitude of the powers, and with their occupation of Shanghai, something had to be done to pull the situation together.

I therefore suggested that a joint appeal be sent directly to the Emperor of Japan, who, we had been reliably informed, was opposed to the militarist groups. This appeal was to be signed by the President of the United States, the King of England, the President of France, the King of Italy and the heads of all other noncombatant states signatory to the Nine-Power pact guaranteeing China's integrity.

The first condition in the note was to stop all military action in its tracks; the second, to set up a conference of the nine powers signatory to the Hughes Treaty, to consider methods for establishing stable government in China. I drafted such an appeal. Mr. Stimson approved the idea and called Prime Minister MacDonald on the telephone and asked what he thought of it. Mr. MacDonald agreed to reply later.

The reply was in the negative.

Secretary Stimson would not give up his idea of economic sanctions. In early February he returned to the idea of our acting alone, reiterating his belief that such a boycott would not mean war. We, of course, could do nothing of the sort without Congressional approval; he thought this could be obtained.

I took no stock in this. It was certain that Congress would never authorize us to go it alone. It was also obvious that the British and French would never go along on force measures. I informed the secretary that if I recommended the use of force it would be a recommendation that Congress declare war—and that was wholly unjustified.

Mr. Stimson then proposed that, in view of the Japanese expansion to Shanghai, we again test European willingness to co-operate more vigorously in other-than-force measures. This I approved. We decided to try again, this time basing action on the Nine-Power Treaty instead of the League or the Kellogg Pact. I thought that in view of Japanese threats to British and French economic "spheres" in central China, these two nations might now go along on the nonrecognition proposals.

Repeatedly Mr. Stimson took the matter up by telephone with the new British Foreign Minister, Sir John Simon. We sent him a draft of a note which we believed should be sent to Japan by the leading signatories of the Nine-Power Treaty. The verdict of the British Cabinet was adverse.

The secretary and I, however, determined to make our views public and therefore Mr. Stimson practically repeated this new nonrecognition note in the form of a letter on February 23, 1932, to Senator Borah, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

"Spheres of Influence" Menaced

On March 3d, the Assembly of the League met. On the 11th, to our surprise, it expressed its adherence to the doctrine of nonrecognition. The British and French voted for it. Their change was no doubt due to increased alarm at the Japanese occupation of Shanghai, which endangered their "spheres of influence."

European acceptance of the nonrecognition declaration, and our own long and earnest negotiations both with Europe and Japan, possibly had some influence in inducing Japan's subsequent withdrawal from central China. It did not, however, restore Manchuria.

The Lytton Commission's Report on Manchuria was finished on August 4th, but held secret until October 2d. It utterly condemned the Japanese action as rank aggression—a violation of the League Covenant—but like most such documents it recommended a compromise. Following the report, Sir John Simon on behalf of Britain addressed the League Assembly. Viscount Cecil in his autobiography described this address as "so conciliatory to Japan that the Japanese thanked him." Cecil added: "It was that speech which made it finally impossible to take any effective action on behalf of the central doctrine of the Covenant."

Four days later the British embargoed arms to both Japan and China. This curious action could embarrass only China, as Japan had plenty of arms and munitions plants while China had very few.

On February 24, 1933, the League endorsed the Lytton Report. Nothing came of it. The Japanese at this time withdrew from the League.

Our ability to do anything further in the matter had ended with my defeat the previous November. Secretary Stimson, under my instructions, consulted the President-elect as to his wishes but Roosevelt ceased any effort to organize the world for restraint on Japan.

The lessons I learned from this whole experience confirmed my views as to what American policies should be during that period.

In later years the world had an exhibit of economic sanctions at work.

In 1935-'36 the League imposed such sanctions on Italy because of its aggression in Ethiopia. But with Mussolini's threat of war, the French and subsequently the British abandoned the measures.

Pressure on Japan Increases

In 1937, the Japanese resumed aggression on China. Mr. Stimson set up an organization to propagandize Americans in favor of economic sanctions. In June, 1940, he joined the Roosevelt Cabinet as Secretary of War. Embargoes on certain goods to Japan were gradually increased until, on July 25, 1941, full economic sanctions were applied, including seizure of Japanese assets in the United States. Similar action was taken by Britain and Holland.

Japan's economic paralysis was complete; she suffered huge unemployment and destitution. A few months later she struck back—at Pearl Harbor. Here was ample proof that "economic sanctions" not only failed to restrain Japan; in the opinion of high officials at that time, they probably had some part in precipitating war.

General commitments among many nations to use force—either economic sanctions or military action—have a tenuous hold against the shifting tides in relations between nations, and against the changing interests of people.

My conclusions at the end of the Japanese incident in 1932 were that, besides effective military defense, America could take either of two roads in international relations: one, to develop moral standards of conduct among nations and to support them with moral forces; the other, to use economic and inevitably military force against aggressors.

Having seen the wreckage of civilization by World War I, I believed that the long-view contribution toward preserving peace would be for America to stand on moral forces alone in support of law between nations.

It was not isolationism. It was a belief that somewhere, somehow, there must be an abiding place for law, and a sanctuary for civilization.

I opposed American entry into World War II. I urged at the time that with Hitler's attack on Stalin, Britain was safe from defeat; that for us to join in a tacit alliance with Russia would spread Communism in the world. I vigorously asserted that if we stayed on the side lines, Satan and Lucifer would so exhaust each other—no matter which won—that, with our resources and strength in reserve, we could bring peace to the world.

After World War II and the creation in its wake of the gigantic, aggressive Communist mass in Asia—I felt that the world must at least try out the use of force to prevent aggression. Therefore, I supported the creation of the United Nations, which embraced the use of military and economic forces against aggressors.

But the practical difficulties of the UN organization in Korea—as well as the discords in Europe—certainly confirm the difficulties which changing national interests put in the path of collective efforts against aggression.

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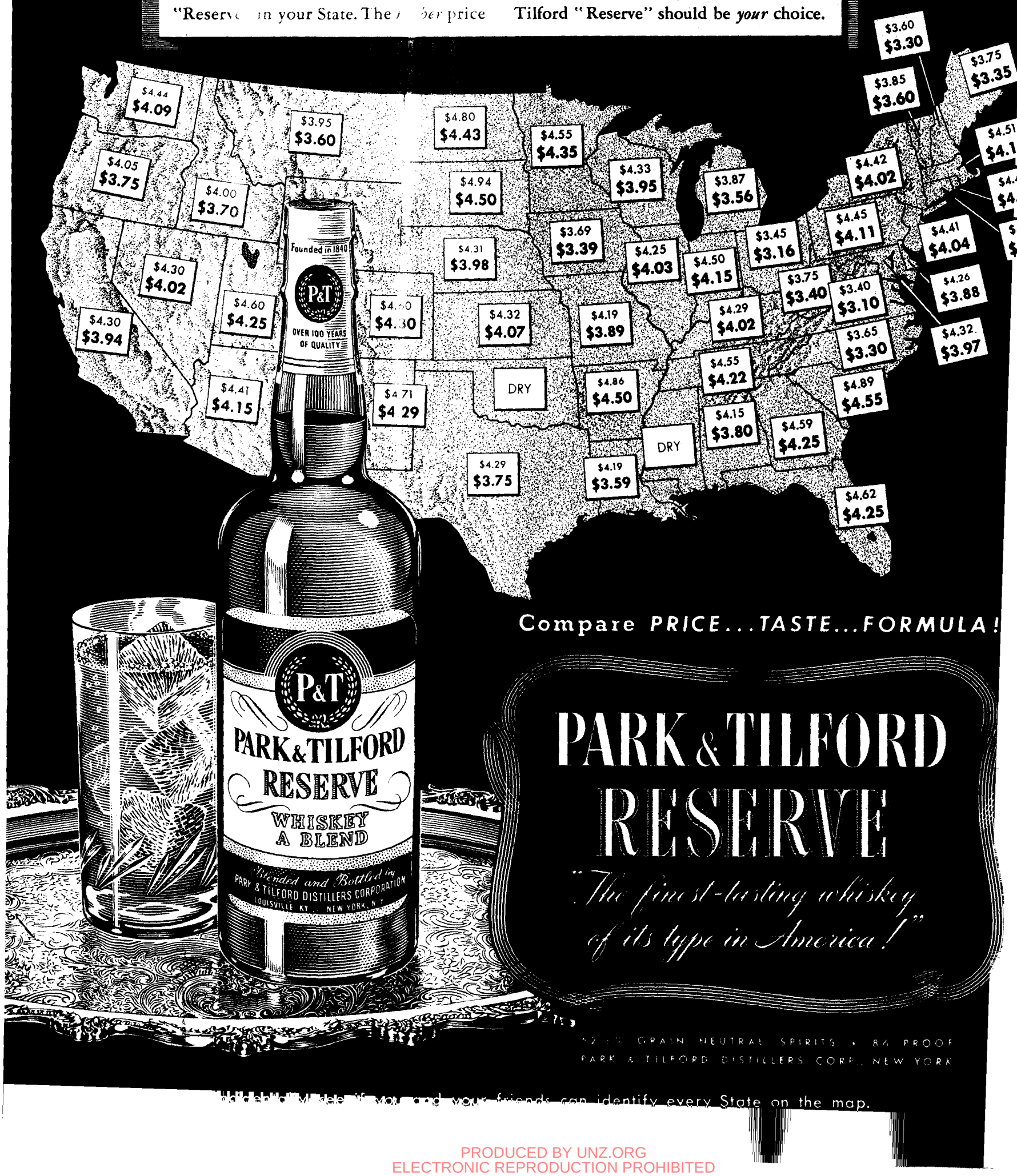

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Death Danced In Baghdad

By CHARLES B. CHILD

Inspector Chafik had an unpleasant duty. He had to protect the life of a lecherous potentate who'd be better off dead

INSPECTOR CHAFIK J. CHAFIK, who, for the past hour, had contemplated a glass of non-alcoholic beverage without moving or speaking, abruptly announced to his equally silent and absorbed companion, "Your thoughts are the dreams of a hashish eater, Abdullah. You would get nowhere, not on a policeman's pay. Exotic women are jewels for princes—" He looked at the woman who sinuated in the cabaret spotlight, and then looked beyond her to the arbor where the extraordinarily tall, gaunt, sallow man sat.

The honored guest sat erect in the chair. He had a wedge-shaped head; the widest part was the back. His shirt front glittered with orders and his long, bejeweled hands flashed as he applauded.

The Inspector sternly reminded himself this was the chief executive of a sister country, who was paying a state visit to Baghdad.

"One would think," Chafik said, "that His Excellency would have vertigo watching the gyrations of this woman's stomach. But his predilection is an international byword—and because of it, Abdullah, you and I are doomed to lose sleep lest his pleasure be disturbed by an assassin's bullet."

He selected a cigarette, offered it to the sergeant, and chose another for himself. The flame of the match accentuated the hollows of his swarthy cheeks. He had a fine nose, rather heavy lips, and a high forehead. His eyes were large, dun-colored like the land of his birth, and weary with the cynicism of a very old race. He was a little man and his well-cut clothes failed to hide his thinness.

The Inspector tried to relax. The cabaret was a pleasant garden, cooled by breezes from the river Tigris. It was secluded. Police patrolled the surrounding area; all guests had been screened before admission; staff and entertainers had been checked and double-checked. All this was routine protection accorded to any visiting dignitary.

But Chafik sat and nibbled his nails.

Sergeant Abdullah, a dour man, said soothingly, "Sir, an assassin has not a camel's chance to pass—"

There had been no witnesses to the murder of Taquibadi. The killer had stepped from the crowd, used the gun, returned to anonymity

"The eye of a needle, Abdullah, is a broad gate when Death is the visitor."

The sheepskin tongues of the drums bayed at the profane heels of the dancer who had His Excellency's attention. Chafik, who had reached the fourth of the seven stages of man, was unmoved and saw the tall young woman merely as an entry on police records. He knew more about Selima than she cared to remember. Her path to fame and notoriety was strewn with men exploited by her ambition and avarice. The capital cities of the Middle East acclaimed her queen of entertainers, and she toured constantly, jealous of her place in the limelight. Chafik guessed His Excellency was the bait that had brought Selima to Baghdad.

"Magnificent but ruthless," he said. "This woman has never known pity and must expect none. Observe the shadow, her Nemesis."

The Inspector pointed with his chin at a small, dark girl who wove the pattern of her dance with that of Selima's. She had a childish face and an informed body and copied every movement and mannerism of the star.

"Name, Gutne," Chafik quoted from the filing system in his brain. "A child of the desert. Age, sixteen. Her story is in her eyes. She hates and envies Selima and one day will dethrone her. But she is a novice; His Excellency will not look at her."

The sergeant made no answer, and the Inspector looked for the source of distraction. A third woman was in the shadows, posed against a lush background of flower beds and gently stirring palms.

"Your taste improves," Chafik told Abdullah. "Ayeb, age eighteen and a half. A true artiste. How pastoral is her dance! She expresses poetry, not passion. I respect her—what she earns she lavishes on a small daughter—but she looks haggard tonight. I wonder why." He added, "Note how she avoids the rooster's eye. She does not seek to win the embraces of our wealthy guest." And then he said hopefully, "Perhaps she will win the accolade of the impresario Farak, who is here from Damascus to seek talent. If the man is wise, he will recognize Ayeb's gift. Does he watch her tonight?"

The Inspector glanced around the cabaret. It was an oasis in a drab world. The sky, with its starry lanterns, was deep purple, stretched taut from horizon to horizon like the roof of a tent. Chafik knew a moment of peace. But the illusion was

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shattered when he saw a man approaching the table, a man dressed in black, who had the feline walk of an executioner.

"How fortunate we are in the open air!" Chafik said.

"Sir?" said Abdullah.

"We are about to suffer an odoriferous presence—Mr. Taquibadi, the informer."

And he looked, as across an abyss, at the man, who smiled and bowed ingratiatingly. "Whom do you sell me tonight, Taquibadi?" he asked sadly.

TAQUIBADI had Greek blood and Smyrnese blood; he had ancestry in Persia and Turkey, and roots in the Lebanon. His birthplace was Alexandria, but he carried the passport of a British subject from Cyprus.

In early days he had been a police agent for the czar, later served the Bolsheviks, then was an informer for Kemal Atatürk. The English had used him in wartime intelligence. He took the pay of the police of many lands and was faithful to none.

Taquibadi did not look directly at Chafik, but rather all around the little man. He sat hugging himself, as if he were cold, and his dry lips worked nervously.

"You love your jest, Inspector," he said, whispering because the furtive years had made whispering natural. "But how well you know you need what I have to sell!"

"Pilate," Chafik said, "soiled his hands with Judas. I am contaminated by the necessity of you. There are pickings in the dregs where you swim, and sometimes I must buy garbage. What have you?"

"They say down in the dregs that an attempt will be made on His Excellency's life."

The Inspector shrugged. "There is always danger. I have taken precautions. I hold several who might have hoped to remove His Excellency. His enemies are many—and I have excellent records."

"But not complete records."

"I am not infallible," Chafik agreed.

"If anything should happen here in Baghdad—"

"The political importance of His Excellency would bury my meager carcass under the rubble of nations." Chafik lighted a cigarette with a calm he did not feel. Suddenly his lean face hardened and he rasped at the informer, "You Father of Vultures! Show me your carrion, or—"

"I have seen a face," Taquibadi said hastily.

"A face?"

"I remember it from Tehran, when they killed Razmara. I saw it again in Jerusalem when King Abdullah was assassinated. I saw it in Cairo, when—"

"If you had not been sired by a hyena, I would suspect you! This face you associate with assassination, you have seen it here? The man is in Baghdad?"

Taquibadi moistened his ever-dry lips. "Did I say a man?" he asked, and his shoulders shook with silent laughter.

"Have a care," Chafik said, "or you may hear the laughter of whips. Tell me whom you suspect."

The informer hesitated, looked furtively around, and then said, "I am not yet sure the face I saw was the same face. I must look at it again. Tomorrow I will be certain. Yes, tomorrow. You will pay me? How much is it worth?"

"Thirty pieces of silver," Chafik answered in disgust. "Take yourself away! My stomach revolts! But come tomorrow, or—"

He followed the man with his eyes and saw him leave the cabaret.

"Call headquarters," the Inspector told Abdullah. "Tell them to follow Taquibadi and note whom he meets, or seems to watch. Possibly he lies. He has brought many worthless tales, but—"

He plucked a flower from a bush, inhaled the perfume, then threw it down.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "what a disgusting profession I follow!"

He was gnawed by his thoughts as by worms. The responsibility for the protection of his country's guest, always a heavy burden, now became acute anxiety; he had hardly slept since His Excellency's arrival, and when he looked at the man in the arbor, he saw him as a blur. More than ever, he was afraid to rest his eyes.

He wondered how such an individual as the Emaciated One could represent such an ancient and honorable nation.

My conscience might rest if he could be removed without repercussion, the Inspector thought. But death would set off a trail of death. Assassination might fire the Middle East, and out of the embers would rise the phoenix of new oppression.

For relief, Chafik looked at the dancing girls and heeded the satyr call of the drums, which now drowned the music of rubebes and oboes.

The dance had reached its climax. Selima imperiously motioned the other entertainers to the background. Ayeb faded into the shadows, but Gutne stood, her eyes flaming with rebellion and hatred, and blocked the path of the star.

Selima's fierce undertone reached Chafik: "If you were a woman I would put my seal on your face," she said to the girl. "But you are a child, and later I will thrash you. Out of the way—suckling—"

She struck Gutne across the mouth and then glided out onto the floor and halted before His Excellency. To the roar of the drums she arched her magnificent body and bent slowly back, ever back, until her loosened hair touched the floor. Her hands were castanets, and her tapering thighs gleamed ivory where the gown opened. Lips parted, eyes veiled by lashes, Selima seemed to recline on a divan of shadows.

His Excellency got up from his chair and went to her.

He misapplies the Koran, Chafik thought with disgust. He watched the wedge-headed man pin a generous handful of dinar bills to the gown of the dancer. The paper money fluttered like leaves in the river breeze.

Gutne, the Bedouin, ran from the floor. Her childish face was heavy with paint and streaked with tears. She threw Selima a look as she passed near Chafik's table, and, interpreting it, he said, "Your murderous intent will be marked on your records."

She recognized the police and spat like a cat. He let her go and raised amused eyes to the lovely and haggard face of Ayeb, who followed. "There is no envy in your heart," he said.

The woman answered, "Only bewilderment. Surely Selima is rich enough—why then let the monster paw her?"

The Inspector covered his ears. "Duty forbids me to listen to what you say about our guests, but my heart applauds."

He saw that Ayeb was troubled. "You have an art," he told her. "A true career. Are you afraid the impresario who seeks talent might pass you for Selima or Gutne?"

Ayeb shook her head. "I do not seek Farak's interest. Perhaps he finds nothing in any of us. I have not seen him tonight. Ah, I was wrong! There he is, near the gate. He arrived late."

They both glanced at the thin, stooped man who was famous in the Middle East for his theatrical ventures. He was fitting a cigarette into a long holder. His face was ascetic for a caterer of flesh, and he wore boredom like a cloak.

CHAFIK turned back to Ayeb. She was saying, with anguish in her voice, "Will he never go, this skinny one who keeps us from our homes? My little daughter is ill—a wasting malady. I should be with her."

"I understand your anxiety. I have a son."

"I would do anything to make my daughter well," the woman said passionately. Her expression was more than anxious. She reminded Chafik of a tigress.

"If you need a good doctor—" he began.

"Good doctors are expensive," the woman said with despair. "Perhaps I will listen to Gutne. She wants to get me a healing spell from a hakim—"

"And who is this Father of Wizards?"

"She keeps him secret so none of us can buy his potions for ourselves. Poor child!" Ayeb added sympathetically. "She put a curse on Selima tonight—drops of distilled nonsense in her coffee. Alas for Gutne! See her now, trying to win the approval of Mr. Farak."

They saw the impresario flick the Bedouin girl away like a troublesome fly, and she came running back across the garden, furious, the bangles on her honey-colored arms jangling.

"Selima will surely beat her," Ayeb said.

"Nevertheless, one day this child will ruin Selima," Chafik announced. "The am-

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ɔition of a termite can destroy a palace." He shrugged and said, "But it won't happen ɣet. Tomorrow—oh, merciful God!—His Excellency leaves us. What will you dance ɜt the gala performance he has commanded?"

"We re-create the Court of Scheherazade."

"Ah! A Thousand and One Nights—so appropriate to Baghdad! Who will be the Queen of Love?"

"Selima. Gutne and I will be her slaves."

The lights in the cabaret blazed, and the band began to play His Excellency's anthem. Inspector Chafik stood to attention, and then, with a smile for Ayeb and a word of comfort about her daughter, he went to the gate to supervise the guest's departure.

He was assailed by noise. The police were struggling with a man who wore the lacy caftan of a Bedouin. His headdress lay in the dust, trampled, and his pomaded ringlets hung bedraggled about his lean and savage face. The young man and the police shouted as they fought.

Chafik made order out of chaos, then stood on tiptoe to match the prisoner's stature. He asked, "Who is this man?"

They told him, "Kassem."

"Kassem," Chafik repeated, and the filing cabinet of his brain turned up an index card. "There is a Kassem," he said, "of the tribe of Al Na'sani, and there is a woman—a child—of that tribe named Gutne—"

The young man shouted, "Gutne, Gutne! Oh, Flower of the Cotton—they promised you would be my bride!"

Chafik said, "So a star is born. Here is the beginning of the ladder of lovers. Like Selima, the little Gutne, too, would sell her soul for fame." He shrugged and told the police to take Kassem away. "Release him in the city," the Inspector said. "His only transgression is that he loves foolishly."

He felt very weary and longed for bed and the soporific warmth of his wife of many years. He leaned against a wall and made an effort to watch His Excellency depart. The sound of the sirens, sweeping the way clear to the White Palace, the government guesthouse, was the nicest music he had heard that night.

But when, thankful that his guardianship was ended for a few hours, he turned to go to his car, he was stopped by Sergeant Abdullah.

The Sergeant said, "Sir, there was a call from headquarters. They found Taquibadi."

"Found him? I told them to follow him. I—"

"Sir—"

"Oh, man of ill omen! Croak your say!"

"Sir," Abdullah said again. "They found Taquibadi. He lies in the Street of the Peaceful Garden, not far from here. There are four bullets in him."

IN THE morning, in his office overlooking Rashid Street, Inspector Chafik held a conversation with an empty chair. He had rarely been so tired and strained and less master of himself.

There had been no witnesses to the murder of Taquibadi. The killer had stepped from the crowds gathered near the cabaret, used the gun, and returned to anonymity. The shots had not been heard; the neighborhood was noisy with the exhausts of police motorcycles on their way to escort His Excellency.

"So," Chafik said, "our precautions were used as cover. This is a thinking killer." He nodded. "Yes," he said. "It would appear Taquibadi was very dangerous to somebody. The face that haunted him was a body."

The Inspector was interrupted by a respectful knocking and realized it had been going on for some time. The door opened and Sergeant Abdullah peered in.

"Sir," he said. "I heard you talking and thought you had a visitor. I did not know you were alone."

"Be seated," Chafik said sharply, irritated, as always, by the discovery of his habit of talking to himself. "I was thinking of the informer. I should have held him and torn the information from him."

The sergeant said soothingly, "If we gave our time to every one of these creatures who hopes to earn a few dinars—"

"They gather like flies to a dunghill," Chafik said impatiently. "Nevertheless, it is now clear Taquibadi had a truth and was killed because he had it. His death puts flesh on an old suspicion."

"Sir?"

"Abdullah, there is direction behind the nationalism which has taken so many in our Moslem world. It was not a madman who really killed the King of Jordan, nor a fanatic who cut down Razmara. And the assassinations in Syria and Egypt—they who were hanged were also tools. This is known to the police of many lands. They have made many tries on His Excellency. This scrawny creature does not decorate life, but the world of today is not beautiful, and the assassination of a tyrant would make it hideous with conflagration." And the Inspector added, "Out of the carcass of the lion came forth honey. Out of the disgusting corpse of Taquibadi comes a warning: there is one here in Baghdad who directs the pale hand of death."

Sergeant Abdullah said, "O Compassionate One, protect us!"

"Protection," Chafik told him, "is the stoutness of our police shield. We have sifted Baghdad with a fine sieve. We have jammed our jails with the residue. Yet there still remains the face Taquibadi saw."

"This man must have the face of a devil," Abdullah said.

"There are female devils. When I asked Taquibadi, 'Is this man here?'—meaning in the cabaret—he answered, 'Did I say a man?' "

THE Inspector blew on his cigarette to make it burn evenly. "Perhaps it was said in jest," he went on. "We have no clue. The informer kept no records, and all he knew drained through the holes in his head. But we must now assume an attack will be made, and the question is: By whom?"

He jumped ahead of the slower-thinking sergeant: "If this is in the pattern of the other assassinations, the unknown will use a human tool. We cannot disregard a planted bomb, although such a method is European, not Arab. But whatever the chosen instrument, it requires someone who can get close to His Excellency."

"Someone doomed," Abdullah said.

"Yes. Even a madman would know that the bullets of the bodyguard would be his punishment. However, let us continue reasoning. Who for a time could be alone with our honored guest, and unwatched by us on that occasion?"

Abdullah said, "Sir, there is only one such possibility." He flushed and added delicately, "I refer to His Excellency's predilection—"

"Oh, most bashful of sergeants! You mean his women!"

The Inspector's animation was brief. "So again we come to Taquibadi's evasion, which suggested a woman. But which woman?" he asked with distress. "There are three who might win the Emaciated One's favor, and none, surely, would sacrifice her white neck to the noose. The foolish child, Gutne, could she be so foolish? And Ayeb, who loves her daughter so fiercely? Selima? It is difficult to read that one's mind beyond the page that chronicles her love of wealth and power. So far as we know, she is politically clean."

He added, after a moment's reflection, "She travels a lot. Of the three women, she is the only one who has performed in all the cities of the Middle East."

Abdullah said: "In reference to these women, I now report on their morning's activities. Selima is closeted with sewing maids—"

"She will make a magnificent Scheherazade in the performance tonight," Chafik said absently.

"The child, Gutne, granted an interview to the man, Kassem."

"And he did not knife her? He, a Bedouin sick with love?"

"Sir," Abdullah said, "the interview was held through the bars of a window. With-

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out doubt, Kassem was sent away. He departed weeping."

"He does not know how fortunate he is! And what of Ayeb?"

"The dancer you admire, sir?"

"My admiration is entirely for her maternal devotion," Chafik said indignantly.

The sergeant apologized for a cough. "The item about her is also maternal. Her daughter's condition has worsened: the child needs the attention of a specialist. Ayeb asked at the cabaret for money, and was refused."

"Poor woman!" Chafik said. "She would give her life for the child."

He propped the lids of his eyes with his fingers. His brain was fogged by questions and his sleepless body exhausted.

"We get nowhere," he announced. "The hypothesis I created has me in its coils. I cannot stop the women dancing—His Excellency's displeasure would override my fears. There is no proof of anything. Except—"

"Sir?" Abdullah said.

"Taquibadi's killer walks in Baghdad. A patient person, whose arrangements are complete. Tonight is the last night His Excellency will be with us. The blow will be struck, then or never."

The Inspector spent the rest of the day sifting the reports of police spies. The *faddhl* of the cafés often gave valuable leads, but this time he found nothing in the idle gossip. Taquibadi had been naturally secretive, and his killer was a phantom.

Chafik went home to change for the evening. His troubled stomach refused the food his wife prepared. He was irritated by the high spirits of his small son and was thankful when the sergeant brought the car to the door.

"Nothing new, Abdullah?" he asked.

"Nothing untoward, sir."

"To me," Chafik said in the shrill voice of nerves, "all things seem troublesome. What do you call untoward?"

"The woman, Selima, beat an impertinent sewing maid unconscious with the heel of a shoe. And that lovesick Bedouin, Kassem, assaulted Mr. Farak in the street. A constable intervened."

"Why did he assault Farak?"

"I did not ascertain, sir."

The anger of the Inspector buffeted his ears. Then, finding control, Chafik patted the big man's arm and said, "Forgive me. I am hard drawn, like a hangman's rope. Where do they keep Kassem?"

ABDULLAH drove him to the Alwiyah police station. The Bedouin was brought in handcuffed. He had torn his clothes and lacerated his face, and his speech was rambling.

Chafik said, "Oh, lovesick and shatterpated young man! Why not return to your desert? A woman is as illusionary as a moonbeam."

He put a lighted cigarette between Kassem's lips and made him sit on a bench against the wall. "Now tell me why you assaulted Farak," he said in a friendly voice.

"The man would have taken her away."

"Illusion! Your Gutne is a child without experience in the theater. Farak would not waste his time on her."

The Bedouin raised his joined fists and shook them in helpless rage. "I saw my love today. She told me—tonight she wins the Emaciated One!"

"You mean our honored guest?"

"May dogs devour his entrails!"

Detached, without heat, the Inspector took the manacled man by the ears and hammered his head against the wall. "Come to your senses," he said. "What did Gutne tell you?"

"She said she would prove to Farak she could win the favor of one like His Excellency. The Damascene promised that, if she did, he would make her a great dancer, greater than Selima."

"Selima would destroy her first," Chafik said.

Kassem slipped sideways and lay weeping. The Inspector went to the washbowl in the corner of the room and washed his hands; under the faucet his fingers were the legs of a spider, spinning. He saw his eyes in the mirror when he combed his sleek hair, and their fire matched the stone of the signet ring on his left hand.

Behind him, Abdullah asked, "Shall I beat this man?"

Chafik turned in surprise; he had forgotten the Bedouin. "His stupidity is no greater than mine. You should beat me. It was all there. Motive, method, the face that Taquibadi saw—all there."

He looked at his watch. "Time to go," he said. "It would be discourteous to keep Death waiting."

THEY had made over the cabaret to resemble the court of the caliph in the days of Baghdad's glory. His Excellency sat enthroned, his feet on a rich carpet, his eyes hidden behind dark glasses. Attendants in period costume moved about their duties.

Inspector Chafik threaded his way among the guests and paused at the table of the Damascene impresario to apologize. "We pride ourselves on the orderliness of our streets," he said.

Farak dismissed the incident and the apology with a shrug. "A foolish young man in love," he said. "Quite unimportant."

"We of the police consider all things important."

Chafik went on to the pavilion which had been set up for the dancers. Heralds stood at the entrance with trumpets raised. Inside, Selima was making adjustments to the net of seed pearls that covered her hair. She was magnificent in a costume of gold, her ankles and arms laden with jeweled bangles. The heels of her bare feet were hennaed.

She gave the Inspector a look reserved for a lesser servant, then recognized him and frowned, as a queen might frown, for she was already living the part of Scheherazade.

"What brings you?" the woman asked.

"A passing interest," he said. "I remember when, here in Baghdad, you gave your favor for small coins thrown by poor men. Now . . ."

He touched his forehead in a mock salaam and did not fail to notice Selima's fury, and her fear.

The procession had formed. Ayeb and Gutne, who wore the diaphanous garments of slave girls, were to precede the star with offerings for the distinguished guest. Ayeb had a tray piled with dainties made from an ancient receipt, and Gutne carried a goblet filled with a cool sherbet of diluted fruit juices sweetened with honey. The refreshments had been prepared under the supervision of the police.

Ayeb was tired, her face pale, and as she passed Chafik he saw her lips move as if in prayer. Poor mother, he thought.

Selima gave a signal, and the brass tongues of the heralds' trumpets shouted through the garden. To the clash of cymbals, the twang of lyres, the sound of flutes, the performers started from the pavilion.

Gutne was already swaying her shapely hips in the first movement when the voice of Inspector Chafik, more challenging than the trumpets, made confusion.

He sprang to the doorway and caught the Bedouin girl by the wrist; he took away the sherbet cup, passed it to Abdullah, then savagely twisted Gutne's arm.

"She-devil!" he shouted. "Drop it!"

He caught her closed left hand. She sank her teeth into his wrist, but he jerked free and bent back her little finger until she screamed with pain. The fist opened. A glass vial fell to the floor.

"I saw you empty it in the cup!" Chafik shouted. "Little fool!"

He struck her with the flat of his hand, and she fell weeping into the arms of Ayeb. Then he turned on Selima, who was crying her rage at the interrupted performance. "Silence, you woman of many lovers!"

Authority gave the little man stature; he dominated them all, his hot and angry eyes going from one to the other.

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Only Ayeb dared stand up to him. "Shame," she said, "that a man should strike a child!"

Calmer now, Chafik answered, "But I saw her pour from the vial into the cup. What was it? Another potion like the one you told me she put in Selima's coffee?"

And, advancing on Gutne, he demanded, "Or was it like the one you promised to buy Ayeb for her sick daughter!"

Gutne whispered, "Only a charm, a harmless charm to win His Excellency! Only that—a hakim's philter."

The Inspector said to one of his men, "Go bring a dog. A thirsty dog." And to the Bedouin girl he said, quite gently, "Child, your mind is filled with superstitions and cabala and further distorted with envy of Selima. Did you truly believe a sorcerer's mumbo jumbo would make you a great dancer?"

"He said it—the hakim promised—I was to sip the cup, then offer it. The spell would blind the Emaciated One to all but me! Then, by the grace of his favor—"

"So!" Chafik said.

A constable came in, dragging a yellow hound. Shafik took the sherbet cup, poured its contents into a dish, and put the dish on the floor. The dog retreated, snarling, but presently thirst made it lap.

A minute passed, then two. Suddenly the pariah raised its ugly head, looked at the Inspector with reproachful eyes, coughed, rolled over, and died.

"In this way," the Inspector said, "you and His Excellency would have died, Gutne, and with you would have gone the only clue."

He shook the girl to stop her screams. "Who is the hakim?"

She cried hysterically, "I never met him! I—I—it is the Damascene who knows him! He bought me the philter! He said if I won the Emaciated One from Selima—"

Chafik stood looking at her. "Only a child," he said softly. "Yet what a deadly weapon in the right hand!"

And then he said, "Later I will have you remanded to the care of a heartsick lover, one named Kassem. He will take you to his tents and beat you and make you into a good bride. But first—"

Chafik reached under his coat to the snug shoulder holster. "I have an appointment with a face," he announced. "The face that Taquibadi saw."

Confusion had spread to the cabaret. The call of the trumpets, so abruptly ended, and the failure of the dancers to appear displeased His Excellency and disturbed the other guests. It was also a warning.

The Inspector saw the stoop-shouldered man leaving by the main gate, and restrained a shout because confusion might become turmoil. So, unalerted, the police let Farak pass.

Chafik followed swiftly. In the street, the man turned and saw him, then ran, menacing the crowd with a gun.

If I fire, Chafik thought, I may claim victims among these sheep. The English, in their own land, are wise. They do not permit armed police.

A bullet sang in his ear. He heard, above the shouting, the sound of Farak's gun. Crouching, turning the target of his body sideways, he zigzagged in pursuit.

The sleeve of his jacket ripped from cuff to elbow. Something hot and hissing creased his left hip. He cried out, and his hand went up; then he saw people running and ducking and disciplined his trigger finger. "No," he said. "I must not shoot!"

There was a thickening of the crowd, a wedged herd of frightened bodies. Farak dodged the impasse and went out into the street. He did not see the car, a police jeep, which was moving fast with a startled man at the wheel.

The headlights glared. Steel met flesh with a soft tearing noise, and above the scream of the brakes echoed the scream of Farak.

Chafik put his gun away, smoothed his clothes, and found a cigarette. He stood over the twitching corpse and thought: How devilishly clever! And who would have suspected this famous impresario? Cairo, Damascus, Tehran—he could go openly anywhere—

The dying man gave a final kick.

"Somewhere," the Inspector said as he turned away, "Taquibadi laughs. I, of all people, have avenged him."

WHEN he returned to the cabaret, he found the lights dimmed, His Excellency gone.

Chafik said to Sergeant Abdullah, "Has the creature, then, departed so early with Selima?"

Abdullah answered, "That temperamental woman exhibited hysterics. I had her removed."

"Then possibly Ayeb transgresses for the worthy cause of a sick daughter?"

"She had a message, sir. The child passed the crisis, and she has gone to her. His Excellency—"

"He has no companion tonight?"

"None, sir. He is very displeased."

"Displeased!" Inspector Chafik hugged himself and laughed. "Sweet word!" he said. "Tomorrow I shall be reprimanded because our country's honored guest slept badly—but, oh, how just and understanding and merciful is God!" THE END

"I think Harry is weakening, Ma. He signs his letter 'Eventually Yours'"

COLLIER'S — SALO ROTH

Collier's for April 19, 1952

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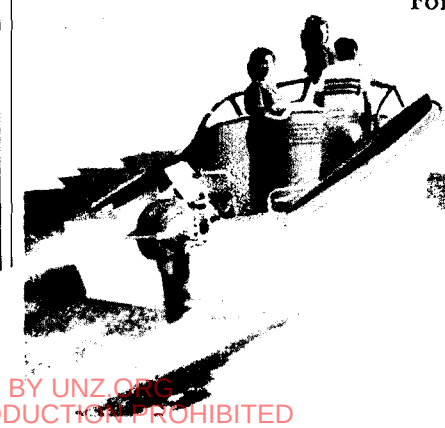

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DiMaggio as I Knew Him

Here are some never-before-revealed high lights in the career of the Yankee Clipper, recalled by a spor

THE face of the man behind the wheel was uncertain and troubled. "I just hope it goes all right," he said uneasily. "I've been thinking about it so much that I've had to watch my diet for the past couple of weeks for fear my ulcer will come back."

The anxiety of the speaker was understandable; a man has a right to feel concerned when he has to make an abrupt change of career at the age of thirty-seven. But the troubled face would have surprised baseball fans who had known this man, Joe DiMaggio, as the coolest, most self-assured fellow in the ball park—the Yankee Clipper, acclaimed as one of the game's greatest batters and fielders. And his mood would have astonished those critics who, during his heyday, had called him temperamental and surly, even selfish and conceited.

For, if he was—as many felt—the best center fielder and all-around ballplayer of his time, DiMaggio was also one of the most misunderstood. He leaves active baseball almost as much an enigma to the fans as he was in 1936, when, a poker-faced kid of twenty-one, he first stepped to the plate in Yankee Stadium, fresh from San Francisco's North Beach.

If Joe stands over the plate in Yankee Stadium this year, it will be with a microphone in his hands, instead of a bat. When he leaves the plate, his destination will be a television booth, instead of the familiar position in the outfield. It will be a strange situation—to DiMaggio, to the fans who have watched him play, and certainly to those denizens of the press box, like myself, who came to know him so well during those 16 years.

Driving along the San Francisco bay front with him a few weeks ago, I thought of those things as he confessed his great nervousness over his new TV programs, which will consist of interviews with sports figures before each of the Yankee home games, and follow-up interviews after the games, for New York's station WPIX—plus a weekly 15-minute interview show over WNBT on Sundays.

Actually, there was no reason for his apprehension, aside from his characteristic insistence on striving for perfection. I have heard DiMag on the radio, and have seen him on television; his personality and voice are pleasant and authoritative, and he seems relaxed and talkative before both mike and camera.

Somewhat the same thought must have occurred to him, for he finally said: "I'm sure I'll get over it after the first few days. I used to be that way on radio, too. I remember sweating all the way through one interview with Red Barber a few years ago, but eventually I got so it didn't bother me."

In another minute, the volatile DiMaggio was talking of doing his weekly television show on film, making it possible to get several shows ahead on the program.

"I like those filmed programs," he added, "because you can go over the strip, edit out mistakes and present a smooth show."

The remark about "editing out mistakes" is revealing, for it is the key to DiMaggio's character, and the real reason behind his retirement last December, when he still could have commanded a salary of $100,000 from the Yankees for another season. Joe has no tolerance for mediocrity.

Collier's for April 19, 1952

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DRAWINGS BY
JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

By TOM MEANY

riter who's close to him

It suited his nature better to quit while he was being praised, rather than pitied. His fine performance during the 1951 World Series got him the praise, but the rest of that year was a tough one for Joe. His batting average dropped sharply, to .263, lowest mark of his career, and his fielding, too, was below par.

DiMaggio's shortcomings were bluntly analyzed in a scouting report on the Yankees which Andy High made for the Dodgers when it looked as if they would be the National League pennant winners. The report was turned over to the Giants—who did win the pennant—for use against the Yanks in the World Series, and was subsequently made public, much to the distress of High, who told me a few years ago that he considered DiMaggio the best ballplayer he had ever seen.

High's report was businesslike, and, in cold print, cruelly accurate: "He can't stop quickly and throw hard . . . You can take the extra base on him . . . He can't run and won't bunt . . . His reflexes are very slow, and he can't pull a good fast ball at all . . ."

I believed, as did others of Joe's friends, that it was this report which made him decide to quit the game, but DiMaggio said that isn't true.

"Scouting reports don't bother me," he said. "You may not know it, but I was told that, in 1950, when George Earnshaw scouted us for the Phillies, he reported that Phil Rizzuto was the only man on our club who looked like a ballplayer. And what happened? We beat 'em four straight, didn't we?

"When I said in Phoenix at the start of spring training a year ago that it might be my last season, I had just about made up my mind to quit," DiMaggio continued. "My right knee had been giving me trouble for a couple of years and both shoulders were bothering me. My swing was hampered, and I couldn't get 'around' on the ball.

"Where I was fooled, though, was that I really thought I could make my last year a good one. I had a bad one, instead. I guess the reflexes just weren't there any more."

His Top Achievement?

During my visit with Joe, I asked him what he considered his outstanding achievement during his 13 playing seasons with the Yankees (remember, he was in service for three years at the peak of his career). Those 13 years, most of them under manager Joe McCarthy, had seen a great many notable performances by the Yanks; among other things, they had played in 10 World Series, winning nine of them and taking three by clean sweeps. During that time, DiMaggio had played in more Series games than anyone else in baseball history.

Yet he reached back 11 years to an event unrelated to the Series: his 56-game hitting streak in 1941. Of the more than 2,000 hits he made as a Yankee, a blow he delivered against Johnny Babich of the Athletics in the 40th game of the string stands out in DiMaggio's mind as the one accomplishment of his baseball career that gave him the greatest satisfaction.

"At about that time, I was getting really hot about the streak," he said. "I'd passed Rogers Hornsby's mark by six games and had only five to go to tie Willie Keeler's record of 44.

"Well, when I came up for the second time that day in Philadelphia, it looked as if Babich was out to stop me by deliberately walking me. Not only was he pitching outside, but he was throwing curves out there.

"Our bench must have felt the same way, because the guys were giving Babich hell. Then, after he'd thrown me three wide ones, I looked over and saw McCarthy giving me the 'hit' signal. That was all I wanted. Babich came in with another bad pitch, about chin-high. I belted it through his legs and made second base on it.

"After I pulled up, I looked at Johnny. He was white as a sheet; that drive had come mighty near bowling him over."

DiMaggio is proud of that hitting streak. He was careful to point out there wasn't one questionable hit in it.

"I did beat out one infield hit to Luke Appling of the White Sox, but I beat it out cleanly and there was no fumbling on the play. And the next time up I got a solid hit to the outfield. In the whole streak, I had just

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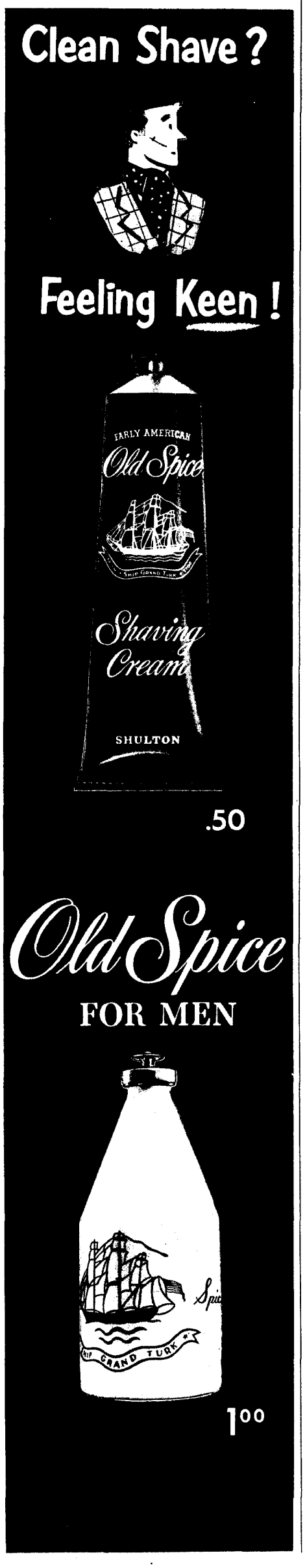


one lucky hit, a blooper that I hit off my ear against Thornton Lee one day in Chicago.

I reminded Joe that if he hadn't been stopped in a night game in Cleveland by pitchers Al Smith and Jim Bagby—aided by a couple of fine stops by Ken Keltner at third base—he might have set an even more incredible record, for he hit safely in the next 16 games.

"You can't figure it that way," he said, candidly. "I could have been stopped anywhere along the line. There was one game in Yankee Stadium against the Red Sox when Stan Spence and my brother Dom ran nine miles to catch drives on me. And the pitcher was Heber Newsome, no soft touch. The third time up I hit one into the seats for a homer, but the two drives which were caught were harder hit.

"What burned me up about Dom's catch," he added, "was that he was coming over to my house that night for a spaghetti dinner!"

During the streak, the Clipper was rooming with Lefty Gomez. On the fateful night of July 17th they set out in a cab together for Cleveland's Municipal Stadium and were recognized by the driver.

"Joe," said the hackie, "I have a hunch you're going to be stopped tonight. I just feel it in my bones."

"I paid no attention," related DiMaggio. "What I recall principally about that night was one of the two stops Keltner made. I can still see him backhanding the ball after I thought it was safely by him. And, on my last time at bat, I hit one to Lou Boudreau which took a bad hop; still, Lou was able to get me out. I guess that proves that when you're meant to be stopped, even bad hops don't help."

Back in his hotel room that night after the game, munching sandwiches and gulping milk with roommate Gomez, Joe's first feeling was one of relief, rather than frustration.

"The pressure had been terrific," he said, "and now it was off. I think that's why I was able to hit in 16 straight games after that.

"But that night, Lefty and I didn't talk at first about the string being broken, or even about the game. Then suddenly Lefty got up and shouted, 'That dirty so-and-so!' I didn't know whether he meant Keltner or one of the Cleveland pitchers. But he kept on raving and then I realized that Lefty was talking about the *cabdriver*, of all people!

" 'The bum jinxed you, Joe,' he said, angrily. 'He put the whammy on you with all that talk about hunches.' It finally got so funny that I started to laugh—the first good laugh I had had in weeks."

"Loner" Repute Undeserved

Gomez was only one of the many close friends that DiMaggio had among the Yankees, although Joe had the undeserved reputation of being a "loner." Frankie Crosetti, DiMag's first roommate, was among his pals, as were Joe Page, the southpaw relief ace, and, most recently, Billy Martin, the rookie infielder. And DiMaggio's friendships with rookies were just that—not the sort of hero-and-awestruck-admirer relationship which Babe Ruth had with some of the young players who joined the Yanks during Ruth's later years as a player.

DiMaggio rarely burned over anything written about him, but during my recent visit with him on the Coast, I found he had been deeply angered by an item last summer which accused him, in effect, of high-hatting his fellow Yankees.

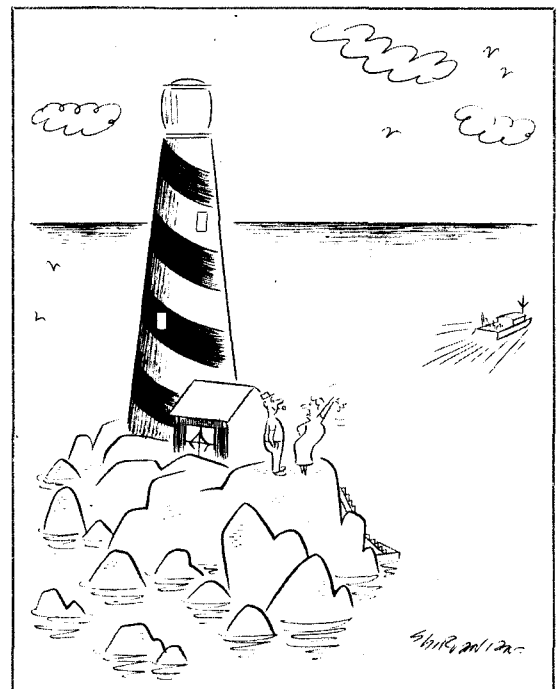
"That yarn started when we came back from New York after a night game in Philly," said DiMag. "This writer saw me sitting alone in the dining car at a table for four and decided, without asking, that I was shunning the other players on the club.

"Actually, what had happened was that I had promised three friends of mine from Newark that I'd eat with them on the way back to New York. I told them to wait until they were sure all the Yankees had eaten, so none of the players would have to wait for a seat, and then to join me in the diner. Well, they never showed up; I found out later that they had been told it was a special dining car, not open to the public."

There was also a story, last July, which proclaimed that a feud existed between Joe and manager Casey Stengel because Casey had benched DiMaggio during a game in Boston.

"I was on my way to the All-Star game in Detroit when I read that," said Joe, "and I got out to the ball park early and caught Casey alone in the clubhouse at Briggs Stadium. He wasn't as upset about the story as I was.

" 'There was talk last year, too, that you were mad at me,' he said. 'Anybody ever asks me, all I say is, look at his record. Forget about it.' "



". . . and another thing—do you have to tell everyone that stupid pun about our marriage being on the rocks?"

COLLIER'S SHIRVANIAN

The fact is, DiMaggio can look back on his years with the Yankees with the proud assertion that he never had a fight on the ball field or an argument in the clubhouse—although there was a time, in the fifth game of the 1941 World Series at Ebbets Field, when players had to come between him and Whit Wyatt, the Brooklyn pitcher.

"But you couldn't call that a fight," grinned Joe, "because Whit and I never got within 20 feet of each other. It happened the day after Tommy Henrich's third strike got away from Mickey Owen, which let us win a game that would have been over if Mickey had held the ball. The Dodgers were pretty hot about it and there was a lot of jockeying from both benches.

"Henrich had just hit a home run when I came up in the fifth inning and Wyatt was shaving me pretty close with his pitches. It isn't unusual for a pitcher to treat a fellow that way after the preceding batter has tagged him for a long one.

"I flied out to Pete Reiser in center and was about at second base when the ball was caught. As I trotted to our dugout, I made some silly remark to Whit to the effect that the Series wasn't over yet. He must have misunderstood; anyhow, he charged me. Players from both clubs and umpires got between us before we even got close to each other.

"That was the nearest I ever came to having a fight on the field. As a matter of fact, when the game (and the Series) was over, Wyatt came over to our dressing room and shook hands with me, Johnny Murphy, Joe Gordon, Gomez and a couple of other slow dressers. He congratulated us on winning, wished us a pleasant winter and left."

Tommy Henrich confirms that Joe never had a clubhouse argument. "He had too much class for that sort of thing," Henrich told me. But DiMag did have a few sharp disagreements with the front office, and two of them—a salary squabble with former general manager Ed Barrow, and a fine (the only one of DiMaggio's career) plastered on him by former club president Larry MacPhail—still rankle.

Burned Up over Pay Dispute

Although DiMaggio held out in 1938 until well after the season opened, his fight with owner Jacob Ruppert that year was by no means as acrimonious as the one with Barrow in 1942. After his great year in 1941, which included his hitting streak of 56 straight, Joe was dumfounded when Barrow told him he'd have to take a cut of $2,500 for 1942. "There's a war on," said Ed curtly.

"Actually, Barrow never offered me a contract calling for a cut," Joe says now. "The day after our conversation, Mark Roth, then the road secretary, met me as I was leaving my apartment and handed me a contract calling for my 1941 salary, $37,500.

"Eventually, I signed for $43,750, but while I was battling for it the Yankee front office put out a lot of propaganda about guys being in the Army at twenty-one dollars a month, the insinuation being that I was lucky to be playing ball. I don't think anything ever burned me up as much as that did."

In 1947, DiMaggio and some other Yanks were fined by MacPhail for refusing to pose for photographers ordered to take their picture by the club. The cameramen arrived late, and Joe refused to stop batting practice to pose; he had missed all of spring training because of an operation on his heel, and felt he needed the practice.

The other men received fines ranging from $25 to $75, but the Clipper was clipped for $100. The evening the fines were announced, the Yankee clubhouse seethed. There was even talk of a protest strike. DiMaggio never squawked. He went out that night against Hal Newhouser of the Tigers and cleared the bases with a double his first time at bat.

But he didn't forget the incident.

A few nights later, a home-run contest was held as a promotional stunt before a game with the Red Sox at the Stadium. Ted Williams won a $100 prize for topping the left-handed batters, but no right-hander hit one into the seats. During the game, however, Joe hit a home run with two on; later, Yankee secretary Red Patterson handed him a check for $100, since he was the first right-handed batter to hit a homer that night. DiMaggio curtly turned it down.

"Give it to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund," he said.

If DiMaggio sometimes didn't get the respect from his own bosses that he felt he deserved, he certainly got it from other clubs. Oscar Vitt, former Cleveland manager, was talking about Joe a few weeks ago at a meeting of San Francisco's Yankee Alumni Club—an organization founded by Joe Devine, the late Yankee scout, for Bay Area residents who had served at some time with the Yankee organization (Vitt qualified because he once managed the Yanks' Newark farm team).

"Everybody talks about DiMaggio's hitting," Vitt said, "but Joe won more games with his glove and arm than with his bat.

"When I was managing the Indians we were playing the Yankees one day in that big Cleveland Municipal Stadium. We had

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the bases loaded with two out and Hal Trosky, our first baseman, cow-tailed one out of sight. I waved our runners around. DiMaggio,' I challenged, 'get *that* one!'

"He did! He went back to the wall, over 400 feet away, and speared it one-handed. So okay, I figured; DiMag can play deep.

"Next time up, Trosky took his usual toe hold and DiMaggio was in deep center. But Hal hit the ball on his fists for a blooper behind short. 'Okay, DiMaggio,' I muttered, 'get *that* one!' He did—raced in and took it off his shoetops.

"So I was through challenging DiMaggio; I never did it again."

DiMaggio himself rates a catch he made off Hank Greenberg of the Tigers in Yankee Stadium on August 2, 1939, as the greatest of his career. I covered that game and can testify that it was a truly remarkable play.

Greenberg hit the ball with such force that it seemed destined to carry into the center-field bleachers. Joe started running as the ball was hit; he couldn't have been more than two feet from the 461-foot marker, running at top speed, when he stuck up his glove, without ever once looking back, and grabbed the ball just when it seemed about to strike the fence. Earl Averill, who was on first, was almost at third when the ball was caught.

DiMaggio, always a perfectionist, says the only thing that marred that play was his failure to double up Averill. "I pulled a rock. I thought there were three out, and I was running in with the ball before I saw Averill scrambling to get back to first."

Just as DiMag readily admits a mistake, so does he take quiet pride in his diamond accomplishments. His appraisals are honest and unhampered by false modesty. He told me, for example, that in 1937 he would have broken Babe Ruth's home-run record of 60 in a season, had he been playing in some park other than the Stadium, which was built to suit left-handed hitters.

"I could have hit 70 in a field which favored right-handers," he said. "In addition to the 46 homers I got in '37, I hit 15 triples that could have been homers. It seemed that every long ball I got hold of that season was a 400-footer, even the outs."

One of the skills Joe was proudest of was his superb base running, which went practically unnoticed until his postwar years with the Yankees.

Why Stealing Was Neglected

"In 1935, my last year with the San Francisco Seals, I stole 24 bases in 25 attempts," DiMag told me, "but when I came to the Yankees in '36, I found Joe McCarthy didn't want me to run. I was batting third, followed by Gehrig and Dickey, and McCarthy figured there was no sense risking a steal with power like that coming up."

The grace which marked DiMaggio as a ballplayer was nowhere more pronounced than in his sliding, which was so slickly performed that it completely fooled at least one umpire, resulting in one of Joe's rare complaints to an ump.

"He was calling the plays too quickly on me. I had developed a pretty tricky slide—aiming my left foot for the base, then jerking it away as the fielder reached for me, and touching the sack with my hand instead. After this umpire had called me out when I was really safe, I asked him to hold off his decision in the future until he was really sure I was tagged. He must have passed the word around, because I was never called out wrongly on a slide after that."

When DiMag went for a base, he slid hard, hitting the ground with such force that he was never able to find a pair of sliding pads which gave adequate protection to his thighs. In midseason in 1948, the Yankees announced that the Clipper would be rested as much as possible for the remainder of the year because of his sliding injuries. The reporters were invited to the clubhouse to examine DiMag's "strawberries," huge lacerations on either hip where the skin had been rubbed away, leaving raw, ugly wounds.

After the interview, when the others had left, I sat beside Joe's locker to have a smoke with him, commenting that he would look better in a butcher shop than in center field.

"That's not the half of it," he replied moodily. "The club is giving out the information about the strawberries as a reason for resting me, but I'll tell you the truth if you keep it under your hat.

"I'm getting a bone spur on my right heel, like the one on my other foot that had to be operated on last year. But keep it to yourself unless the front office announces it. We're still in the pennant race and we don't want to tip off the other clubs. I can fake it for the rest of the season."

A Long Ordeal of Torment

DiMaggio kept the Yanks in the pennant fight until the next-to-last day of the year, and in the final game he made four straight hits against the Red Sox before he was taken out. As he hobbled to the side lines, he received what must have been one of the greatest ovations Fenway Park ever has given a visiting ballplayer. For nearly two months, Joe had been playing while suffering the torments of the damned and never once did he reveal why.

Joe underwent his second heel surgery in November, 1948. That gave him more than three months in which to recover, and by the time he reported for spring training the following year, it was widely assumed that he was in the pink again. However, I could see that something was wrong that spring, and I asked him about it.

"It's my heel," he growled. "That thing is growing back again; it hurts me every time I put my foot down. Maybe I'm through."

After the season started, Joe's mood grew blacker and blacker as the heel resisted treatment. In New York, DiMaggio was practically a hermit, holing up in his suite at the Hotel Elysée and seeing only two close friends, restaurateur Toots Shor and ticket broker George Solotaire, plus an occasional sports writer seeking a clinical report on the condition of his foot.

Joe missed almost half of that season. When he came back, it was in Boston, and he unleashed a flurry of home runs against the Red Sox that sparked the Yanks to a drive which won them the pennant on the last day of the season.

Much of the moodiness for which DiMaggio has been criticized has resulted from situations like this one—situations that he either couldn't or wouldn't talk about. In time of trouble, when his heels or his ulcers have been bothering him, he has always tended to keep his problems to himself. In addition, he's naturally shy and prone to a genuine embarrassment, especially when praised by strangers ("How'd *you* like it if somebody kept coming up to you every five minutes to tell you he thought you were great?" he once asked me.)

Even in his native San Francisco, where he is among people he has known for years and is far more relaxed than in other cities, Joe still retains some of this shyness. We had lunch at his brother Tom's restaurant and Joe suggested entering the dining room via the kitchen and slipping into an end booth. "In that way, I can stay out of trouble," he said.

Perhaps the greatest single contributing factor to Joe's fits of depression and reticence was his entangled marital status.

DiMag met the attractive Dorothy Arnold in New York after the 1937 season, when both were working on the same motion picture, Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. They were married in the Church of Saints Peter and Paul in San Francisco, November 19, 1939, six days before Joe's twenty-fifth birthday. Their son, Joseph, Jr., was born on October 23, 1941.

Throughout the 1942 season there were frequent reports that the DiMaggios were separating. Finally, after Joe went into the Army, Dorothy did go to Reno. But when the Clipper was discharged after the 1945

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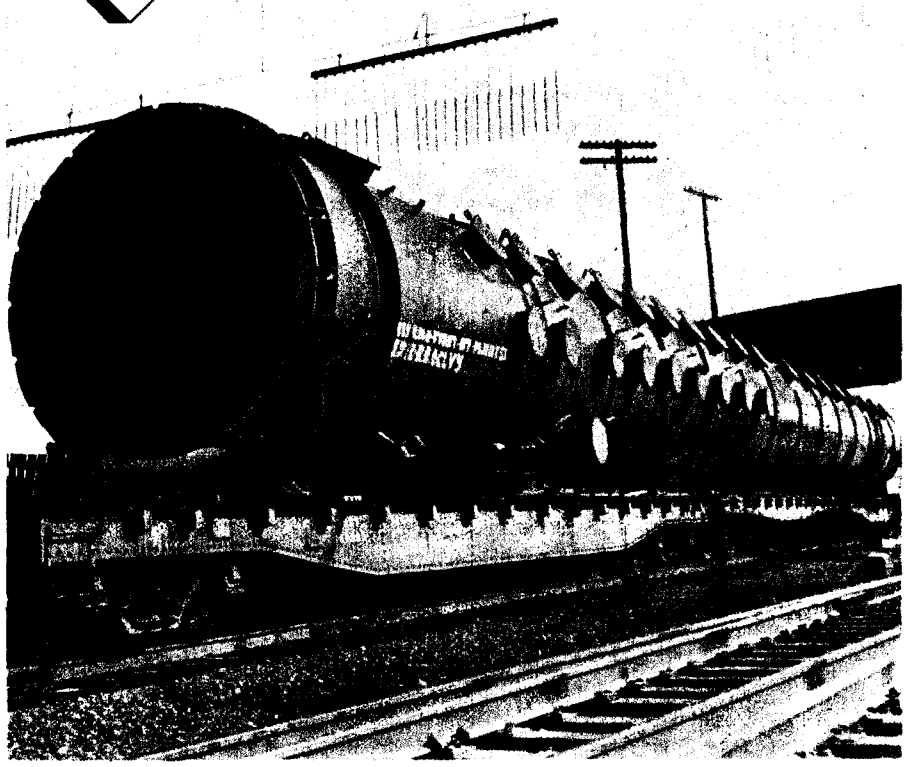

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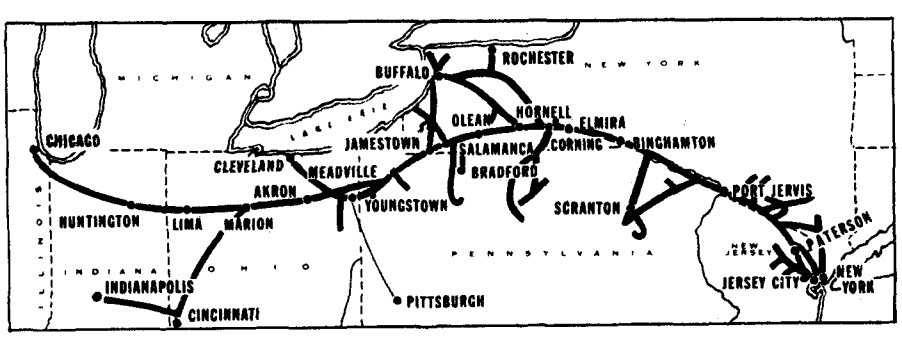

season, he and his former wife were seen together so frequently that it was expected by many that there would be a remarriage.

I was among those who thought so—and I have reason to believe Joe thought so, too. In late 1945, I helped him write his autobiography, and in January, 1946, we started the final revisions. We worked in Dorothy's apartment, with all three of us contributing to the final script. It was a homey, promising scene—but that summer all hopes of a reconciliation were dashed when Dorothy married George Schubert, a broker.

That was a crusher for Joe. I remember visiting him in the winter of 1947; we were working on another book which was to bear his name, and I had occasion to see him often. Joe was staying in the Hotel Edison, in New York, in a room heaped high with Christmas toys he had collected for his son. He saw few friends and rarely left the hotel, living only for the alternate week-end visits of little Joe.

Frequent Rumors of Reunion

Since that time, Dorothy has divorced Schubert, and during the past year there have been frequent reports that she and DiMaggio are to be remarried—even that they are already married again, which Joe denies. It is significant, however, that DiMag spends more and more of his time these days in Los Angeles, where Dorothy lives and where their son goes to school. When I was gathering material for this article, Joe flew up to San Francisco from Los Angeles to meet me, and hurried back to Los Angeles the day after I returned East.

Joe's tendency to be easily depressed contrasts greatly with the attitude of his brother Vince, who preceded him to the Coast League, and later played with several National League clubs. "If Joe could talk like me and I could hit like Joe," the ebullient Vince said once, "we'd both be worth a million bucks."

The fact is, Joe has been worth roughly a million bucks even without his brother's more cheerful demeanor. During his diamond career, the Clipper drew down baseball salaries and World Series shares amounting to close to $750,000, and he earned another $250,000 by endorsing products and engaging in other subsidiary activities.

He started with the Yanks in 1936 at $7,500 a year. By 1942, his last season before becoming a soldier, he was making $43,750, and after his discharge in 1945, eager to return to baseball, he signed for the same salary. That was a bad year for DiMag; Dorothy had dashed his hopes of a reconciliation, and, as one of his closest friends on the Yankees said, the Clipper was "carrying a torch, instead of a bat." His batting average slumped to .290—the first time in his life he had failed to hit at least .300.

Humiliated by the decline of his average, Joe signed another contract at the same pay for the 1947 season—with a promise of a $10,000 bonus from Larry MacPhail if he had a good year. He had a good year all right—.315 and 20 homers—but MacPhail wasn't there to be held to the agreement. He left the Yankees 48 hours after the World Series had been won, and Joe's extra 10 G's went glimmering.

DiMaggio was thirty-three by now, and was doing some serious thinking about his baseball future. In January, 1948, as we were seated at the drug counter in the Hotel Edison, Joe confided to me that he was preparing to make a startling salary demand on the Yankees.

"How much are you going to try for?" I asked, making a mental estimate that it would be good business to ask for $65,000 and be prepared to settle for $60,000.

"Seventy-five," he replied. "And I'm going to get it, too. I don't know how many years I have left, and I missed three years in service. Besides, a salary like that would be insurance against being traded to some second-division club."

DiMaggio got the $75,000.

Then, one January midnight, a year later, he and I were walking past Radio City during a soft snowfall when Joe casually told me he was going to ask for $100,000 for 1949. (I have reason to remember this conversation well, for the next day the paper for which I was writing, the New York Star, slipped quietly into oblivion. So there I was, talking six-figure salaries with DiMaggio one night—and unemployed the next.)

DiMaggio, of course, got the $100,000—not only in 1949, but in 1950 and 1951 as well. This year, his television activities will bring him slightly more than that.

We discussed these things during my San Francisco visit, along with all the other high spots of the past 16 years.

One of the things I learned was that DiMag still holds two opinions which he had first expressed before the war: that Mel Harder of Cleveland was the toughest pitcher he ever faced, and that Detroit's Charley Gehringer was the most valuable player he ever saw on another club.

"Toward the end, a lot of pitchers gave me trouble," he said, then grinned and added, "practically *everybody*, last year. But Harder was the roughest when I was at my peak.

"And Gehringer, who had been playing with Detroit for more than 10 years when I broke in, was a great ballplayer. He had a wonderful eye at the plate, and at second base he seemed to be in front of every ball. If Charley was that good when he was past thirty, I'd hate to have played against him when he was younger."

In his native city, Joe proved a far more relaxed person than the DiMaggio I had known around the major-league baseball circuit. He took great pride in driving me about town, pointing out his early home in North Beach; his grammar school; the church in which he had been married and from which his parents were buried; the home in the Marina section which he purchased for his family with his first Yankee earnings, the cocktail lounge owned by his brother, Dom, and Tom's restaurant.

When He Played Horse-Lot Ball

DiMaggio also showed me the old "horse lot" (so called because a milk company parked its wagons there), where he had played his first baseball. "We used rocks for bases," he recalled, "and it was quite a scramble among about 20 of us kids to scrape up a nickel to buy a roll of bicycle tape to patch up the ball each day."

An occasional golfer ("He shoots in the low hundreds," grinned brother Tom), Joe gets a bang out of hacking away over the Presidio or other local courses with Reno Barsocchini, co-owner of Dom's place, and other old friends.

The easygoing DiMaggio of San Francisco was quite a contrast to the DiMaggio I had last seen in New York the day after he retired from the Yankees.

I visited him then in his suite in the Hotel Madison and found a scene of great confusion. A breakfast table, covered with gleaming napery and shining silverware, as well as the remains of a healthy breakfast, was parked in the center of the living room. All around were bags and valises, packed and unpacked. At the phone, Joe's pal, George Solotaire, was trying, practically simultaneously, to sell some radio stock for the Clipper and arrange for his midnight plane reservations for California.

In the bedroom, DiMaggio was standing in front of a full-length mirror, carefully adjusting his suspenders so that his trouser cuffs hung evenly. Adolphe Menjou couldn't have been more meticulous.

I listened to Solotaire's frantic phoning and looked at Joe, the fashion plate, and thought back to the poker-faced kid I had first seen in 1936.

"Joe," I said, "you've come a long way from North Beach and Fisherman's Wharf."

Joe grinned. "Yep," he said. "I guess I have at that."

He has, too. Take it from a guy who knew him when. THE END

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The Girl Who Hated Brooklyn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"Good morning." Behind the shiny desk, the young man grinned at her, stood up, and drew up a chair.

Jan had expected someone older, not a nice young man with a puckish smile. Why, he looked a little like Sylvester. In other words, she reminded herself quickly, he had a nice, sixty-dollars-a-week face. Brooklyn was full of them.

"You aren't—?" she said politely, glancing at the gold letters on the door.

"Unh-unh. Wilkes and Jones speak only to Dashiell; Dashiell to Weathersby; and Weathersby is available—after eleven—to Ford and Baruch. I," the young man said pleasantly, "am only Clem Donovan. What can I do for you?"

Suddenly glad that he hadn't turned out to be one of the gold-lettered names, Jan drew a deep breath. She said, "I'm in trouble." Then she told him the story.

THE story began with one morning four weeks earlier on the morning Gabrielle had come out of the office where, between designs, she spent her time drooling over her fast-growing profits.

Gabrielle wasted nothing, including words. "Jan," she'd said sharply, "you do well. The customers all like you." When it was just Jan, or one of the other saleswomen, Gabrielle always skipped the French accent. "I've decided to leave you in charge while I go abroad for the showings."

Always, victory after long struggle comes hard; and eight years is a long time. Jan had felt her head whirling.

In the world of merchandising, Gabrielle's, which you'd never see advertised anywhere, was close to the top. Starting with no assets but her own ingenuity, Gabrielle had slowly built up her small and select clientele.

"I'll do my best!" Jan had cried. "You know what it means to me." Vaguely she'd known she was being extravagantly emotional for the rarefied air of the salon. She couldn't help it.

Gabrielle had almost smiled. "For all the sophistication, you're a funny, eager child." Then she'd said curtly, "Now. When are you going to stop this fantastic commuting from Brooklyn? Surely you can afford an apartment?"

"Brooklyn isn't so bad," Jan had said firmly. It was funny the way she hated the place; but those radio jokes always made her furious. To Jan, Brooklyn was like a relative whose shortcomings you discuss freely in the family but defend hotly to outsiders. "I'm sorry," she'd said. "I can't move just now." She hadn't added how she longed to.

Gabrielle had said abruptly, "I'm going to need someone else in the firm." Then she'd gone back to her ledgers. Over her shoulder, the merest hint of a whisper had floated: "We shall see." . . .

After Gabrielle sailed, Jan had run the salon without any trouble. "That is," she told Clem Donovan, "until one morning a week ago."

That morning, the doors of the salon had burst open, before a long-legged, blonde-maned beauty, the kind you see for a while in B pictures. One of those Hollywood jobs the front office usually christens Marylin.

Jan, as the daughter of Mrs. Murphy, uncrowned queen of the fans of Winchell and Cholly Knickerbocker, knew her at once.

Donna Liles, since her debut in the early forties, had been celebrated for her glamor. Recently, Jan remembered her mother saying Donna Liles had returned from Las Vegas after turning in her second husband.

Of course, being Donna Liles, she was accompanied by the new candidate. This one was grayish, plumpish, fortyish; he'd never remind you of even a character actor. Still, by the discreet flash of his Charvet tie, he plainly showed he had every right to be in Gabrielle's

Clearly, Donna was a girl who knew what she wanted. "People will try to tell you mink is old-hat, a little obvious," she said fiercely. "They're too weary-making, don't you think, darling?" She looked fondly at the new candidate.

Darling, who had been presented to Jan as Mr. Guthrie Mott, gazed back fondly. Still, his reply was a little guarded: "It doesn't take mink to set you off, dear."

Jan settled them in one of the abstractions in foam rubber and chromium tubing which Gabrielle's decorator had scattered around the salon. Then she hurried back to the storeroom where Gabrielle's fabulous furs were kept. Of course! Guthrie Mott. The last of an old New York family and the heir to a tired fortune, which he had pyramided to dizzying heights.

"Guthrie Mott!" she had heard her mother say, awed. "The most eligible bachelor in New York!"

Jan, like her mother, was something of a sentimentalist. So now she thought warmly: Winchell might sneer, but those two are right for each other. I can feel it!

She eased a stole bleached to the gold of honey out of its plastic casing. Like Guthrie Mott, it was right for Donna. It would lend drama to the sleek cascade of her hair and to those brown velvet eyes.

When Jan came back with the stole, Donna's eyes lighted up in approval. "I'll model it, if you like," Jan said. Twirling in front of the mirror, she was suddenly conscious of Guthrie Mott's appraising, businesslike glance. But he only said, "Very nice."

Donna slipped into the stole and gazed rapturously in the mirror. "But it was made for me!" She crossed her arms, hugging the fur. "Don't bother to bring anything else."

"And the price?" Guthrie Mott said gently.

Jan said casually, "Five." Gabrielle, of course, would have cried, "Monsieur! In the face of such beauty—you speak of price?"

Obviously, Guthrie Mott was entirely capable of speaking of price. His colleagues in the box-manufacturing business would have recognized the set of his jaw. "It's far too much!" Turning to Donna, he softened. "You agree, dear?"

"Oh," said the beautiful creature, "I don't know."

To Jan he said desperately, "You're a businesswoman." He paused. "Would you consider four?"

Bargaining, at Gabrielle's! "I'm sorry," Jan said firmly. "May I show you something else, Mrs. Liles?"

"Oh, no, thank you." Her mouth a thin line, Donna flung last year's beaver over her shoulders. "I'm a little tired, I think. Shall we go, Guthrie darling?"

Disappointment flooded over Jan as they went out. She didn't often lose a sale like that one; Gabrielle would have been furious! Then, as Mott worriedly shepherded Donna out the door, a small, cynical voice whispered comfort in Jan's ear.

Don't worry, said the voice. They will be back.

JAN looked at Clem Donovan; in spite of her problems, she felt a little glow at what she saw in his eyes. "You see, that was the trouble," she said. "They did come back. Separately."

Donna had come first. "I've thought of something," she told Jan coolly. "Guthrie's wonderful, but he's too damned stubborn. And me—I'm a pretty stubborn girl myself! Listen, Miss Murphy. And don't say a word until I've finished."

So Jan listened and, the aura of Gabrielle hovering over her, ended by saying yes, she would tell Mr. Mott she'd decided to reduce the price of the stole.

Later that afternoon, she sent Donna's check for one thousand dollars to be deposited to Gabrielle's account. After all, who would be hurt?

Donna would acquire the stole. In all

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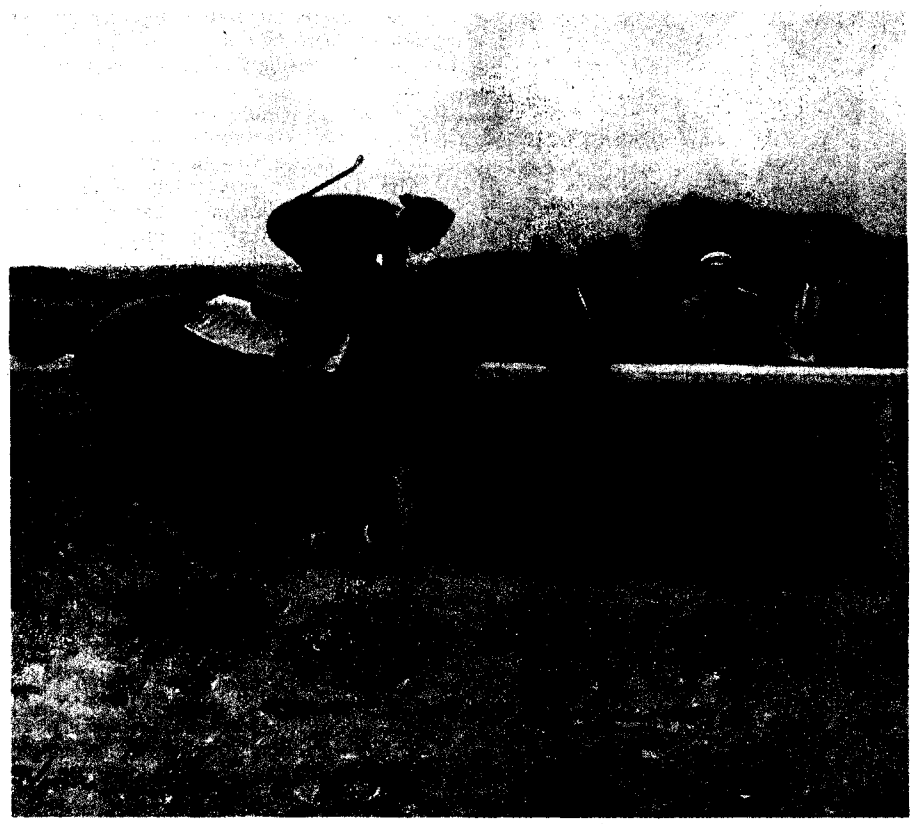

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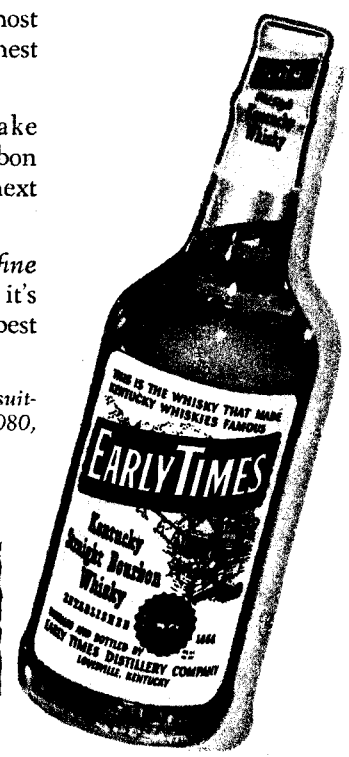
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probability, Guthrie Mott would acquire Donna. Gabrielle would be richer. And Jan would round out her stewardship in a blaze of glory. Each to his heart's desire! It was better than a Hollywood ending.

As Donna had promised Jan he would, Guthrie Mott came in on Tuesday. He went straight to the point. "Donna tells me you've reconsidered."

Every inch the executive, Jan nodded. "The stole is the last of that design," she said. "Under the circumstances, I think I'm justified in letting you have it for four thousand."

"Then it's done." He took out his fountain pen, quickly wrote a check, and handed it over. "I'm glad," he told her, smiling. "Mrs. Liles is a very lovely woman and I like to see lovely women happy. That is," he said, "within sensible limits."

"It's for just that purpose that the salon exists," Jan said with a smile as she accepted the check. Deep down inside, she felt a little guilty; but had there ever been a more harmless deception?

ALAS for Jan; she soon discovered that any deception carries with it the certain seeds of disaster. For, between Tuesday and Wednesday, events known only to Donna and Guthrie took place. Jan could only surmise sadly at the nature of the events, but it wasn't too difficult. Guthrie and Donna had had a fight.

Wednesday morning, Mott stormed into the salon. "You haven't sent out the stole?" he thundered at Jan.

"Why, no," Jan said uneasily. "Usually we have these furs made up to order. But the stole, as I told you, is the last of its design. I'm holding it to be monogrammed for Mrs. Liles." She added in panic, "You haven't changed your mind?"

"There'll be no monogramming for Mrs. Liles!" he shouted. "Of course I haven't changed my mind! I'm a businessman. A sale is a sale." With biting distinctness, he said, "I simply wish it made abundantly clear that it is not to go out to Mrs. Liles!"

Then he subsided. "You must forgive me, Miss Murphy. I'm a little overwrought this morning."

"Of course," Jan said, as her house of deceit crumbled about her ears. *Play for time, play for time,* she thought. "You're in no particular hurry?"

"No. See that it reaches me as soon as convenient." He raised an aristocratic eyebrow. "What would you say to dinner one of these evenings, Miss Murphy?"

What could Miss Murphy say? White-lipped, she told him, "I'd love it." She even managed a smile as he went out.

Half an hour later, Donna raged in. She had obviously been crying. "That walking adding machine!" she blazed at Jan. "Does he think he can buy me like one of those boxes he manufactures?" She paused for breath. "See that the stole is delivered to me by Friday at the latest."

"But Mrs. Liles," Jan cried, "you know I can't send you the stole. I'll return the thousand dollars to you," she said, thinking desperately: I'll raise it myself; Gabrielle will never know. How can I raise it? She said to Donna, "Mr. Mott—"

"The devil with Mr. Mott!" Donna Liles said. "You accepted my check. Your business dealings with Mr. Mott are no concern of mine. By Friday," she added, on her way out, "or you'll be hearing from my lawyer!"

On Friday, Jan told Clem Donovan, Donna Liles had telephoned six times. The fifth time, she'd asked the date of Gabrielle's return. The sixth time, she'd described her lawyer's hand, poised trembling even then over the papers he had drawn up.

Jan dug her fingernails into her hands and looked at the little white ridges on her palms without interest. Then she looked squarely at Clem Donovan. "The point is," she said, "who has a case?"

"Who, as of this moment," said Clem Donovan, "has the stole?"

"Why, I do," Jan said. "It's still in the storeroom." She added despairingly, "Did I tell you Gabrielle gets back tomorrow?"

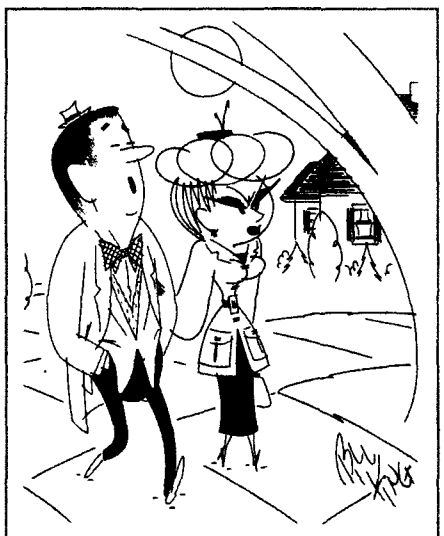
"Just one thing bothers me," the lawyer said. "Why did you wait until now? What were you doing between Wednesday and Friday?"

The main thing Jan remembered between Wednesday and Friday was the series of little dinners with Guthrie Mott, a series which had continued over the week end and had ended disastrously the night before.

Over the demitasse, Guthrie Mott had said, "You know, you're a lovely girl, Jan Murphy." And then, incredibly, "How do you feel on the subject of mink stoles?"

He knew what he could do with his brownstone houses and his box at the opera! "I adore them," Jan had said, her eyes flashing. "I just love selling them for Gabrielle."

He'd laughed, but there was bitterness in his laughter. "All over this city, girls are dreaming about a chance to get one of those tortured, bleached-out pelts," he'd said, shaking his head. "And within one week, two of the most beautiful girls in New York recoil in horror when they're offered the chance."



"Well, you kept pestering me, so I agreed to take you to the Flamingo Club. Sorry I didn't have the money to go inside"

COLLIER'S — BILL KING

He'd looked at her sadly. "Something is wrong with the Cinderella story."

"Maybe it's only that something is wrong with the prince in the current version," Jan had said angrily, before she stood up and stalked out of the restaurant.

But she didn't want to tell Clem Donovan about that. "Oh, I tried talking to Mr. Mott," she said. "Right now, if I'm any judge, he's probably sitting in *his* lawyer's office."

"You poor kid," Clem Donovan said. Then he said, "Wait a minute." He opened the door and disappeared down the long corridor.

When he came back, a long time later, Jan needed just one look at his face to know the verdict.

"I've looked up everything. I even corralled Wilkes for an opinion," he said. "I'm sorry, Miss Murphy. I'm afraid you're a shot cookie."

Her heart doing trip-hammer beats, Jan nodded.

"Mrs. Liles has a case," Clem Donovan said. "Of course, so does Mr. Mott."

Jan stood up, her face wooden with disappointment. "Thank you anyway, Mr. Donovan." She started for the door.

Clem Donovan followed her. His hand was on the knob of the door, but he made no move to open it. "Why the sobbing violins?" He smiled at her. "I mean, you did make a mistake. It's a big city. Aren't there other jobs?"

Jan turned on him angrily. "Mr. Donovan," she said shakily, "I've been riding a subway express for eight years to get to the station I thought I'd reached last week. It's been a long ride." She studied him a moment. "My job is all I've lived for. When I finished high school, I weighed one hundred and thirty-seven pounds. For the past seven years, I've weighed—"

"About a hundred and eight?"

She didn't bother to nod. "I've done without vacations. I've done without boy friends. I've lived, eaten and breathed Gabrielle's salon. There are maybe a thousand girls in New York ready and eager to climb in the window when Gabrielle boots me out the door!"

"I still don't get it," he said mildly. "You're a pretty winsome dish, Miss Murphy. Why knock yourself out? Find yourself a man," he said seriously. "I don't think you'll have much trouble."

"A man!" Jan cried. "Eighty bucks a week! A two-family house, with diapers drying over the stove and the bills a month behind!"

"Pure corn," Clem Donovan said. "And what's so glamorous about—I suppose you refer to it as your career?"

"It's one way," Jan said softly.

"One way to do what?"

"Why, to get away from Brooklyn, of course!"

The room rang with silence.

"And *what*," Clem Donovan said finally, "is wrong with Brooklyn?" He scowled. "I'm a Bay Ridge man myself."

"You take a subway to work, don't you?" Jan said. "The houses on your street are all alike, aren't they? Just like the people?"

"The houses are, as we say in Brooklyn, detached," Clem Donovan said frigidly. "Only half the ones on my block are alike. The contractor went broke in the middle. And the people," he said, "like people anywhere, are different from one another."

Jan was assailed by too many emotions to sort them out. "What is your fee, Mr. Donovan?" she said stiffly. "This is getting us nowhere."

"You know," he said, "that white streak in your hair. It's very becoming. But I'd like it better natural." Noticing her expression, he grinned. "I dunno. We vassals don't have much authority. Suppose I give you a call?"

"Why not just mail it?" Jan said from the corridor.

Then, all the way uptown, she hoped she hadn't sounded too churlish. He was nice. It wasn't his fault if he couldn't help her. She'd been shocked at her own reaction while he defended Brooklyn. Funny. Oh, well. He was definitely the kind of man a girl would like to know better. But some other time. And—it went without saying—some other girl.

AT THE salon, a distraught Miss Marjorie met her at the door. "I know," Jan said. "Mrs. Liles has been calling."

"All morning. What is this?" Miss Marjorie said. "She keeps babbling about a lawyer."

"I'll take care of it," Jan said, her mind jeering at the assurance in her voice. She went back to Gabrielle's office and sat down in Gabrielle's very practical swivel chair. Leaning back, she crossed her legs on the desk. She told herself bleakly: Well, kid, it was great while it lasted.

But Jan had ridden a good many express trains. The flag of defeat hadn't quite gone all the way up the pole when the buzzer was rung from the switchboard. Automatically, she reached for the telephone.

"Hi," Clem Donovan said. "I'm sorry you went away mad. What would you say to dinner? I know this place—"

"Sorry," Jan said. "I couldn't possibly. Unless you've seen Weathersby or Baruch or somebody useful."

"No," he said. "I just wanted to see somebody beautiful. Another time, maybe?"

"It's a small city," Jan said. "Don't forget to mail me the bill." I can pay it, she told herself savagely after she hung up, out of my wages in the five and ten.

And then it hit her. It was so simple and so dangerous. Her reason shouted: Caution! Those are deep waters and you're only Jeannette Murphy from Brooklyn. You're not really Olympic material. But

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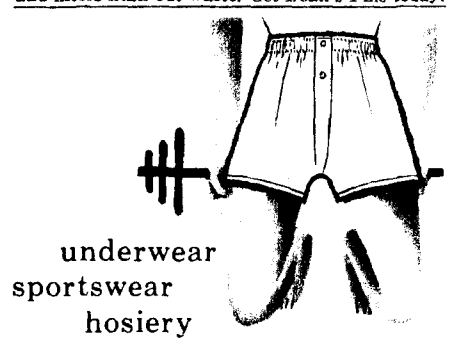

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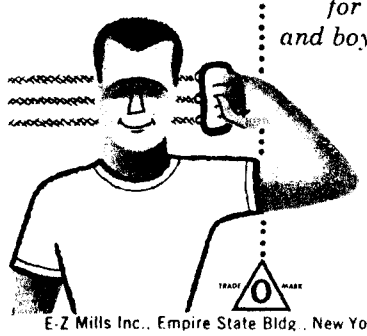

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then she thought: Maybe you have something to lose?

She picked up the receiver and asked for the number. The secretary said yes, he was in; and in a moment she heard him say crisply, "Mott speaking."

"Mr. Mott," Jan said softly, "I wonder if you could spare me a few minutes this afternoon."

"I'm very busy today," he said coldly. "Incidentally, Miss Murphy, I have news for you. Our little business transaction has been placed in the hands of my lawyer."

"Please," Jan said, and the throb in her voice wasn't assumed. "Would you meet me at the Plaza at four? In the bar. I won't take up much of your time."

"Well," he said at last, "you must promise not to go bolting away from the table."

Before she left, she went over the instructions again with Miss Marjorie. "Remember!" she said, in the italicized tones of Guthrie Mott. "Timing is of the essence!"

Miss Marjorie nodded nervously. "I'll do my best!"

JAN walked east quickly, her step sure and quick, belying the queasy feeling in the pit of her stomach.

She'd always loved the Plaza. It was New York, it was the gilt-edged fastness of all the shimmering people who wove the fabric for her mother's dreams. Now, oddly, as she hurried through the lobby, she found herself thinking: I wish I were meeting Clem Donovan here. But, afternoons, the few young men you saw at the Plaza were mostly account executives and public relations men, and Donovan's salary probably wasn't much more than they paid their maids in those remodeled barns up in Connecticut.

Guthrie Mott was waiting in the dimly lit, paneled bar. Jan sat down at the table and faced him brightly.

He said, "You make a good entrance. You must have gone to an excellent school."

Jan mentally saluted Baywood High. "It was a good enough school," she said in all honesty.

"Martini?"

She nodded.

"Two, very dry," Guthrie said to the waiter. Then he said, "Just what is the story on the fur piece, anyway? Why didn't you send it out? I don't want to get you in trouble. Of course," he said, "four thousand is only money."

Jan ignored the wryness in his voice. She also ignored his questions. "I want to apologize," she said, absently peering at her watch, "for the other night. I was dreadful."

"I could say I owe *you* an apology. But I won't."

"Why haven't you ever been married, Guthrie?" she said. "Do you really treasure your title?"

He was silent while the waiter set down their glasses. Then he shrugged. "I don't know, Jan," he said a little tiredly. "Most of the women I've known have been too easy, too interested in what I could buy them." Inclining his head, he raised his glass to Jan.

He said, "The bitter Martini of General Mott."

"There was Donna," Jan said, feeling strangely guilty. The conversation was taking an unlooked-for turn.

"Finished." His voice was bitter, incisive. "Something started out one way and ended up in another. Mostly my fault, I know now. But she isn't the type to come back. And I know damned well I'm not going to her." Then he laughed.

"What's so funny?" Jan said, surprised. Sometimes Brooklyn crept up on her, just as Madison, Wisconsin, occasionally took over Gabrielle's Gallic accent.

"If you hadn't gone so poor-working-girl on me the other night, I might have asked you what *you* would think of the idea."

Jan's head reeled. What a fool she had been! Why, the poor guy, she thought unsteadily. He does make it sound like an order for a gross of paper boxes. He's lonely. In spite of the ties and the bank accounts and the best tables at the night clubs, he's lonely!

She said carefully, "Tell me, Guthrie. What do you want in a wife?"

"Oh, a beautiful girl," he said lightly. "Someone to be gay with. Someone to play with. Someone to be there when the lights go out and the crowds go home."

She talked fast. "Who doesn't?" she said. "But I'm not the girl. You don't know me. You'd loathe being married to me."

He didn't reply.

"Look, Guthrie." The words tumbled out. "I'm just a little working girl from Brooklyn. I'm crazy about my family." Watching him, she might have smiled—if she hadn't been close to tears. "My father likes his beer with the boys. My mother is a wonderful woman and a terrible housekeeper, and her main pleasure in life is reading about people like you."

He quailed only slightly. "What of it? Would I have to take on all your relatives to marry you?"

"You don't know Brooklyn," Jan said shakily. "But I do. It's my home. I belong there. I like it." She had to restrain a sudden, wild desire to laugh. She'd had a vision of Guthrie Mott listening to Sylvester discuss the Dodgers' chances; and Guthrie Mott gingerly plucking a moist-bottomed Danny from his lap. Now, Clem Donovan, on the other hand . . .

She looked at her watch and then at the door. And yes, Donna was there, dramatic in purple wool, superbly unaware of the necks being craned by the men at the bar. She must have just come in.

Jan said breathlessly, "I'm going to break my promise. But I don't think you'll mind." She stood up, and, her eyes dancing, bent over Guthrie Mott. "Think of the lawyers' fees you'll be saving!" Then she said, over her shoulder, "Besides! Don't you know yet that you love her?"

Jan threaded her way around the tables. She'd left him slack-jawed and, she desperately hoped, too stunned to follow her.

"Your Miss Marjorie gave me your message," Donna said angrily. "She said something had come up about the stole and I had to meet you here. It's too late for talk, Miss Murphy. Tomorrow morning—"

"Listen, Mrs. Liles," Jan said quickly, "and don't say a word until I've finished. Guthrie is sitting over there watching us."

"Oh," Donna said.

"You love him, don't you?"

"Why, I certainly do," Donna said. "Him and his millions." Her beautiful brow clouded over. "What is that, may I ask, to you?"

"Plenty," Jan said grimly. "There he sits—ready, eager, and dying to marry you. The stole," she added, "will reach you in the morning. Now, don't let me down!"

SHE fled outside and turned west toward the subway. It was nearly five. Time for the rush hour, and Mom wasn't expecting her for dinner.

She hesitated only briefly on the corner. Then she went into the drugstore and looked up Weathersby, Dashiell, Jones & Wilkes in the directory. "Does that invitation still hold?" she asked Clem.

"Can this be the girl who spurned my unwelcome advances?" he asked her.

Half laughing, half crying, Jan said, "Look. I've had a hard day slaving over a hot mink. If you don't want to take me to dinner—"

Clem Donovan said, "I have to deliver a brief to a guy over near Borough Hall on my way home. Will you meet me there? Two blocks away is this place, the best place in Brooklyn."

A minute later, Jan came out of the drugstore. Sighing, she once again turned her face to the west. But for some reason, when she reached the subway and went down the steps, steeled for the maelstrom, she found herself smiling.

She'd have to see about that platinum streak in her hair. She hoped Gabrielle wouldn't disapprove. But, even if she did, Jan would have to see about it. THE END

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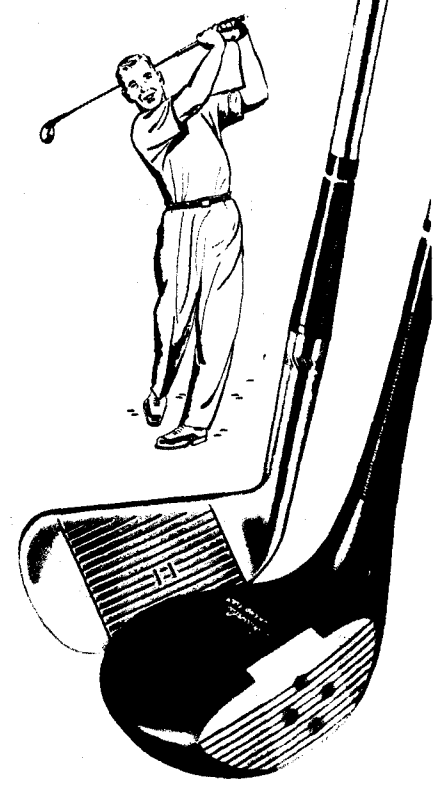

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Winners and Losers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

their party dresses and their gabardine pants and enormous sport shoes and loud jackets —and we had lanterns, and more food—one boy ate two pints of ice cream—and there was music, and they danced and played games, and everybody tried to pretend that nobody cared about prizes, but poor darlings, they knew better, and the winners were better than the losers—and both knew it, and you could hardly bear it. Anyway, at one point during the proceedings I missed Barbara, and looked everywhere, until finally I went down the lane to the corral. What do you think I saw?"

ELLIE'S face was so ready for scandal that Myra hurried on to the ridiculous truth. "The colt was reclining in the moonlight, and there she was, wearing her party dress, lying down with her face on the colt's cheek and her arm around his neck."

"Oh, Myra, how really too— Funny as it may seem at first, I'm not at all sure I would laugh at it."

"You don't quite see it, Ellie," Myra said, kindly pretending to be stupid. "The little girls don't just *like* horses, they *are* horses. Barbara nickers or whickers, or whatever it is. She prances and rolls her eyes. When she passes familiar objects, she often shies at them. Her equine psychology is sound, too. She'll get past the piano all right unless I've left the top up, but then, if I have, so that it looks strange, she will hump a little. You've no idea."

Ellie saw no reason to postpone talking about what she'd come to find out. Turning her face a trifle away and down from Myra, but still looking at her, she said, "Yes, well, her father was always a great rider, wasn't he?"

"Was?" Myra said lightly. "Was? Tom is still in the land of the living, Ellie." But she knew now that Ellie was here because of what she had heard.

"Oh, yes, of course, I mean— He's not been— I haven't seen him in so long."

"For that matter, neither have we."

"Even Barbara hasn't seen her father?"

"Not lately."

"Oh, my poor darling Myra," said Ellie, like a huntress now certain of closing with her prey.

"Now, Ellie, don't understand me right out of my wits. What are you trying to tell me?"

"I'm not exactly a fool, Myra, and neither is anyone else close to you."

"So you all know."

"I think so. It *is* true, isn't it?"

Myra was shocked. Her heart beat fast. Why did the truth seem truer if someone else knew it too?

Ellie took a deep draught of her cigarette, and spoke through the smoke from her lungs. A shred of tobacco clung to her mouth, and some desire to appear cool and reasonable made her pick delicately at the shred while she spoke. "Won't it help to tell someone? Tom is divorcing you, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is," said Myra.

With a rush of joyous sympathy, Ellie came to embrace Myra.

"Thank you, Ellie. Please—"

"And Barbara?" asked Ellie, unconsciously assuming the expression she always thought of at the words "lovely young girl." "What does Barbara think?"

"She doesn't know."

"Oh! My dear, you haven't told her?"

"No. Tom wants to tell her himself. I thought it only fair to him to let him, so he could make it seem, oh, sort of *natural*, I suppose."

"But he hasn't?"

"No. He hasn't."

"Oh, Myra." Ellie shook her head.

"Ellie, does everyone know?"

"Well," Ellie said, putting out her cigarette with unnecessary care, "I'll tell you how *I* heard it, and you can judge for yourself. The Fenways' maid told my Calla, and the Fenways got it in the first place from their boy, Hubert, who brought it home from school, where one of his little friends is the son of Judge Pierce. That's how *I* heard it. We've all been waiting for you to speak out, Myra. All your friends. Not that you owe us anything," she said, but her tone made it clear that she meant the opposite.

"I didn't care to," said Myra. "I don't know. I want as little as possible to do with the whole thing. But if everyone knows—" She hesitated, with her eyes clouded in perplexity and pain.

"If everyone knows," Ellie said, plausibly mimicking the way Myra had said it, "then Barbara *must be told*, and told at once mustn't she? To protect her? Think of her hearing it by accident! Maybe at school You know how cruel children are; they never leave people's feelings alone."

And do you ever? Myra asked silently then added aloud, "Yes, I know."

"Myra," Ellie continued, with an ambitious glitter in her eye, "do you want me to tell her for you? It will be too difficul for you. I'm not a complete stranger here,' she said, smiling with hazy sweetness, "bu it ought to be done by someone not actually in the family. Surgery is most mercifu when it is impersonal. Shall I? You know I'll be gentle and very understanding."

"Of course you would be, Ellie, but I suppose I must take care of this myself."

"But right away, Myra. Really, I wouldn't wait a minute." She stood up and gave Myra an encouraging smile. "I'll run along," Ellie said, "but you must call me if you need me. Any time. Anyplace."

"Thank you, thank you," Myra said aloud. And go, go, she cried silently.

But Eleanor asked a question with such a hungry look in her face that Myra turned to her with pity instead of with resentment. "It is that woman, then, isn't it, Myra? Is Tom going to marry her?"

"That is my understanding."

"Of course," said Ellie, "perhaps I shouldn't speak of it. But why wouldn't he let you divorce him?"

"He offered to."

"But you wouldn't?"

"No. I wouldn't."

"But, Myra, your pride—"

"My pride is quite stout, thank you. I do not believe in divorce."

"I see. But this way, it looks as though you had no choice!"

"Oh yes, I had. I chose."

"Yes, I see," said Ellie, with a puzzled pursing of her lips. "Well, I think you're being simply—" She shrugged.

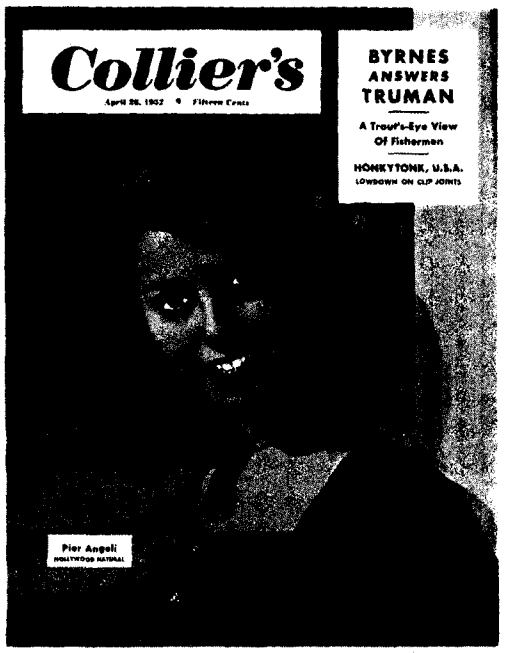
"Oh no, I'm not, Ellie. If you have any real feeling for somebody, things look different to you than they might to somebody else."

"Well, all I know is, *I* could never—" Ellie broke off, abandoning the comforts of indignation in defense of her imaginary self, and said with a warm, practical air, "Why don't I drive along to the corral, so I can tell Barbara to come right up because you want to see her? And then I can go on to Mr. Krindl's by the back road."

MYRA had no words, so she just nodded; and Eleanor, with long strides that indicated purposeful kindness, went to her car and drove down toward the corral.

As soon as she was alone, Myra clasped her hands and saw herself actually wring them with anguish. She saw bright pictures in her mind of Barbara's face that so much resembled her father's. She saw how it would change in shock, and she felt the pain she would cause. Barbara adored her father. Now Myra felt her heart come into her mouth at how comforting to her it would be to feel Barbara's sympathy and love in the lonesomeness ahead. Perhaps the news would mature Barbara suddenly. Or possibly Barbara would be able to feel nothing but her own desolating loss of an unquestioned enclosure of love. Myra reminded herself that children in their grief could feel for nobody else, and must not be expected to. She felt a momentary anger and she said, "That fool El-

Next Week



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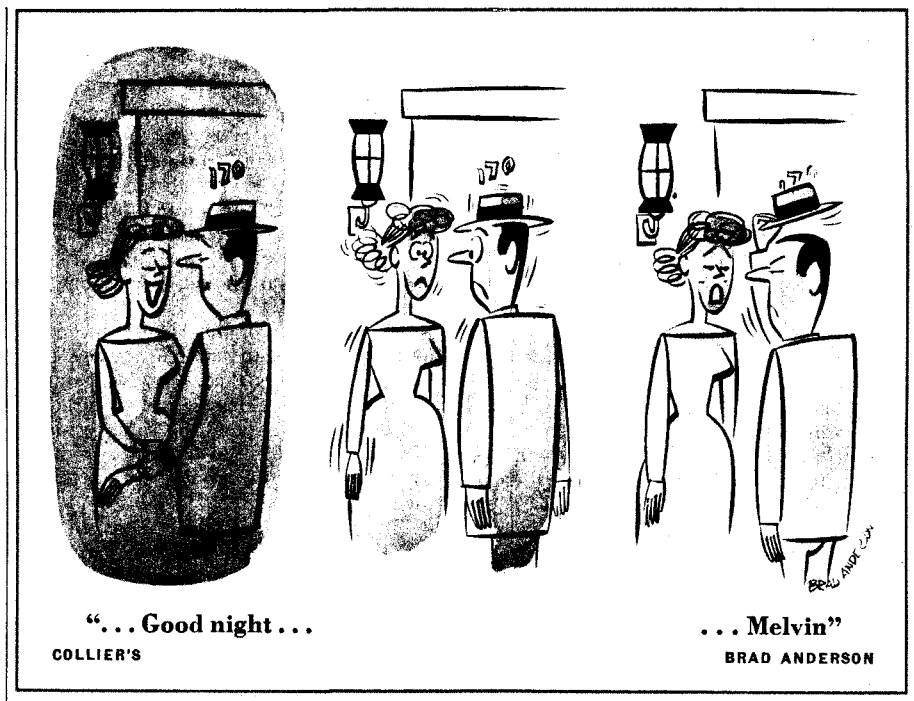

"... Good night ..." — COLLIER'S

... Melvin" — BRAD ANDERSON

lie," as though Ellie were the cause of all her trouble.

"I won't tell Barbara," she said half aloud, and looked about the terrace for some task to give her if she came. The plants could be watered. But in her distress she took up a half-filled watering pot and began to sprinkle the plants herself. In a few minutes she heard a musical tinkle behind her and turned to see Barbara running toward her. The child carried a bridle and bit that chimed as she ran.

In a breathless voice, Barbara called out, "What is it, Mother? What's the matter?"

"What do you mean, what's the matter?" Myra asked in the humorously flat voice she often used with her daughter.

"That woman said you needed me, and she said I must be very tender with you. What does she mean, very tender, Mother?"

BARBARA was a blazing power of energy and perspiring beauty. Her flax-like hair was loose, and her dark eyes scowled. She was at the height of her childish animal charm, in her boy's shirt and blue work pants.

"You are not to refer to my friends as 'that woman,' Barbara. She sent you to me because I asked her to. Sit down."

Barbara impatiently sat down, laying her bit and bridle lovingly across her lap. She put her head on one side and squinted at the metal to make it shine again.

Myra's love was so strong and protective in the next moment or two that it turned to anger. Feeling the power of the world, she knew she would have to obey it. "Barbara, put down those things and listen to me. Can't you forget horses for one minute?"

"Well, gosh, Mother, you haven't *said* anything yet."

Trembling inside and yet sure she looked entirely calm, Myra said, "You know, don't you, Barbara, how much Daddy and I both love you?"

"Well, gosh, yes."

"You must always believe we do, no matter what might happen."

"What? Is something going to happen?"

"Yes, something is going to happen, but you are always going to have each of us as long as you need us."

"Who? You mean you and Daddy?"

"Yes. Barbara, he is not going to live with us any more."

"He isn't?" Barbara asked simply, twisting and squinting again for an entranced look at her bit and bridle.

"No, he isn't. But you will see him often, and he will always love you as much as ever. Do you know what this means, Barbara?"

"I suppose it means you're having a divorce."

"Yes. It does."

"When?"

"It has already started. It is something they do in court. For all practical purposes, it is already done."

"Oh." Barbara drew her fingers along the satiny surface of the saddle-soaped straps over her thighs. She hunched her shoulders as if to control her desire to be gone to the corral again. Myra could not believe her eyes.

"Do you understand what I have told you, Barbara?"

"Yes, Mummy," Barbara replied, looking up with no expression, and then she added, "is that all, now, Mummy?" She could not help glancing around down the lane.

Myra turned white and felt cold. "That's all, Barbara," she said.

"Can I go now?"

Myra found to her dismay that she could not speak. She waved Barbara away. Barbara jumped up, ran from the terrace and down the lane, making music with her bit and bridle.

Myra got up from the chair she had been sitting on and went across the terrace to another one, and half knelt on it, putting her head down against the back of it. Hungry for comfort, she saw Barbara lost to her. "Very tender . . ." Yes, she longed for the very thing she despised Eleanor for thinking of. To lose both Tom and Barbara—it was a double failure for which she was not prepared. She was sick, as though something sacred had been outraged. She had grown, married, conceived and borne a child, whom she had nursed and guarded and trained to be increasingly self-sufficient. Soon, soon the child, in her turn, would fulfill the same common purpose. May she be spared what I feel now, Myra thought, mourning for her child.

HOW long she did not know, but it was not long until she heard Barbara running toward the house, calling loudly, "Mummy, Mummy, hurry, help me!"

She sat up. Barbara was wild, white and sick under her deep summer tan. Her voice was quivering, and, as she came to the terrace and tried to talk, her mouth was dry. There were tears on her cheeks. There was blood on her shirt. Myra took her shoulders and held her.

"Hush. What is it, now? Slowly, Barbara."

"It's Chico. He's hurt, he's terribly cut by the barbed wire to the gate. Oh, the poor little colt, he's bleeding. Come on!" She pulled Myra not toward the lane but toward the kitchen.

"What are we to do, Barbara?"

"Colonel Rumson is down there with him. He sent me for some boiling water. He has to bathe the cut. He says Chico must not get screwworm!"

They went to work capably, putting two large pans of water on the stove to boil, and heating a bucket to take the water in.

"But how did it happen, Barbara?"

"I don't know!"

"You said it was the barbed wire."

"It was, Mummy," Barbara said. "The

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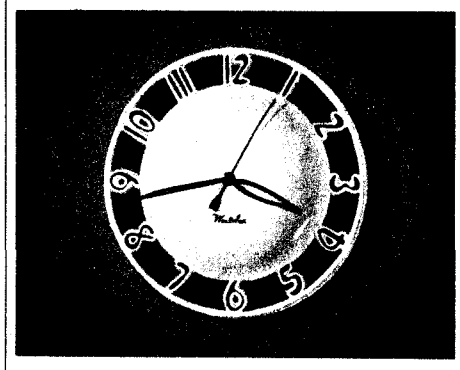

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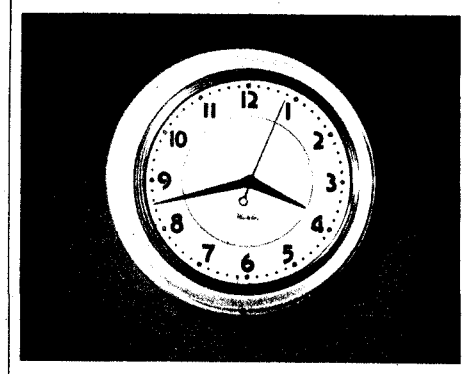

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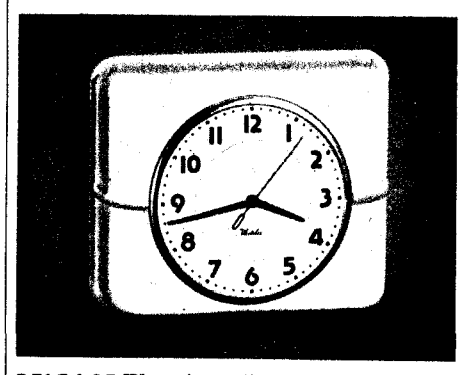

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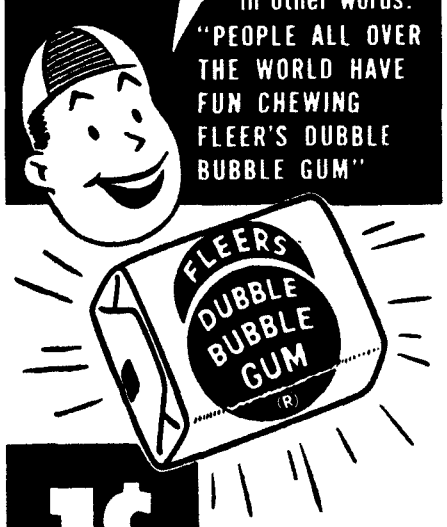

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FUNNIES, FORTUNES, FACTS ON EVERY WRAPPER!

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gate. I was taking him out the gate to the pasture."

"Didn't he see the wire?"

"I don't know. I don't know."

"But he's been in and out of the gate many times!"

"I *know* it! Oh, poor Chico. Can't we make the water hurry, Mummy?" She was dancing with terror and sympathy for her pet.

"It will boil in a minute or so. Was Colonel Rumson there?"

"He rode up right then."

"What's he doing now?"

"We tied Chico, and he rode back to his place to get his kit. Mummy, he may have to cut Chico, or hurt him."

"Well, darling, we are all going to be sensible if he has to. Now, watch out. I'm going to pour this pan first, and then the other one. Do we need anything else?"

"No, no, Mummy. Colonel Rumson is bringing everything else. Can we go now? Oh, please, dear God," she said in a soft, high voice as she held the door open for her mother to carry the steaming bucket through.

THEY both held the bucket handle and walked with rapid, level smoothness, like Indian women, to the corral where, near the row of eucalyptus trees, Chico lay on his side, with Colonel Rumson kneeling by him. In the bay velvet of the colt's exposed flank was a shuddering cut a foot long, deep, edged with suety white, and bleeding from dark red, almost black, depths.

"Oh, my poor darling beauty," said Barbara, as they set the bucket down near the colonel.

"Good," he said. "Set it there. Hello, Myra. Now—" He turned to his work.

In his calm, brown eyes there was a tolerance for all creatures, dumb or human, as they were. He knew that what happened to them happened to them each alone. In a lifetime with horses, he had devoted himself to overcoming their fear. To people, he granted the dignity, and the duty, of overcoming their own fears. He liked gardening and once said that a thought worth keeping ought to come slowly, the way a plant comes to flower. In most relationships, he merely gave his presence and, when they were needed, his honest abilities with animals, machinery and the vegetable world. Now, as he went to work, he asked a powerful, silent question of Myra, gave Barbara a blink of encouragement, and laid a hot, wet, clean cloth on the wound in the young horse's quivering flank.

He worked steadily—irrigating, cleaning, cutting. He gave an injection. He sewed stitches. Barbara held Chico's head in her lap and watched everything. Her face was like that of a small woman, haggard with the double sufferings of sympathy. When she saw the colonel getting ready to commit some healing hurt, she murmured to her animal and held its head more tenderly. She anticipated every move. Colonel Rumson glanced at her now and then, and knew more about why she suffered than she did herself.

To Myra, the spectacle of the hurt animal, the kind neighbor and the pale child was sickening—not because of the wound, the blood, and the idea of pain, but because of its whole simplicity. There—you could see it plainly, you could touch it—there was a situation about which something could be done, was being done. But which of her troubles could be reached by any healing touch? Who could do anything with boiling water to the trembling rent in her life? What would you put on the ache caused by the innocent and icy heart of your twelve-year-old child who showed embarrassed impatience at the loss of her father and at her mother's hard grief, and only turned into a creature of feeling when her colt was hurt? If she had made a success of her marriage, she thought painfully, then her child would know the difference between losing her father and having a wounded colt. While the colonel probed and stitched in the shining well of scarlet that filled and filled as he worked, she probed deeper and deeper into her own hidden wounds.

"Now, boy, now, boy," the colonel said softly, gently stroking the colt's neck, "that's all we can do for now. All we could do in any case was clean it up and get rid of the ragged bits and leave it to nature. I think he'll be all right. We'll watch him, though. I've seen lots of these cuts."

"Do they get well?" asked Barbara. Her voice sounded as though her throat were swollen inside.

"The majority of them, yes," he replied, looking at her with such earnestness in his hard, brown eyes that Myra was startled. What was he looking at in the child? she wondered. "All right," he said, turning to Myra, "I'll walk up to the house with you. There's nothing we can do here for the moment."

"Barbara, are you coming?" asked Myra.

"Oh, Mummy!" said Barbara, amazed at the heartlessness of the question. "And leave Chico? I couldn't."

The colonel saw to his horse, which was tethered to a post of the corral. Then he and Myra walked slowly and in agreed silence up the lane to the terrace. There they sat down and let their feelings settle for a few more silent minutes.

Finally, Colonel Rumson shook his head and said quietly, "I don't understand it."

"Understand what, Ed?"

"How it happened." He gave Myra the same earnest gaze that she had seen him use on Barbara.

"I suppose," she said, "anything can happen with a fool horse; they seem to me so clumsy."

"No," he said mildly, "I don't think horses are bright, but they do become creatures of habit. No, this is something different. Has anything happened lately, today, this morning, to upset Barbara?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because of the way she was handling Chico. I was riding over from my place just as she was bringing him out of the corral. I actually stood up in my stirrups for a moment, to be sure it was she. I thought someone was trespassing. Then I rode ahead, and saw the whole thing happen."

"How *did* it happen? Such an odd accident."

"It wasn't really an accident."

"But what else?"

HE SHOOK his head gravely. "Barbara," he said, "started to lead him in the corral toward the barbed-wire gate. He was arching his neck and dancing a little. She slapped him. He shied. She slapped him again, and he reared. She took the ends of the reins and cut him over the face with them. Ahead of him, she pulled on the bridle. He was quite frightened by then. As they neared the gate, she yanked him sharply toward it and he resisted. She pulled him again and, letting out the reins, she opened the gate and held on to the end post. All that barbed wire was sticking out loosely. She pulled sharply at the reins and the colt went through and reared just as he passed the post. She pulled him down and he turned and she slapped him with the leather, and he threw himself against the wire. He fell on the wire and cut himself trying to regain his footing.

"Just at that point, I rode up to make sure it really was Barbara, and it was, and she was crying. When she saw the horse was hurt, she threw herself on him and tried to hug his neck. I got her away, and helped Chico up, and led him over to the grove, and sent her for hot water. She never handled a horse—any horse, much less her beloved colt—that way before. There must be a reason. It must be a great big one—to a child, anyway. I just wondered."

He looked at her and waited. She felt her heart stop for a moment of pain, and there followed an odd lightness like joy. It was joy.

"Why, no," Myra said, as calmly as possible, "I can't think of anything that might have upset her."

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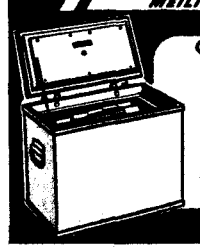

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mind about what had made Barbara punish the colt in baffled misery. Myra knew that she and Barbara would never speak of the matter, and she wondered how she could ever make it up to Barbara for having thought her hardhearted.

Colonel Rumson saw that Myra was lying, and respected whatever made her lie. He believed that friends should be taken at their own evaluation of themselves. He began to speak of other things. Myra was grateful. She wished the world would leave sorry secrets untroubled as he did.

IT WAS a vain wish. A familiar car drove up the gravel driveway, and Eleanor was at the wheel. She rolled up as close to the terrace as she could; then, leaving her car, she walked across the lawn, talking as she came. She was carrying a little tree, planted in a rough green box. It was a rose tree, covered with white blossoms.

"Myra, my dear," she said, looking at Colonel Rumson, who stood up as she approached, "I saw this at Mr. Krindl's, and I told him I had to have it, but he said it was already spoken for. But I made him give it to me. It spoke to me of you so strongly."

"Ellie, this is Colonel Rumson, our neighbor," Myra said, and in the face of Ellie's possessive air of consolation, completed the introduction with difficulty.

"Oh, the man who is so clever with horses," said Ellie. "Do sit down. I can't stay a minute, but I just had to bring this one lovely little thing to Myra." She set the rose tree in its box down on the terrace floor, where it seemed to make a white light in the air.

"Thank you, Ellie. Isn't it beautiful?" Myra said.

Ellie went to her and embraced her, in silence, as though silence alone could say enough. Myra was an unwilling partner to an open conspiracy of suffering. Releasing her, Ellie sighed with courage enough for two, and, rearranging herself before the colonel, who, she thought, looked very smart in his riding clothes, she crowned her visit by remarking, like one bestowing an honor, "I am so awfully glad that Myra has you people. I know you do wonders for her. You do live right over there, don't you? With the jacaranda trees?"

Colonel Rumson nodded.

"Yes. And now I must fly," said Ellie. "Myra, phone me, day or night, any time, if there's the smallest thing I can do. Promise me?"

"Thank you, Ellie. And thank you for my white rose."

Ellie left, trying, for the colonel's benefit, to make her face and her movements express loyalty, common sense, grace of spirit, and intoxicating physical appeal. They watched her, returned the last little wave of her white glove, and then looked at each other and burst out laughing.

"A floral offering, what's more!" said Myra. "I could kill her. How does she do it? I see her coming and I lock my jaws and swear I will not tell her one thing. And the next thing I know, she is on her way, with my brains picked clean. Even now, after she's gone, she makes me speak. I can't let you wonder what it's all about." And she told him briefly.

"Well, Myra," he said, with his head cocked to one side.

"Thank you."

"Yes," he said, "and that was what you told Barbara, then, this morning."

She nodded.

He smiled. "My faith is restored, then," he said. "It's all clear. Poor child." He sighed. "How desperately the young ones repeat the primitive acts of long ago! Poor Barbara, and her colt. She made a sacrifice of him, didn't she, a victim, an innocent, to the blind powers that suddenly fell on her. Out of anonymous ages and ages. The blood was an accident, but not the sacrifice. Did you see her face, while she was watching me work? She's grown up a big jump today."

"Yes. I wish it might have been without so much hurt."

"Oh, there are two ways. That's one. Don't forget the other way. She'll know that in her time. Just as your friend Ellie isn't the whole world. She's only half of it."

Myra looked at him and saw in him the other half, and was thankful. She saw him make up something to say.

"Amy said to ask you if you wanted to come and have a bite of supper with us tonight."

"I'd love it," replied Myra.

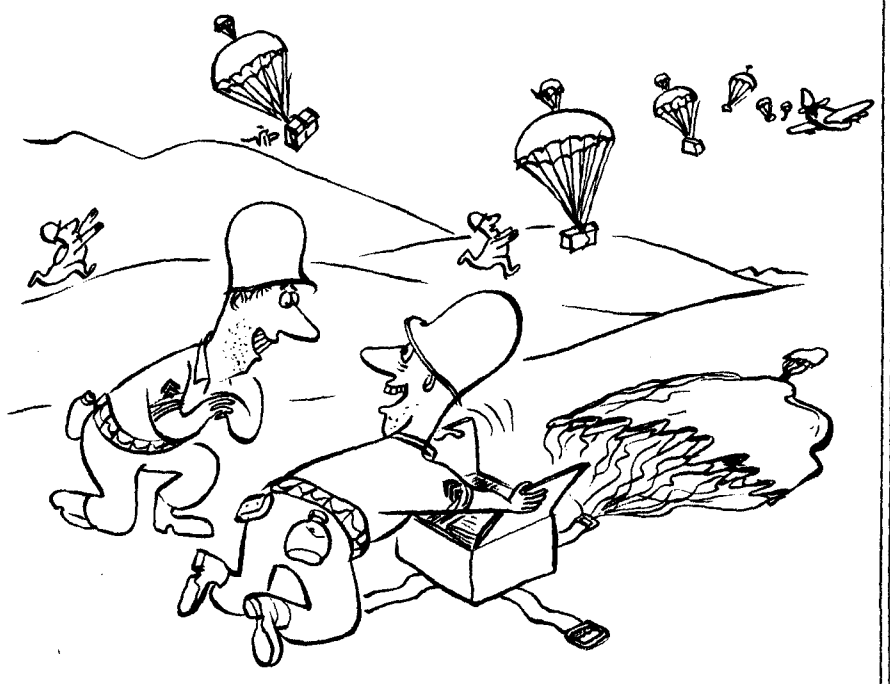
"Good, then."

They nodded, and he went down the lane.

How I love him, Myra said to herself, and she meant Tom, who was gone, and doubly gone, now that everybody knew.

Then, with a start, she came to her future self, and found a clay dish in which to set the rose tree box, and went into the house looking for other trifles to do, and gratefully found them. THE END

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Hot dog! Requisition blanks!" VIRGIL PARTCH

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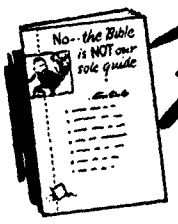

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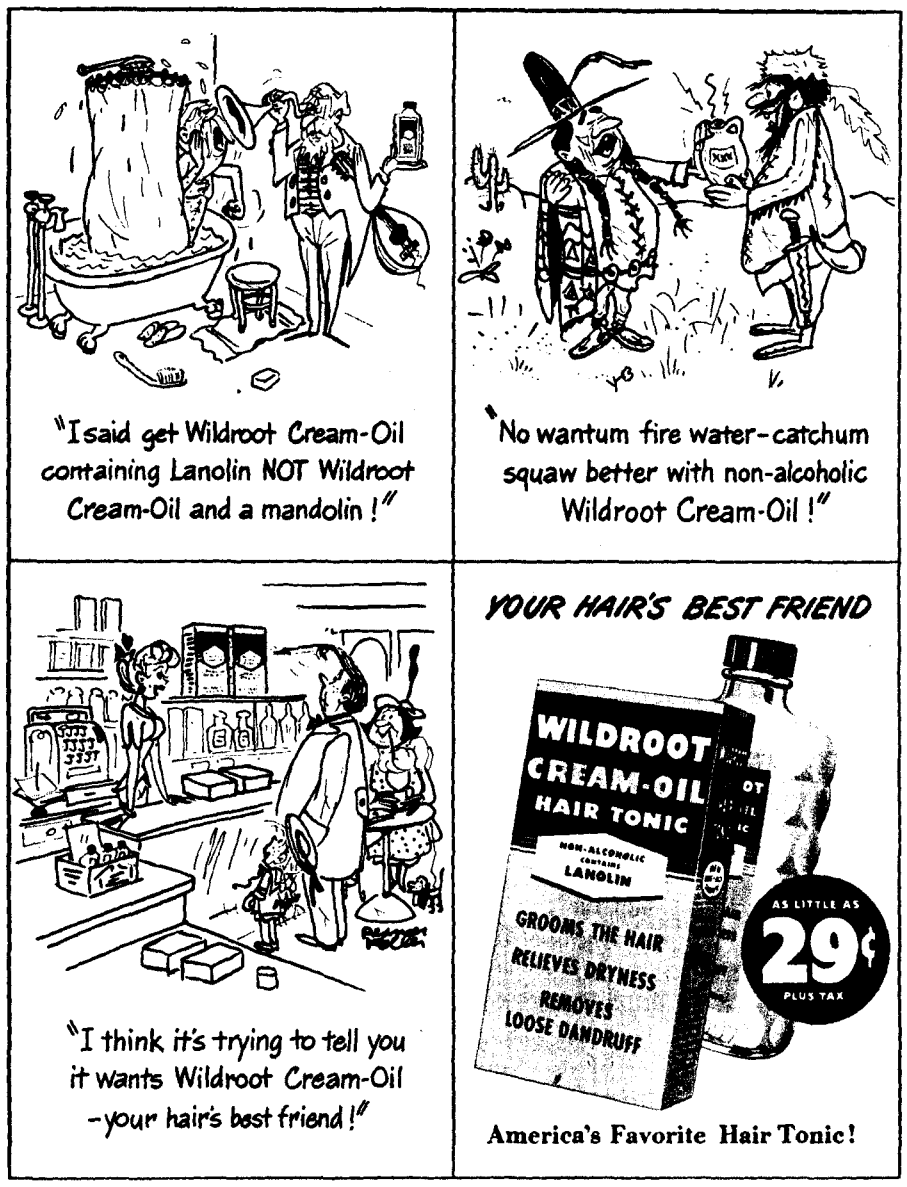
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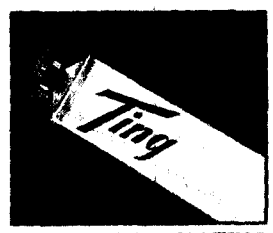

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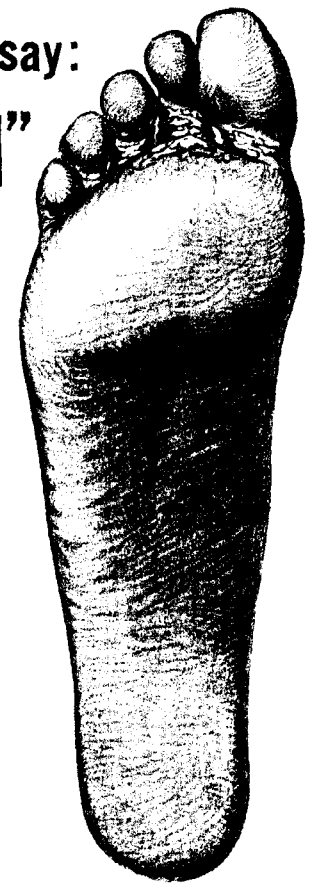

Even if other products have failed, try TING today! Easily applied as a cream, TING dries in seconds to a fine powder. Fungicidal. Germicidal. A real treatment for Foot Itch or Athlete's Foot! All druggists.

ONLY 60¢
LARGE ECONOMY SIZE $1.00

Copr. 1951, Pharma Craft Corp.

"Mr. Dixie"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

to eat money now'days. We chewed some up the other day. It's no good.

"A fellow can't afford to work for what he's worth any more. Other things are up so high. I went to town not long ago and didn't buy a thing—it cost me three dollars."

Grady is a Bible-belter, and he never fails to get in a blow for the church. A tirade against inflation will probably end with the admonition that, "Everything in the world has gone up except the money in the collection plate at church. On Sunday we eke out that quarter and drop it heavy."

Commercials—Country Style

When Grady gets around to the commercials, and some product has to have its head patted every few seconds, it's pure Grady Cole. He plays them by ear, or "shoots from the hip," as he calls it. "Now what would countryfolks like me do with some fancy business writ up by a big muckety-muck in New York?" he asks.

Grady takes the listener's arm, and talks to him like one farmer telling another what helped *his* sick mule.

When he is plugging what we will call Old Auntie's Hot Roll Mix, he'll say, "Now if they say they don't have it, you're in the wrong place. You aren't in a grocery store. You are in a hardware store. Go out and find a grocery store."

In touting his sponsor's brand of cigarettes, he'll tell the farmers, "The average fellow who talks about tobacco over the radio wouldn't know a tobacco leaf from a collard green. I've raised tobacco. I've bought tobacco. I've sold tobacco. I'll tell you the honest truth . . ."

And about his TV set: "Lady, even if your husband does sell another make, if he really loves you, he'll get you this one."

When the subject of washing machines came up in a radio interview, Grady plugged his manufacturer. "I wouldn't buy one to save my life," the interviewee said stubbornly.

"Buy one to save your wife," Grady rejoined.

Some years ago, Grady was pushing an item that turned sour. It didn't live up to the promises he had made, and the station got kicks about it. Gray realized that he had made a mistake. He went on the air and took full responsibility.

"I was wrong," he said. "Now, this thing won't do what I told you it would, and I'm sorry. I don't want you to buy any more of it. If you've got any on hand that you don't like, I'll refund your money personally. And I promise you," he wound up, "I'll never advertise it again, and I'll never tell you about anything else that I'm not sure of."

Grady did refund hundreds of dollars out of his own pocket, and confidence in him was increased tenfold.

Grady has been advertising a national brand of rice for about 14 years. A few years ago, somebody asked a top executive of a competitive company if Grady Cole's work had any effect on their sales.

"Any effect!" he echoed with real feeling. "The only open market for our product in the Carolinas is one valley where WBT doesn't reach. We can plot the station's reception by our sales."

A recent mail brought in a letter from West Virginia with a crumpled-up $5 bill. It was addressed to WBT in care of Grady Cole.

"Dear sir," the letter spelled out. "Grady Cole was talking 'bout something the other day. I forget what it was, but it sounded good. Will you please send me some of it?"

Although Grady's critics say he needn't bother, he keeps reminding his listening audience that he was born in the country, and that the only reason he doesn't go back is that it takes too much brains and work to earn a living on the farm.

"I was born in Montgomery County, North Carolina, in 1906," Grady says. "The furtherest back in the country anybody could be born. You could leave my house going in any direction and get closer to civilization. Now, there was some people living over back of us, but nobody had ever seen them. The land was so pore the only thing you could raise was a family.

"Candor was the nearest town to my home. People ask me which side of the road it was on. Hell—there was just one side to that road. You'd been in a mess if you'd met anybody.

"I went to Candor for the first time when I was about four years old. A man gave me a peppermint horseshoe. I thought it was Christmas."

Grady Cole's father was an excavator, and it was said in his home county that "his eye was as true as an instrument." When digging was slack, he did a little road building, and between the fortunes of the two of them, the family moved to Charlotte when Grady was in his teens.

"Just a minute, young lady! Just a minute! First of all, this is *not* your honey. And second, I'm quite sure that old geezer *won't* let him have the car this evening!"

COLLIER'S — LEO GAREL

Grady attended Baird's School in Charlotte, a preparatory school run by old Major Baird. Grady remembers himself as a totally unregimented pupil, and recalls two specific occasions when the great, rawboned major disciplined him by knocking him cold with a right to the jaw.

The Major Kayoed 'Em Quick

"The major was a wonderful person, and the most powerful human being I have seen in my life," Grady says. "Sometimes he would knock you out without rising from his desk."

In 1924, Grady became infatuated with the idea of making big money. He struck out for New York City. His brash determination got him the position of 27th assistant clerk in a coupon-redemption center at a salary of $35 a week. And not one to stand behind the door when there was excitement in the air, Grady moved into a hotel on Times Square to be in the center of things. Within a few days, a gambler was killed in an adjoining room, and he felt that his desire had been gratified.

"In that neighborhood, they would knock you in the head for 50 cents," Grady says. "I don't know what they charge now. But, after a year, I decided you could talk like most New Yorkers by stuffing your mouth full of hot French fried potatoes, and I had heard enough of it."

After his return to Charlotte, Grady worked for the Associated Press for several

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ears, and then he took to the road again. He became advance press agent for a patent medicine, Digestomint, and he toured the South, the East and the West.

"In every town I'd hire the police chief's boy and the mayor's boy to put out the circulars. Didn't cost any more," Grady says, and I never had a failure."

A Scatterbrained Reporter

In 1929, Grady Cole went to work for the Charlotte News as a reporter. Brodie Griffith, managing editor then and executive editor now, remembers him well. Brodie and Grady have been friends ever since.

"Grady was a harum-scarum, scatterbrained youngster," Brodie says. "Sometimes he would forget to come to work. But, he was witty and always in a good humor."

During those days, the News and WBT had a reciprocal agreement whereby the paper gave a daily five-minute newscast over the station, and the station plugged the News. Grady insisted to Brodie Griffith that the news was being flubbed, and that he could put it over. Brodie was glad to let him try.

"Grady had the greatest desire I've ever seen in anybody to get before a mike," Brodie says. "He stuttered and stammered over the air, but he had an instantaneous effect on the audience. His voice had a special timbre."

Some years later, Brodie and the publisher of the News went out into the county for a meeting. Their car had a Charlotte sticker, and, as frequently happens, they were asked if they knew Grady Cole.

"We said we sure did," Brodie recalls with quiet humor, "and those farmers exhibited an air of disbelief that such ordinary-looking mortals would even know Grady."

Station WBT offered Grady a staff job in 1930, and he accepted. Just three years later, there was a change in station managers, and Grady Cole announced to the radio audience that he was giving the news for the last time. After the broadcast, he walked out of the studio and was gone for three days.

"All hell broke loose," the station says. "Enough protest mail to fill a piano box came in the second day." Some whole towns were up in arms. High Point, North Carolina, sent in petitions with more than 7,000 signatures urging Grady to go on with the news.

The new management arranged for Grady to continue with the program. Today, Grady, known to many as "Mr. Dixie," has two CBS network shows of his own, and half a dozen local programs in addition to the news.

Both network shows are on the Southern leg of CBS, which covers not only the Southeast, but Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana and other states, with about 45 stations hooked in. He is on 15 minutes a day five days a week beginning at 4:00 P.M.

The best in all of this is "plain old Grady" talking from as far back in the country "as there is."

Little stories and fables come out in a rambling, helter-skelter fashion, and, sometimes, suddenly produce a point as sharp as a pig sticker.

Political Fable of Uncle Mo

"Now politics is like the story of Uncle Mo," Grady will say. "You know, he was the old Negro man, much beloved, and the best whipcracker in five counties. He could snap a feather out of a chicken's back without harming that bird.

"Well, Uncle Mo and a little boy were riding along in a wagon, and they come to a hornets' nest.

" 'Uncle Mo, let me see you knock a hornet off that nest,' the little boy said.

" 'Giddup, mule.'

" 'Come on, Uncle Mo, snap one of them hornets off.'

" 'Get on, mule.'

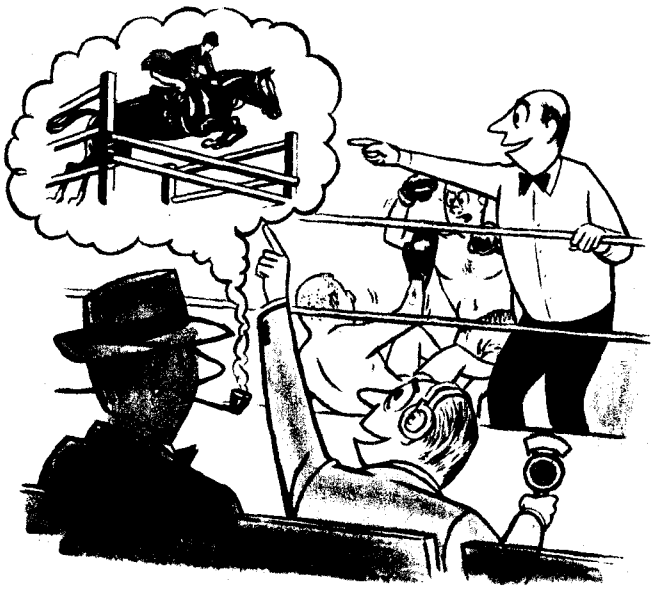
"When the wagon got down to the bend in the road, Uncle Mo turned his head, 'You little fool. When you hit one of them you've hit an organization.'

"Never, never, never let your desires get the best of your judgment," Grady warns his radio audience. But, he will not take his own advice about staying off the toes of an organization.

Back before 1948, a political machine had been in control of North Carolina for

"About an hour after I eat I get a sharp pain between the Union Jack and the Hawaiian dancer"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE



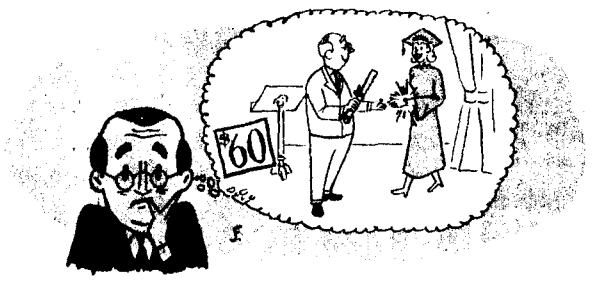
Look! Another man switched to Kentucky Club—the thoroughbred of pipe tobaccos

DO IT TODAY! SWITCH TO

MILD

KENTUCKY CLUB

Notice how much better your pipe tastes—how much fresher your mouth feels when you switch to Kentucky Club. Send for free catalog showing fine pipes and how to get them at big savings. Mail Pouch Tobacco Co., Wheeling, West Va. Dept. 73



HOW WOULD YOU GET THE MONEY?

By BOB HOLMES

THE YEAR my eldest daughter graduated from high school, the one thing she had her heart set on was a wrist watch. She had the make and model all picked out. The rub was it cost $60 and with all the sickness we'd had that year, I didn't see how I could raise even half that.

But I didn't see how I could disappoint Sue. I'd been an old softie about her ever since she was born. Then one evening Sue—quite innocently—solved the problem.

I was smoking a cigarette and reading the paper when she came along and started to rumple my hair. "Daddy," she said, "why don't you smoke a pipe? You'd look so distinguished."

I told her I'd think it over—and I did—but from another angle. I got to wondering whether I would save money by smoking a pipe instead of cigarettes. I jotted some figures down on the back of an envelope. Was I surprised! The saving would be over $100 a year.

To make a long story short, Sue got her wrist watch—and I discovered I get a lot more pleasure out of smoking a pipe. One reason is I saw an ad in *Collier's* on Kentucky Club pipe tobacco and decided to try it. It's swell tobacco—smooth and mild and mellow. Sue still thinks I look more distinguished smoking a pipe—says she's proud to be seen in public with me. Sort of nice to have your kid feel that way about you. Sort of nice to light up with Kentucky Club, too.

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MARINES PREFER KIWI 38 to 1

• Covers Scuff Marks! • Gives Shoes Richer Color!

Nobody knows a quality shoe shine better than a Marine! And in independent surveys Marines preferred KIWI 38 to 1 over the second brand. Try KIWI yourself and see why!

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• BROWN • BLUE
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Total operating cost ¾¢ per mile

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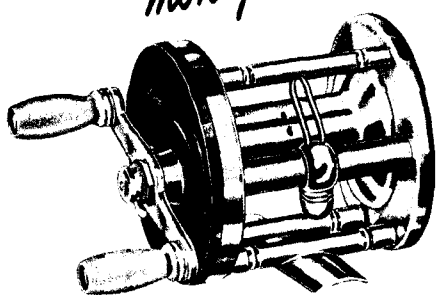
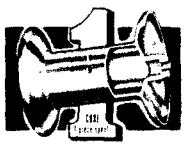
The finest reel money can buy!





J. A. Coxe 25-C Coronet
$33.00
. . . with the sensational one-piece spool

You'll agree it's the finest when you see this new Bronson-made automatic free-spool reel. Handles automatically disengage and do not turn on the cast. One-piece aluminum spool is the lightest yet—weighs only 33/64 oz. It's stronger, too—and machined inside and out for perfect balance. Spool revolves on a stationary shaft for perfect alignment. 10-second take-down without tools.

Take a new Coxe or Bronson reel on your next fishing trip. $2.95 to $33.00 at sporting goods counters everywhere.

Bronson

WRITE Dept. C **FREE CATALOG** Bronson Reel Co., Bronson, Michigan (Division of Higbie Manufacturing Co.)

years. The governorship was swapped back and forth from the eastern to the western part of the state, and the governors were picked 12 to 14 years in advance. "Wasn't like tennis," Grady says, "because you could miss in tennis."

In 1948, Charley Johnson, state treasurer and the machine candidate, was running for governor against Kerr Scott, Commissioner of Agriculture. Johnson finished well ahead of Scott in the primary. Quite confident of the election, he ordered a new seven-passenger limousine for his personal use as governor.

Grady Cole took up the cudgel for Kerr Scott. "The time had come when the state had to have a man without obligations," Grady says.

Grady stumped the whole state for Scott at his own expense. If he saw a funeral, he would stop, buy the biggest wreath of flowers he could find, and say they were from the next governor of the state, Kerr Scott. "The only thing in the world that has kept Scott away is a terrible cold," he would add.

A More Evil Kind of Flood

Grady had won a Presidential plaque for raising $44,000 for victims of a flood in Kentucky some years earlier, the largest amount raised by any individual on any single station in the country. "I remember how all of you gave during the Kentucky flood," he told his radio audience. "Well, this time it's not Kentucky, but it's North Carolina, and it's a different kind of flood. We are flooded with Johnson money. I want you to give again. Your votes and your contributions."

Scott was elected, and now is in the last year of his term.

"I took counties where I wasn't supposed to get a smell of a vote," Governor Scott told this writer. "Grady's support got the vote in the Piedmont region." And as Grady himself admits, that's where the vote is.

Many politicians would go a good bit further in estimating Grady's contribution. It has been irreverently stated that he took Scott out of a cornfield and put him in th Governor's Mansion.

Grady is said to have as much if nc more influence in South Carolina. Senato Olin D. Johnston, twice governor of Soutl Carolina and now in his second term a senator, has spent the four most importan election mornings of his life with Grad Cole. Senator Johnston has always don his final campaigning for South Carolin office in North Carolina over WBT as guest of Grady's.

Grady knows that his power is in the peo ple's trust, and he as shrewdly avoids push ing a bad candidate as he would a ba product. "Can't elect dog meat," he say conclusively. "Got to have good people."

It has been said again and again tha Grady is the one man out of politics wh could be elected governor of either North o South Carolina. It is a purely hypothetica question. "I pay twice as much taxes as th governor draws salary," Grady says. Hi old friends are absolutely convinced that h would rather broadcast than be governor

In making a professional estimate o Grady Cole, a competitor said, "Grady i not much of a radio personality, but he i a genius at public relations."

Objective bystanders, like Tom Robin son, publisher of the Charlotte News, say that Grady is the biggest celebrity in Nortl or South Carolina. There is little questior but that he is the most popular master o ceremonies or guest speaker in either state He is also one of the most available. I has been said that if three Carolina farmers got together to dip a sheep, Grady would ac cept an invitation to speak to them.

He is the man they pick to open the new golf course at Mooresville, to speak at the Farmers Day Celebration in Mount Holly to emcee Community Center Day in Mount Airy. And in South Carolina it is Cole who is guest speaker at the 10th reunion of the Littlejohn clan in Cherokee County; who masterminds the high-school amateur show in Clover; who has spoken before al most every club in Lancaster.

Lancaster, South Carolina, is almost

BUTCH

COLLIER'S

"Hey, I had twelve black jelly beans. Now there's only seven"

LARRY REYNOLDS

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ome to Grady. Colonel Elliott Springs, esident of Spring Mills, and "Mr. Texe," so far as the state is concerned, has rady down every year at the direct behest his 14,000 employees. The colonel says, They could have anybody, and they always ant Grady by an overwhelming majority." e emcees the annual Springmaid Beauty ontest along with John Reed King, who omes down from New York. The redoubtble colonel says that the Springmaids won't ok at him when Grady's around.

Mayor Crawford Billings of Lancaster rikes a more devotional chord by characrizing Grady as "the Moses of Lancaster ounty."

However apt the metaphor, Grady Cole as frequently inspired mass movements f human beings. In 1948, he urged his idio audience to come to a farm program iat the Charlotte News and the Soil Conervation Service were putting on. "I'll be iere to greet you," he told them.

More than 80,000 people turned up. ome farmers came from as far away as 'ennessee.

Probably the biggest crowd ever assemled in Alexander County, North Carolina, ame down out of the Brushy Mountains ito Taylorsville to hear Grady. "The Brushy Mountains is where they once made he finest corn whisky in the United States," Grady says, "and it's the land from which iany a revenuer never returned." For iany months, Grady was in and out like ome folks.

He auctioned everything from whiteface ulls to crocheted bedspreads and pine indling to help the people of Alexander County raise enough money to build their irst hospital. Finally in 1949, this rural ounty, with a total population of about 5,000, had collected almost $100,000. In ppreciation for Grady's help, everybody vent back to work and raised hundreds nore to furnish a special room in the hosital which they dedicated to Grady Cole is "a personal tribute."

The taproot of Grady's strength is that ie can deliver service as well as entertainnent.

In 1946, Grady got hundreds of emergency messages from farm people in North Carolina. The state system of highways ind rural post roads, long in decay, almost lissolved during a season of bad weather. Conditions were so bad that farmers were aking their dead out on tractors to be burred. They couldn't get crops to town, children to school or medical care to the farm.

Variety Gives Him an Award

Grady organized and headed a delegation to Governor Cherry and to the North Carolina Roads Commission. Within 30 days, $100,000,000 had been appropriated for roads. Variety, a magazine of the entertainment world, acknowledged Grady's decisive handling of this situation with a special award for civic contribution.

Grady Cole and station WBT were given credit by the U.S. Department of Agriculture for putting crop insurance across in North Carolina. And, again, it was Grady who persuaded 25,000 North Carolina farmers to let the Army use their land for maneuvers during World War II.

Grady Cole's fortunes have always been closely allied with the fortunes of WBT. Grady and Charlotte's 50,000-watt station, which is owned by the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company and affiliated with CBS, have grown up together. They are a mutual admiration society.

"It's the poppa," Grady says. "It's the pork chop with the pants on."

There is very little question that either institution would sorely miss the other. Charles Crutchfield, general manager of WBT, and vice-president of the Jefferson Standard Broadcasting Company, lists Grady as one of the station's three major assets. The other two are a loyal audience and generous management by Jefferson Standard.

WBT is the oldest licensed station in the South and proud of the distinction of being the first to broadcast the "rebel yell." Management takes pleasure in the fact that Charlotte, North Carolina, had a radio station before New York City. The broadcasting activity that became WBT actually announced its programs in 1920 by having a member of the organization run through the streets of Charlotte beseeching the people to tune in.

Manager Crutchfield, suave and executive in demeanor, seems at first to strike a sharp contrast with Grady, who maintains that "clothes fake the man," and puts his trust in one camel's-hair sport coat. But the two have fondness and respect for each other and are a formidable team.

Manager in Briarhopper Role

Crutchfield's own triumph as a performer in radio was in the rustic role of Charley Briarhopper, hillbilly entertainer extraordinary and star performer of the Briarhopper Boys. Crutchfield helped to establish a tradition by completely taking his ease in front of the microphone: he sat down to broadcast, and habitually stopped in the middle of a commercial to yawn audibly or ridicule the sponsor. He sustained this exuberant, snuff-dipping creation of a Briarhopper for more than a decade, during which time Crutchfield advanced from announcer to general manager of WBT. He was trading in the species of informality that has made Grady famous.

Having a station manager like Crutchfield has been a comfort to Grady. For Grady Cole not only sits when he broadcasts, but he frequently goes to sleep while he is on the air.

Whereas Grady loves to disparage the whole field of radio and his place in it ("I don't know as I got any thanks to extend to Marconi," he says), he brags on WBT.

He once announced that the dial of his own radio was rusted on WBT's call signal, and asked his listeners about their dials. Over 150 people wrote in and said their dials were rusted there too.

These listeners are just about the only people connected with Grady Cole who take him for granted; think of him as plain old Grady, and don't try to explain him.

About television, Grady says:

"Couldn't call it illegitimate, because radio gave birth to it, and is still supporting it. I'll tell you what TV is doing. It is leading the ham to slaughter. Personally, I am going to wait until the rest of the hams are slaughtered, and then I'll have the field to myself."

Nevertheless, Grady was the first local personality on TV in Charlotte. He was filmed and run on a spot announcement before station WBT had any TV cameras. But, he doesn't have any TV shows or immediate plans. "Radio is doing mighty well," Grady says, "and on TV you don't last long. Life is very, very short."

Eventually, Grady will go into TV, but not until he has developed a deal that will wear well and that looks good to a country fellow.

New York calls Grady a "thyroid" and regards him with a sort of horrified fascination. Folks who work with him in Charlotte are awed by his operation and say that he's a "hungry fighter"—not yet satisfied that he is making enough money or that people like him. Grady makes no attempt to unriddle himself, or to explain how he can work 19 hours day after day, but his secret for getting up in the morning is enlightening.

"I just lie there in bed and think of starving to death. Can't stay in bed," Grady says. "And when I feel overworked, I go out into the country in the summertime and watch a farmer plowing with the sun beating down on him. I'm inspired for a year."

However Grady starts his day or gets his inspiration, he seems to be making out. Over 385 babies have been named for him in the Southeast, and the county agents say that at least one pig out of every litter is called either Grady or Grady Cole.

"Man," Grady says, "I haven't influenced a generation. I've raised one." THE END

Relieve the *Pressure Pain* of sore, aching muscles!

● There's a way to relieve the ache and soreness that comes from overexertion—quickly, easily! Doctors generally will tell you that muscular pain and stiffness may be largely caused by pressure. Sensitive nerves are irritated. Local areas become swollen, sore.

For wonderful relief—*fast*—rub Absorbine Jr. on those stiff, aching spots. It actually helps to *counteract* pressure which may be causing your pain. At the same time, it warms and soothes. You start feeling better with a speed that will surprise you.

Get Absorbine Jr. today. Only $1.25 a bottle at all drug counters.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

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No mother to guide me!

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HARRY DEVLIN

The Campaign Issues

How About a Clean Sweep

AS PRESIDENT TRUMAN pondered the results of the New Hampshire primaries, he might well have recalled some words spoken a few weeks earlier by a fellow Democrat, Hugh Quinn. Mr. Quinn ran for Congress in a special election in the Fifth Congressional District of New York, which is part of New York City's Borough of Queens. This district, unlike the state of New Hampshire, has twice as many registered Democrats as enrolled Republicans. Yet a Republican won the special contest by a three-to-two margin. Mr. Quinn gave this frank and simple explanation for his defeat: "I lost out against the scandals of the national administration. Truman licked me."

We believe Mr. Quinn had the right answer. We also believe that Mr. Truman beat himself in New Hampshire. And while one special election and one state primary are not an accurate political yardstick, they do indicate that the national administration—contrary to some political observers' predictions—will not be able to gloss over its record of corruption.

Corruption is a major campaign issue—corruption in high places, in middle places, and among the bush-league bureaucrats. The issue crosses party lines because it involves the misuse of the people's money and the abuse of the great power of the government which belongs to all the people. It cannot be ignored. And it cannot be resolved by Mr. Truman's cynical and insulting anticlimax to his promise of "drastic action."

We refer, of course, to his appointment of Attorney General McGrath as the administration's big cleanup man. This is the same Mr. McGrath whose department is the target of charges involving alleged deals and fixes in tax fraud cases; the same Mr. McGrath who was rumored to be on the brink of dismissal until the very moment when the President assigned him the job of tidying up the Augean stables. (The subsequent bringing in of Newbold Morris, a New York Republican, as Mr. McGrath's assistant and active investigator, hardly served to erase the original impression of how McGrath-directed "drastic action" would probably turn out.)

There are some points of similarity between the postwar scandals of the Truman administration and the other postwar scandals under Grant and Harding. In each case the President involved was a personally honest man, but one who put such a gullible value on friendship and loyalty as to exceed the bounds of propriety and good sense.

But there is one important difference between the corruption of past and present. The dirty work in the past was done by big operators, and relatively few of them. The Grant administration scandals centered around Cabinet members, diplomats and Wall Street figures like Gould and Fisk. Harding's Attorney General, his Secretaries of Navy and Interior, and the head of the Veterans Administration were involved. But today we have what Blair Bolles, in his book How to Get Rich in Washington, calls the "democratization of corruption."

Mr. Bolles cites two reasons for this, with which we agree. One is that the federal government has taken over the role of the country's biggest industrial financier that J. P. Morgan & Company had in the old days, "and does not yet know how to play it." The other is that the present administration has not succeeded in adapting the depression-born New Deal's philosophy of social equality to the prosperity-born Fair Deal. The result, says Mr. Bolles, is "a monument to privilege instead of to equality. With no plain purpose to guide them, many officials put the money and authority of Washington at the disposal of those who don't need help or who don't deserve it at public expense."

And so we have the long, sorry, disgraceful list of RFC loans, war surplus sales, settlements of war contracts, wasteful military procurement and forgiveness of tax claims which are entirely unjustifiable on monetary or moral grounds. All of the sins on that list may not have had their source in criminal intent. But even the most objective and charitable approach must find many examples of carelessness and stupidity.

The fact is that Washington, and not Wall Street or the "special interests" that Mr. Truman is always talking about, today is the prime source of money and credit and big industrial contracts. All are mixed up with political and personal influence. And when a businessman goes to the capital in search of any of those three commodities, he may think it expedient to employ the services of some big-shot or little-shot peddler of influence. We don't admire or defend the businessman who hires them for money or minks or free trips and hotel suites. But we admire even less the government employee or hanger-on who prostitutes his position and feels no responsibility for the way his tax-burdened countrymen's money is spent. And we admire least of all the head of a government who, as Senator Kefauver has put it, waits "for corruption to take the form of scandal before he does something about it."

We believe, as a great many people do, that the scandal in government is broader and deeper than public revelations so far have indicated. And we doubt that the full exposure of this nasty mess will ever be made under the present administration. The President has moved too slowly and reluctantly to give us any hope to the contrary. From his actions to date, we are forced to the conclusion that Mr. Truman is more interested in coverup than cleanup. But we believe that the majority of Americans disagree with the President.

The issue of corruption must be settled by a thorough housecleaning. That housecleaning must start at the top. And it can only be effective if the voters install in the Presidency a man whose record assures the country that he will not only clean house, but will be active and vigilant to see to it that the house stays clean.

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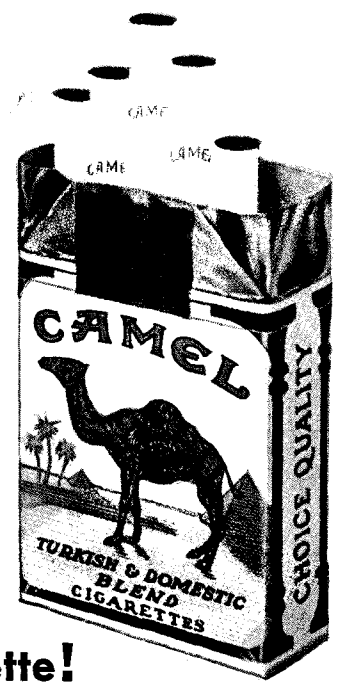

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